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And other

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A ROLVIAN OCYMPART

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TOTHE

READER.

other Arts and Sciences are limited and confin'd within certain Bounds which they cannot exceed, this alone admits of no Limitation; all Nature submits to its Jurisdiction, and every Thing is a Subject for Verse. The Muses range free and uncontroll'd o'er all the boundless and incomprehensible Tracts of Eternity and Immensity, pierce even to the tremendous Throne of the Almighty, and down again to the gloomy Regions of Darkness.

A 2

The

iv. An ESSAY on POETRY.

The Power of Poetry over human Pafsions, the Agreeableness and Pleasure it continually carries along with it, even to the meanest Capacities, is universally known and acknowledged. Hence its Usefulness is so naturally deducible, that it is almost needless to mention it. Hence it is, that the most profitable Rules for the Oeconomy of Life, in every Character and Condition, have so often, and with such Success, been inculcated by it. Philosophy, Religion, History, Politicks, and Manners bave receiv'd no inconsiderable Advantages therefrom. Poetry pleases, while it instructs, persuades, while it dictates, and forces with Complaisance. In all Ages, and in all Nations, the greatest Princes have avow'd their Respect, and courted its Favours: Nor has it been less respectfully receiv'd in the Camp, than the Court. As for its Antiquity, I believe it may be truly plac'd contemporary with the Invention of Letters; so that some bave undertaken to prove, that Profe is only an Imitation of Poetry.

And as all Arts and Sciences whatever have always been subject to the common Changes

1

An ESSAY on POETRY, v.

Changes and Revolutions of Fortune, so Poetry seems likewise to have had its Periods of Decay and Perfection, in a Manner more frequent and more peculiar to it self, than any other. For if we consider its State and Condition, only in England, from Chaucer down to the present Age, we shall, I believe, always find it correspondent to the Temper of the Prince; so that the flourishing of Poetry, and the Happiness of our Nation, have generally gone Hand in Hand together.

Hence we may reasonably conclude, that Poetry has something more sublime and transcendent, more important and divine in its Nature than other Sciences have, since its Revolutions depend more immediately upon the Dispensations of Providence. For since it seems connected with the State of the Nation, this with the Temper and Disposition of the Monarch, and as Heaven generally rewards and punishes a Nation by its Prince; the Dependance seems inseparable.

Must it not then seem strange that so glorious a Science should be so miserably neglected and abandon'd in this famous University of Cambridge? (otherwise the most illustrious

vi. An ESSAY on POETRY.

illustrious Seminary of Learning in the World) Philosophy, Divinity, and the other grave Parts of Literature have so intirely here ingross'd the Study of the whole Body, that Poetry can scarce find Admittance, even at the most idle and unemploy'd Hours.

To what Cause this may be attributed, whether to the Dullness and Foggyness of the Clime, which generally disposes its Inhabitants to a natural Gravity, and disagreeable Melancholly, or to an Abhorrence, conceiv'd from the Corruptness of Poetry in these latter Days, I shall not determine. This, at least, I am sure, it is a Study no Way unworthy the most accomplish'd Gentleman, provided it be only the Employment of his leisure Hours, and not pursued to the Interruption of more prositable Studies.

Such are the following Sheets, begun and ended by a long Interval of Time, as my Humour, Inclination, or Want of other Business prompted me. It has always been a Rule with me, to let as little of my Time as possible lay useless upon my Hands: It is with this View I have sometimes been induced to write. And as Poetry has always appeared

An ESSAY on POETRY. vii.

appear'd to me in its full Lustre, my Inclinations have often carry'd me to it. As these Poems therefore are only the Product of my leisure Hours, and as I am but a Poet by Accident; let this, and my Zeal for that noble Science, attone for the Errors that will certainly be found in them.

Such has been my Resentment at its visible Diminution and Decay here, that I was even obliged to assert its Excellence: Tho probably it may be at my own Expence, and my Defence may reslect more Dishonour upon it, than the Silence of others. But since the Design is good, let the Intent justify the Action, where even an unsuccessful Attempt is laudable.

I am not ignorant to what infults and Inconveniencies I here expose my self. There is a Prejudice naturally arising against the Performances of young Men, which can scarce ever be got over, how good soever they happen to be. This is owing to an eager Desire of excelling inherent in every one, and an Emulation too often bordering upon Envy. They cannot bear to think, that one much younger than themselves should pretend

viii. An ESSAY on POETRY,

pretend to please or instruct them. But as this, for the most Part, is only the Temper of base degenerate Minds, I shall equally despise their Censures, with those of the sour ill-natur'd Critic, whose Business is to dispraise, and whose Fame is ever to be

built upon the Ruin of others.

Duty, did I not imform the World, that the most correct of the following Pieces have been revised and corrected by an eminent Hand. Nor must I forget the Obligations I received from an ingenious Gentleman, Fellow of Trinity-College in this University, in amending some and pointing out many Errors committed in the first writing; so that it is owing to Them that there are fewer Faults, than would otherwise have been.

But, to conclude, such as they are, I submit them to the Public, and if the Reader receives half the Pleasure from reading, which I did in writing, I shall not think my Pains ill bestow'd; but rejoice that I have once had an Opportunity of pleasing.

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BI

Emanuel Coll. Camb. 1727.

Such as diel Zurie on her Maid Jeflows,



The ART of KISSING.

Till An despond, and bassed Name Lall:

From Bone Fonius.

The REQUEST. By Mr. BOND.

Panchari, virgineos inter flos unice flores, &c.

LLIA, thou Flower of all the Virgin Throng,
Joy of my Soul, and Mistress of my Song.
Thy Lips and Neck, and ev'ry flowing Wreath,
With Roses, Spices, and Carnations breathe;
Bless me with Kisses, in Duration, long,
Press'd with thy Lips and moisten'd with thy Tongue,

A 2

Such

Such as the Turtle on her Mate bestows,

Or flutt'ring Dove to her chast Consort cooes.

Nor count the Sum, but let the Gross conspire

With Newton's Numbers, or with Waller's Lyre.

May all Love's Pow'rs united then prevail,

Till Art despond, and bassled Nature fail;

Penurious Leshia from her craving Bard,

The matchless Raptures of this Bliss debarr'd.

But when thy pleafing Kiss mix with mine,
May Eyes with Eyes, and Lips with Lips entwine,
Nor shut thy Mouth, nor let thy Jaws extend;
The gaping fright us, and the close offend.

Joy of my Soul, and hillreds of my Sone,

So may our Lips in am'rous Order meet, and vid I'
And jointly strive to make the Joy compleat is drive
Within our Mouths each other's Tongues may roul,
Till ev'ry Motion fires the fleeting Soul,

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Yet let not all in this fierce Combat move,

Only the Point, within the Lifts may rove.

Whilft I of Thine, and Thou of Mine possest,

Sport like two Infants at the Mother's Breast,

Whilst I on Thine an am'rous Pinch bestow,

And Thou to Mine the self-same Favour show;

May soft Complaints, and gentle Accents break,

And murm'ring Sounds betray the want of Pow'r to

speak.

While thefe Heav aly Bleffings flow,

Which

Then on thy Lips, thy Soul will hov'ring play,
And with inchanting Raptures dye away.

Thus, thus, thy late desponding Lover's blest,
Of Youth, of Beauty, and of Heaven possest;
Then thrilling Joys thro' every Vein shall run
Swister than Thought, yet constant as the Sun.
Such strange Advances and Retreats entwine,
Whilst Souls with Souls alternately combine:

1,

Pr

et

Which thus Uniting shall for ever stay,

Till Nature's Frame dissolves, and hoary Worlds

decay.

The Pleasure and Pain of Kissing.

Dum pressius incubo Labellis, &c.

HILST my Chloe I recline

Lips to Lips in pressing thine:

Whilst these Heav'nly Blessings slow,

Spices, Gums, and Roses blow, Tells and Tollies

I then am Happy in a high Degree, it is to but her

And Jove in Triumph feems but mean to me,

OLYouth, of Beauty, and of Mayers

But when You my Joys detain,
Then your doating Lover's flain,
I who lately foar'd above

All the Gods in Life and Love; a did Not AllidW

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Lie now desponding in a strange Surprize, Like falling Angels from the flaming Skies.

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The SAME by another HAND.

And Kiss my very Soul away,

When all I touch, or smell, or see,
Is Heav'n, at least 'tis Heav'n to me,
I feel, methinks, the Joys above;
A Deity, more blest than Yove:
But when you sly with cruel Haste,
Elysium vanishes as fast,
And I who selt the Joys Above,
Nay seem'd a happier God than Yove,
Now tumble from Olympus Hill,
To Shades below, nay lower still.

Lie now desponding in a strange Surprize,

Like falling Augels from the Runing S

His HEART Sent with a Message to his MISTRESS.

By Mr. BECKINGHAM.

I Cor ocyus ad meam puellam, &c.

A

Tell, how I glow with unaccustom'd Fire; and My thousand Pangs of Anguish let Her know; and I My Tears that in eternal Torrents flow:

Tell, whilst my Veins her Beauty's Venom nurse; and A Day is ungrateful grown, and Life a Curse;

Yet amidst all my Tumult all my Smart, I back Flow on ye Tears, ye Flames scorch still my He M Let me but gain, (and it rewards Despair) and work One tender Thought from the resteting Fair, and of T

IIIs

T

Tell Her, (so soon she may reverse my Fate,)
Then Life again is sweet, my Blis too Great.

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The SAME by another HAND.

By Mr. GOODE

Tell her with what Flames I glow;
Tell her thousand Cares insest, and had bell
Thousand Tortures rack my Breast, and dissest A
How falling Tears my melting Griefs betray, but A
And how the lazy Moments wear away.

Yet in spite of Toils or Cares, Amai own A Tortures, Jealousies, or Fears, Falling Tears, or glowing Fires, Fanning Sighs, or sierce Desires, If once a kind consenting Look she gives;

Tell her in Transports, her Adorer lives.

Do You thus cape the your Look-firk Swain?

The

Tell Her, (so foon the may reverse my fiate,)

The HEART-STEALER.

By Mr. GOODE.

Errabam in Sylvis; erranti retia mille, &c.

Roam'd the Woods, and roaming, found the

Had laid a Thousand Snares to catch me there:

At length, her Wilesmy heedless Heart beset stuon I

And caught, and held me, in a lasting Net. woll

Ah me! are these your Arts h is this the Chain?

Do You thus captorate your Love-fick Swain?

Ah, woe is me! do You fuch Projects formigt ai 194

To take a miserable Heart by Storm? olas essurroT

I don't complain that You enjoy the Prize, I guille I

But I complain You fole it by Surprize, 2 gaines I

And Thief-like took a Heart: My prouder Mind

A Free-will Offering to Your Love delign'd.

I his

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T

The on-offending to molell;

To the NEEDLE that Pricked his Mistress's Finger.

Dic, Acus, mibi, quid meæ puellæ, &c.

Her Breaft less meiting that the Rocker

SAY partial Needle, tell me true, is would will have my Calia's Hands begun? Her pretty nimble Fingers too, with will be What mighty Mischies have they done.

II.

These Hands, more white than falling Snow,
Those Fingers strait as Cupid's Dart,
That thus they're forc'd to undergo,
So oft thy sierce avenging Smart.

III.

The un-offending to moleft;

But, let your keenest Force contrive,

To pierce her un-relenting Breast.

IV.

Die, Lee, willi, quil mer puellar

Than Walls of Brass, or Bars of Steel;

Here use thy Point, here try thy Shocks,

Let this thy sharpest Fury seel.

V.

What mighty Mifchiefs have they done.

How loud your lasting Fame will sound;
That you alone have pierc'd the Heart,
Which Cupid's Darts could never wound.

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He Complains that his MISTRESS is more terrible to Him, than Thunder and Lightening.

Veni ad Pancharidem meridiatum, &c.

A Storm of Thunder made her run

Aghaft, for shelter to my Arms;

Good-now, she cry'd, guard off these Harms.

Quick on my Breast I lull'd the Maid,

Then blest the friendly Storm, and said,

How can you ask that Favour now,

Which never yet You deign'd to show,

How oft have I made idle Pray'r,

And vow'd more dreadful you appear,

Than Lightening when your Eyes you dart,

Or Thunder when you say — Let's part?

To FRANCIS MYRO, Advocate of the Parliament of Paris.

FLE Complains that his Mistans

The Lover's CHOICE. By Mr. BAKER.

Sit in deliciis puella, MYRO, &c.

Agnath, for lactice to a

You'd ruftling Silks, and Hoops invade,
And class an Armful of Brocade;
Such raise the Price of your Delight,
Who purchase both their Red and White;
And Pyrate-like surprize your Heart,
With Colours of dissembling Art.

Ac.

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Me, Myro, Me, the Maid inchants,

Whose Cheeks the Hand of Nature paints,

A modest Blush adorns her Face,

Her Air, an un-affected Grace:

No Art she knows, nor seeks to know,

No Charm to wealthy Pride will owe,

No Gems no Gold she needs to wear;

She shines, intrinsically, Fair.

e

The Torments of Love.

With conflant Wounds from Capia's Darts.

Nec cœlum assiduo madescit Imbre, &c.

Nor hourly Winds the Seas infeft:

But Floods of Tears o'erflow my Eyes,

And Storms of Sighs invade my Breaft.

No Art ille knows, nor tests to know.

No daily Thunders strike the Hill,

No constant Light'nings foorch the Plain;

But fiercer Bolts than Thunder kill, And Ashori A

And nimbler Fires foment my Pain.

No rav'nous Birds for ever feed, and of miles of

On the Two tortur'd Monster's Hearts;

My Reins confume, mine Inwards bleed, and and

With conftant Wounds from Cupid's Darts.

Nor does Ixion's Wheel go round,

Nor Syfiph's Stone to Heaven-ward roul;

Nor hourly Winds the Seas infelt :-

But Floods of Tears o'erflow my Eyes, which

Me, lasting Griefs, and Cares furround,

And endless Woes perplex my Soul.

And storms 1 Sighs in vade my Breeft.

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O! doubly curst, unhappy I,

To fuch diftracting Fortune Born;

Un-mourn'd, un-pity'd thus to Dye,

The Gods Neglect, the Ladies Scorn.

coissing Himself the Kose between

To his MISTRESS, comparing himself to the Red Rose and the White.

By Mr. BAKER.

En Flores tibi mitto discolores, &c.

BEhold these Flowers, with different Colours spread,

And learn what means, the White Rose, and the Red:

Ah me! They represent my wretched Case;

In That, you fee the Paleness of my Face,

So

1!

In This, which wears a bright and ruddy Hue,

My Heart you fee, which flames and burns for You.

O! doubly curft, unhappy I,

to fach distracting Fortune Born

Un-mound, un-piry'd thus to Dye,

On his Mistress's BREASTS, wishing Himself the Rose between them.

Ergo, Floscule, tu meæ Puellæ, &c.

How will your fragrant Sweets excel,

Whilst in that Milky Way you dwell?

Thrice happy Flower what should I gain,

Might I thy tempting Place attain;

Within that Snowy Vale to Rove

Betwixt the Rising Alps of Love.

So

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So dead and dull I ne'er should stay, be stady.

Nor vainly sool my Time away, and odd stady.

But o'er th' Elysian Fields I'd roul, and soob doubly.

Indulge my Taste, and feast my Soul.

That Lilly Neck, and heaving Breast,
With Thousand Kisses should be prest:

To this, to that, my Lips should cleave,
And each a Thousand Thousand give.

Nor should these Sweets my Wishes bind,

For ever free, and unconfin'd;

My curious Search should strive to tell,

Which Breast does most Divinely swell.

C 2

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Where

Where dwells the Lilly, where the Rose,

And where the bright Carnation glows;

Which does the stubborn Rocks exceed,

And which with melting Lines will bleed.

If Right or Left most Roundness gains,

Or which the purest Crimson stains;

Which sinks, with Tragick Scenes, away,

And where the Loves, and Graces play.

I'd strive the happy Path to tread,
Where that delicious Vale will lead,
Which parts the pretty rising Hills;
And pleasing, killing Joys, instills.

My

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My curious Search should view the Place,
And all the winding Mazes trace,

Silent, thro' Starles Glooms I'd go,

To the dark Cyprian-Court below.

But my feverer Stars are fuch,

I'm not allow'd the lightest Touch;

Those Springs of Bliss, those Hills of Love,

For ever from my Hands remove.

Such Joys my Cælia me denies,

Who know their Worth, and ask the Prize:

But all her Stock she now bestows,

On one who neither asks nor knows.

Which foread devotring Plante around

How you the farkling Eyes invade,

For our eternal Ruin mail

To charm the Sex, and give the Wound.

mu .III

My carrous Search Induly view the Place.

And all the winding Mazes trace,

I'm not allow'd the lightest Touch

On one who neither asks nor knows.

He Declares that his MISTRESS'S Tears, are no Tears, but the Sparks, and Kindlings, of Love.

At mi dicite Lachrymæ tenellæ, &c.

Those Springs of Bliff, those Hills of Lave, ELL me, Ye gentle gliding Showers, That down Aurelia's Cheeks diffill;

And wash these White, and Crimson Flowers, With many a flow descending Rill. Who know their

Worth, and ask the

But all her Stock the new bestows,

How you the sparkling Eyes invade,

Which spread devouring Flames around;

For our eternal Ruin made;

To charm the Sex, and give the Wound.

III. But

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III.

But O! these Pearly Drops of Rain,

Which thence in Silver Streams retire:

No cooling Helps for Love contain,

But rouling Clobes of Liquid Fire.

ed to another Man.

nue to live her, the she be marri-

Which fo my tender Heart confume, and an included

And waste my Soul by slow Degrees;

That ev'ry Hour I wait my Doom,

Without Remorfe or Thoughts of Eafe.

Enuancid, within another's Bolom, lyes:

She, who is lately loy'd me as her Eyes,

What then are Lovers Hopes or Fears?

When from the fair Aurelia's Eyes;

Flames can proceed from falling Tears,

And Tears from burning Flames arise.

He complains of the Treachery and Inconstancy of his MISTRESS; yet adds, that he must still continue to love her, tho' she he married to another Man.

Aspice, quam dubia, Miro, me verset arena, &c.

O, how I struggle in a doubtful Fray,

Such Sports the Cyprian Youth delights to

play,

She, who so lately lov'd me as her Eyes,

Entranc'd, within another's Bosom, lyes.

Ill-boding Sex, persidious, and unkind,

Whom no succeeding Age will constant find;

Was this your Faith, were these the Oaths you swore?

That you were Mine, and I should grieve no more:

Bu

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But why should I, your Perjuries complain,
The Gods you Anger, or the Shrines you stain?
Where they're attack'd, let them avenge the Wrong,
Who sure will punish your deluding Tongue,
You, only you, I blame, who vilely chose,
The barb'rous Chains of an unworthy Spouse:
O'er me, a lasting Conquest you had gain'd,
And might with Ease, and Arrogance have reign'd;
I ne'er had griev'd, when you, my Sov'raign sway'd,
With Joy I'ad suffer'd, and with Joy obey'd.

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Too dull, and formal is a Soldier's Love,
Who knows no Arts, that can the Passions move.
The trembling Fair they seize by Force of Arms,
And scorn to stoop to a poor Captive's Charms.

Yet the One happier, may your Favours boaft,

I still shall Love, the I the Prize have lost:

defe four pouting Roly Language La

Ev'n

E'en now my Laws, in your Commands, I fee, and ev'ry Motion feems a Law to mery about of C

Where they're attack'd, let them avenge the Wrong,

And you in this, your old deluding Strain, no more Reject my Offers with a half Difdain.

Yet feign at least, and seem but once to yield, o'O' The Game's my own, and I shall boast the Field.

Inc'er had griev'd, when you, my Sov'raign fiva do

HE desires his PANCHARILLA to
Suck out his very Soul with
Kisses. By Mr. J. Philips.

Nympha bellula, Nympha mollicella, &c.

Who knows no Arts, that can the Pallions move.

In whose soft pouting Rosy Lips are laid,
My ev'ry Joy, my ev'ry Bliss, and all,
That I my very Health it self can call.

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Thou Charmer Thou, to beautiful alone, objective Thou robb'ft all Graces, and haft all in one; For Heav'n-sake, prithee pledge me in a Kiss: For Heav'n-sake do, and quench the burning Bliss. O! no, no, Kiss me not, the raging Thirst; shi o! Will burn but Ten Times fiercer than at first. but But, fuck my Soul out, in thy balmy Breath, Leave me no more than Infants after Death. med T O! do not Suck me for more My Girl. I O! flavour For when at last my Soul shall slit away and almin I What shall I then in very Deed be made, vov HI But a poor Nothing, and an empty Shade; A Shadow wand'ring on the Stygian Shore, A dil W The more Unhappy as it wanders more: with total There, no pale Traveller can reach Delight, who A For Beauty, Joy and Mirth, lie wrapp'd in endless For there the clous Choffs are said to partigiN

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The whole loofe Exercise of boundless Love:

Yet

Yet do, my Girl, e'en suck my utmost Breath,

'Till I've no more than Infants after Death;

'Till I with soft Catullus sweetly lost,

With soft Tibullus, 'till a Brother Ghost;

To the pale Manes of the Deep I go,

And wander on the Stygian Banks below!

But, filolomy Soul out, in thy balany Breath, F

Then will I, Pancharilla, in my Turn,

Suck at thy Lips, 'till thou thy Soul return;

Exhale the florid Store of balmy Breath,

'Till you've no more than Infants after Death,

'Till with Catullus, Lesbia loving Fair,

With Nemesis to kind Tibullus dear;

When their Companion to the Shades shalt go,

And wander on the Stygian Banks below.

For there the pious Ghosts are said to prove.

The whole loose Exercise of boundless Love:

For Beauty, lov and Wirth, the wrapp'd in called

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And with his Lesbia there, Catullus lyes.

There, there, they rifle Love of ev'ry Sweet,
And with pale Lips the springing Joy repeat:

So there, will, Pancharilla, Thou and I,
Join our pale Forms, and ev'ry Rapture try;

'Till those first Chiess in Cupid's Camp renown'd,
With antique Palms of Love triumphant crown'd;

Amaz'd, Astonish'd, shall be forc'd to own,
They are, in Kisses, by my self out-done.

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May

HE Resolves to be constant to his MISTRESS. Inscribed to Matthew Bruer, Chancellor of Paris.

From tingling Pleature, and delightful Fam?

ove By Mr. Foxton. Vestbal.

Quid tu me indomitum, Brueri, compescere amorem, &c.

SPITE of Advice my burning Passions reign, Unbounded Love disdains the servile Chain, While siercest raptures rush thro' ev'ry panting vein.

Alas, 'tis hard, to footh the raging Mind, beauty Or hide a Meteor blazing in the Wind; did buy has Can I, unmov'd, the blooming Maid furvey? Whose brilliant Eyes, a Thousand Charms display, And liquid Pearl makes all the Chryffal Gay. die Her heaving Breafts, with fnowy Beauties shine, no Her noble Air, her Mien, appear Divine; loch lil Adown her Neck her Golden Treffes flow, and div And waving Sweets with matchless Luftre glow, A At fuch a Sight, what Stoic can refrain, are you'l From thrilling Pleasure, and delightful Pain? Transported then, to her Embrace, I fly, 11 Grasp her soft Breast, and languish in her Eye; O'er her fair Cheeks with eager Kiffes rove, And leave behind, the glowing Marks of Love; Her flowing Hair, with ardent Lips, I press, And her bright Eyes, with tend'rest Passion Kiss; Such Joys, to Royal Glories, I prefer, And all the Trophies of Triumphant War.

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May that Wretch perish, whose Affection's mean, And can with faint Defires invoke the Cyprian Queen; No Husband's Jealoufy, no Mother's Care, minist Can from my Arms detain the lovely Fair. Let sneering Jesters make my Love their Theme, And rudely banter my unrival'd Flame : bas bank Such faucy Cenfures I can well despile, which and Nor dread the Flashes of revengeful Eyes, bal Let Temples, Theatres, and flady Groves, on W Alike be conscious, to our mutual Loves; a syoul Thus, when of old, the Golden Virgin reign'd, Our happy Fathers constant Bliss maintain'd, In flow'ry Meads with wanton Beauties play'd, And found a Joy, in every checquer'd Shade, With jocund Song charm'd all the opening Flowers, And merry Tales prolong'd the flying Hours No Fears, to damp their budding Pleasures, rose, When ev'ry Thought, in am'rous Softness, flows; Let others o'er their Passions cast a Veil, And their fond Thoughts with little Arts conceal;

This

This gen'rous Freedom, still I'll greatly prize, And tell my Flame to confcious Earth and Skies; Bright Venus, if to Worship at thy Shrine, Be deem'd a Vice, that Vice is fure Divine; Since Jove himself first in the List appears, And each inferior God, thy mighty Power, reveres; The fair Chione was by Phæbus lov'd, And Ariadne's Charms the jolly Bacchus mov'd. Who has not heard of Yove's prodigious Rape, Love made the Monarch take a Brutal Shape. O'er fwelling Seas, the trembling Virgin rode, Nor could the Waters quench the Passion of a God. The great Alcides threw his Arms afide, When Am'rous Glances funk his Martial Pride; Let then, my Dear, our mutual Paffions rife, Constant and Bright as Those above the Skies.





Then, what's jour d to a Place

RECEIPT

FOR Aven seder bo A

SOUP.

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Address'd

To Dean SWIFT.

By Mr. POPE.

TAKE a Knuckle of Veal,
(You may buy it or steal)
In few Pieces cut it,
In a Stew-Pan put it.

Salt,

POEMS on

Salt, Pepper, and Mace Must Season this Knuckle, Then, what's joined to a Place, (a) With other Herbs muckle.

That which killed King Will. (b)
And what never stands still. (c)
Some Sprigs of that Bed, (d)
Whence Children are bred.
This, much you may mend, if
Both Spinage and Endive,
And Lettice and Beet
With Marigolds meet.
Put no Water at all,
For it maketh Things small,

V

(

⁽a) Salary.

⁽b) Sorrel.

⁽c) Time.

⁽d) Parsley.

Several Occasions.

Which left it should happen
A close Cover clap on.
Put in Pot of Wood's Metal, (e)
(That's a boiling hot Kettle)
And there let it be,
(Mark the Doctrine I teach)
About——let me see
Thrice as long as you Preach.
So skimming the Fat off,
Say Grace with your Hat off;

And then with what Rapture,

Will it fill Dean and Chapter?

(e) Copper.





EPITAPH on the Mo-NUMENT of Secretary CRAGGS, in Westminster-Abbey.

STATESMAN, yet Friend to Truth!
in Soul fincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!

Who broke no Promise; serv'd no private End;

Who gain'd no Title; and who loft no Friend;

Ennobled by Himself, by all approv'd; Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.

A. POPE.

Sacration of the same of the s

Men happier, wifer, our, came to make.

Lord Viscount COBHAM,

In Memory of his Friend sid fin and

The late Mr. CONGREVE

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camana. Hor.

Mow what white beet what prot Chiming Elf.

Then, udwards flies the Phenix oftone iffe.



No.

INCE my weak Voice in Congreve's
Praise preferr'd,

Will, thro' a Virgil, be by Pollio heard;

Low Rhimes made facred, to his Name I join,
Fix'd to fuch Fame they'll make great Glories mine;
Such humblest Swains deserve for faying Hymns
divine.

Far

Far from these Lines, all low-Lamentings be! His Soul sprung, glad, to Immortality! That, first from Heav'n commission'd, for our sake, Men happier, wiser, better, came to make. This Task long try'd, in each divinest Strain, Call'd Home, It Heav'nwards took its flight again; But first his Dirge he makes, and Fun'ral Rites,3 And, just at Death, as all thro' Life, Delights: To Duft gives Duft, his Corps, pare Afhy-Pile! Then upwards flies the Phanix of our Isle.

Prima dicte with, summi dicense Camona, Hor.

Now what vain Poet, what poor Rhiming Elf. Shall mend what Congreve fung upon himfelf ; Sung in sweet Notes, o'er dying Swans, admir'd. Which he, like them, just ended, and expir'd? When they can drop fuch Tears upon the Dead As Amaryllis for Amintas shed, + Or with Alexis's mourning Muse can vye, Then, nor till then, let vainest Voices try, To tune in Verse, a Congreve's Elegy-

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13

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No.

No, let us rather decent Feasts prepate, and the And Off rings on his annual Day, now mear, said of Sing round his Shrine his Songs, and mend the British Earl: villey and more quibbasia value.

Normend their Ear alone, but, thro that part, lad T Sound, in good Senfe, each Soul, and honeft make each Heart, noon granning Poems y dragmy?

Might, mong these sweet Memorials so prepard
By Nymphs and Heroes, my mean Voice be heard.
While Nymphs to sing his fair Cevilia chuse, and
Heroes the Birth immortal of his Muse;
To whom were my Memorial justly due,
But you alone, O Cobham, only you?

Thee early, and thee last his tuneful Breath, A Addrest with grateful Notes—till stopt by Death. A

That of his Maribro's Toils had Sharer beer

Your Art of Pleasing, s in his earlier days
He writ and gain'd, as you gain'd, all Men's Praise:

That

Your Ways were One; Wits of congenial Parts!

That fure had Confanguinity of Hearts;
Both, of Delighting all Mankind, could boalt; all W

But, knowing best that Art, each other most approach

To-whom were my Memorial juffly due,

'T was fit it should be so—what other Two
Could be by Nature match'd more near than you?

A Bard that Sieges, Battles, Conquests writes,
Andla young Hero fam'd at fifty Fights,
That of his Marlbro's Toils had Sharer been,
And War's whole Art as much as Julius seen.

That

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Thus Horace lov'd Augustus, thus was lov'd, I Wit rais'd War's Glory, Glory Wit improv'd and In all Heroic Times 'tis Wit's Reward, how the noblest Bard. That War's chief Champions love the noblest Bard. That this was, is, and will, nay must be so, how Witness the Bard your Friend, and your Friend Marlborough. 13

And my Defects beneath his Laurels flade.

Fir'd by that Name, my Muse is borne away, **

From low familiar Numbers longs to stray,

And break thro' her Epistolary Way:

Would raise her Voice sublime with Epic Force,

Beyond her usual Rhimes, that border on Discourse.

For he, whose Fame would, sure, for all suffice,

If branch'd into a hundred Families,

From a fair Ancestor of mine, ** my Name,

Third in Descent, He, He, this Hero came.

This must instame the Man, tho' not the Muse,

And, his Will raising, must his Pow'r excuse.

When gay with Sunsbeams your gold Banners flevy

Then, the I cannot fing in fuch a Strain, and Thear Cobham, hear me talk to of a Campaign, in W Such Wonders, weakly told, themselves commend, The Theme shall please so much, my Numbers shan't offend.

Congreve at length I'll call to give me Aid,
He shall my Injuries to Fame see paid,
And my Defects beneath his Laurels shade.

Say, when your Mind refearching, Cobham, fay,
You Scenes of past triumphant Joys survey,
When Britain's Bartle drawn in dread Array

Each Troop, a Troop of Champions, did advance,
Fearless to drive the Front of fearing France;
Say at the Hautboy's Spirit stirring Sound,
How paw'd your prancing Steeds the trembling
Ground, or Haid

When march, your Drums beat; march, your Trumpets blew, in home and in the home

When gay with Sun-beams your gold Banners flew,

Then

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Cafar,

March'd they not proudly forward? fond of Fight?

Strange Strength of Music, that not only can

Like leading Heroes lift each common Man;

But it's prevailing Magic's pow'rful Force

Can, as with martial Souls, inform the Horse!

'Gainst feeming Fate they blow their flaming Breath,

See they dance forwards tow'rds the Face of Death!

Well may (more sure) their Riders, dauntless, go

True Fate, sure Death to turn upon the Foe.

Their Marlbro' knows their Strength; and at the Nod

Of him, as of some guiding Guardian God,'

They force the faint French Horse—the yielding

Croud

By Squadrons fall, and fill " the fwelling Floud.

Pere, on his Helm that perchid, flew athis Word,

Be without end his Praise, who thus could end
Wars with a Word, where num'rous States depend.
A Congreve's Verse alone such Prowess pays,
And such a Deed alone deserves his Praise;

Whofe

Whose Muse with Time could boast coaval Birth, And Works shall last till Time & shall end, and Earth. If more the Claim, than Peleus' Son of yore and From Homer claim'd, His Muse can pay him more. Cobham, evin I, a Bard of mean degree, and in the Who write low Lines, more Profe than Poetry, Bold Truths at least can tell to which You must agree. Pelides, here, must own himself o'ercome, and And Greek Antiquity excell'd be dumb.) your 119 W Pelides was, by Neptune's Waves, fet free, I am When praying Venus made him raise the Sea and I For his Defence 23, but Marlbro, as if foveid 10 Sent him full Pow'rs below, like his above; vod T Bids Danube's all-obedient Billows rife. 1010 And fweep whole Armies to the nether Skies. 2 Fate, on his Helm that perch'd, flew at his Word, And little Labour left the Soldier's Sword wall Thus greater Ammon (not the leffer) could was A Lay Lightnings by, and bid his brother God wo Of Waters, whelm whate'er his Will withfood. short V/ Cafar.

Cufary (had Cufar, from Elyfum's Plain, id 1918 That Chieflof Heroes, rais'd on Earth again, no of H For Wonder's fake, far Bleinbeim's Barrie been) Bach Britan Seeing had a Hero feen seed don't on A. been at their Head, his Rival-Friend mafedare it and Bear Fortune cool; full-conscious that his Fate Would fill attend him with affur'd Success. Till future Feats might make the first feem less: Till fome bright Day thould thine, to which must yield Casar's grand " Fight in fam'd Pharsalia's Field. For then, to rival Rome our Chief resolvd, Had in his mighty Mind the Means revolv'd; Had there, as present, Deeds to come survey'd, Had that long Plan of riling Triumphs laid, In which You, Cobham, bore fo brave a part, Oft near his Person, nearer still his Heart; of woll And, which when wondring Worlds flood flruck Or was in God-like Paptures loft the Messi of All own'd Him equal to thefe other Three. How bright War's Genius blaz'd in Marlberough?

B 2

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But this Brave Man! how mild, how calm he rode!

If he's no more than Man, he's nearest like a ' God.

Cool in warm Fights! after Fights gain'd, serenc!

As no such Battle had, or Conquest been;

But think you, Cobbam, all was so within?

T

Bear Fortune cool ; full-conferous that his Fate If high move Spirits' mong War's meanest kind, What Raptures in a Conqu'ring Gen'ral's Mind, Say, You've oft try'd, oft felt them, must we find? Then, on that dread, that all-decisive Day, When, full at stake, the Fate of Europe lay, What Ardors thro' your British Breast did roll? How stirr'd each busy Corner of your Soul? But, when you 'ad play'd the Patriot-Hero's part, What March * 6 beat Conquest then within your Heart? How mov'd your Pulse, your Blood how briskly ran How shone your Eyes ?- O tell us if you can, Or was in God-like Raptures loft the Man? Give us, by fuch near Sympathics, 37 to know, How bright War's Genius blaz'd in Marlborough? That

e!

d.

That Part to Britain's Poet, to your Friend, and To Congreve's Pen to paint, we must commend to T Whose Muse did long with good Imparience burn. To hail our Hero, at that wish'd Return, and algood When all his Victories should shine compleat, but A And friendly force to Peace the Foes he beat. Tis come, the great Important Day is come, and of See Churchill brings his Ten Years Trophics home. That Space of Time such crouded Acts employ, and They will be less believed than those of Troy. I stold More Battles he, more Provinces has won, Fill'd with more Cities, Each, his Toils to crown, Than the Greek Chiefs spent Years to take the Trojan Town.

See the gilt Barge that brings him does appear,
Big'ning to fight comes near, and still more near,
With full-stretch'd saily Wings it seems to fly
O'er friendly Tides, and thro' a friendly Sky.
Methinks with Gratitude the willing Land,
Which to this Hero owes the World's command,
Seems

Seems one will Promontory, I juitting forth that I tail I To the the Balque that brings fuch freakurd Worth. Numbers, for partial becounting, ground the Shore, of W Nought but the Sands, they covered, could be niede. And with their Shouts of Joy made the See feetil and friendly force to Peace the Foes has room.

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That they want Breath to end their welcome Voice. Thence as he passed, Throngs marking Roads he meets, More than might Armies make, line long Augusta's

They his brave Soldiers Europe's Savers call, whill But Him the Life, and Him the Soul of all; and men'T Him, this victorious Army's Gen'ral Soul, will That Heav'n infus'd, and that inform'd the whole; The num'rous Body's Universal as Mind, Which gave it Spirits to preserve Mankind:

The Council, Court, the grave grey Guides of State, Young Lords, bright glitt'ring Belles, his Triumphs wait; These Pomps he pass'd—War's Genius had prepar'd, At his own Palace, Fame's last best Reward.

He, that would know his Joys, must see him home, Happily plac'd within his private Room Where, free from Eyes profane, and publick Noise, He may, like Majefty, indulge his Toys, to the only! Here he may thew his Soul thro ev'ry Sense, abill And let Fame's noble Passions please the Prince s Here o'er his Motions he can have no Spy, in small But or a Here's of a Poet's Eye Louringent flag ba A They, by strange Sympathy, see ev'ry Part is and its Of his touch'd Souly and his transported Heart. For look, War's Genius crown'd before him stands. Fame's Rolls and Wreaths of Laurel fill his Hands There left the Laurel, there the Poem lies, By these you'll follow me, then seeks the Skies; Would it were now, the raptur'd Warrior cries. What diff'rent Genii 30 diff'rent Heroes wait, How far a Marlbro's from a Brutus' Fate! Who the Spright seeing in his Tent, alone, Cry'd Brave, I'll meet thee, but disguis'd a Groan.

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(16)

Yet all may guess, who that sad Story know,
The Briton's Pleasure by the Roman's Woe.
What various conscious Spirits move their Blood,
Who act for real, or mistaken Good!
Wide open now ourODE fr om Congreve lies,
Which fond he gaz'd on, fix'd, and fed his Eyes:
There finds our Bard, to sing his Battles born,
And past tumultuous Triumphs gives to scorn,
Slights the short Breath of popular Applause,
That dies before the next new Breath it draws;
But here the Hero's Thought as well as Eye,
Dwells, dazled with bright Hopes of Immortality.

Say, Cobham, now, " where's now thy Hero's Soul?

Can he his Passions for true Fame controul?

Does he not read, rise raptur'd, sit again,

Then read, till fir'd afresh by some new Strain,

He makes, with well-pleas'd Mind, each passion.

Campaign?

Theredes the Lauret, there the Poem Hes,

Yee

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So, when his Harp divine 32 Timotheus firung, And play'd, by Dryden's Mouth, what Phæbus fung, Warm'd into Flights of War young Ammon flew, And fought, in Thought, his Battles o'er a-new.

to be such as a Remark at Plain forces, from Liberton

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He read; new Life felt rising, while he read His Deeds compar'd, with those most mighty Dead, Whose Names, in Fame's immortal List, enroll'd, Their Glories date from Years, by thousands told. And found in Congreve's like Prophetic Song, His foar'd as high, and fure to last as long. But when to those warm well-judg'd Lineshe came. That Churchill's justly fix'd o'er 33 Cafar's Fame; Able no longer to contain, he faid, "I own my Toils and Hazards all repaid.

- "How short the Verse, that so great Truths displays!
- "They, like collected 34 Beams thro' Crystals blazel
- "He, with the Lustre, gives the Fire of Praise!
- " Matchless as Pindar's is my Congreve's Rage,
- "That can contract an Iliad to a Page;

"Yet so judicious, while he sings with Flame,

That where he heightens most, he most secures my

"Cafar's Pharfalia (true!) made Slaves, 35 but I

"Fought at Ramillia's Plain for precious Liberty.

"Perish that mean-born Pride, that Bastard State,

"Which aims to grow, by Men's Misfortunes, Great.

"Sooner might I be beat, -myself made Slave,

"Than subdue Realms, to ruin, not to fave.

"More Curses on such Chiefs than Blessings wait,

"Those that their Triumphs love, the Traytors hate.

"The Laurels Congreve brings me, I approve,

Sprung from, and nourish'd by my Country's Love.

" MyEnd, Man's Freedom gain'd; to crown the Scene

"The Muse applauds me, and the World's best Queen."

"I'll go Content -and who would feek for more, ?

**Let him high Heaven with vain-lost Prayers implore,

"To have what Hero never had before.

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" If, to new Worlds removing from this old,

"We, what new Worthies act below, behold;

" Perhaps, inflam'd thro' me, some Patriot may,

"COBHAM OF BLANDFORD, gain some future Day,

" Great as Ramillia's and as Bleinheim's were,

"And with like Triumphs Britain's Glory rear;

" Give, give, ye Heavens, if such a Day should be,

"Give your old Soldier's Spirit Pow'r to fee:

"Should I see this, though honour'd with the Skies,

" Sure it would add, in part, to Paradise.

"Conscience of doing well, if lost, were hard;

"That alone Virtue makes its own Reward:

"That remains with us, nor with Bodies dies,

"Bleffing and bleft, it feeks, with Souls, the Skies?

"Since thus 'tis noble to desire true Fame,

"Odours celeftial scenting Virtue's Name;

" Since Pindar's Spirit my bleft Bard endues,

"Join'd with the Mantuan and Maconian Muse;

" On Homer's Wings still may Pelides fly,

"On Maro's Julius-on my Congreve's I.

"Thefe

"These Lines are mine, said he, and these I'll keep,
"Brave Thoughts they'll wake by Day, they'll lull
me when I sleep."

"Consame the account the loss for the

Here ceas'd the Chief; and (for Night call'd to rest)
Bore off the Praises in his panting Breast.
So by like Genius a like Hero sir'd,
Did the like Acts, and like Renown acquir'd:
Duly, each Night, as 36 Ammon sought his Bed,
His Sword and Homer lay beneath his Head;
Those ever should to him, he did declare,
Be one his Law, and one his Plan of War:
The Plans of War he form'd from Homer's Word,
And gave the Law to Nations with his Sword.

a Acade with the constant sit and the 12

Thus, if a Modern's 37 fam'd Records be true,

First sir'd to Fame from Homer's Models grew

The second Hero that the World e'er knew.

In Time 38—for Time Achilles first does name,

But Churchill, They, and Casar, all the same,

Allow no first, 39 all Principals, in Fame.

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Here charm'd (tho'Kings and Chiefs fo Glorious be) From Kings and Chiefs turn we our Eyes to fee, What Wonders from the 40 Works of Wit arise, That thus warm Mortals to deserve the Skies; Make them Immortals, fit for those Abodes, And change Earth's Chiefs to Heav'nly Demy-Gods. Subjects, that foar so high! They * mock my Toil And seem but mock'd themselves in my mean Style. Cobham, too long, I creep on Lines too low, Else they should still of Epic Poets show As great the Glory, as themselves bestow. Them high, as they their Chiefs, my Pen may raife, Oft simplest ** Words supply sublimest Praise: Since urg'd by Bards, you Patriot-Heroes, Act, Plain Truth speaks high-They're 43 Partners in each Fact. WO being the maps as mooth I will be VI

Of all learn'd Men, what Man so partial is,

To flatter Grandeur and deny me This?

For, Sir, learn'd Men have, now, mean vulgar ways

In our self-ended and degen'rate days:

Proud

Proud Kings they flatter, and rich Gen'rals prize,

But poorer Bards, ** tho' Fame's best Props, despise.

They'll Kings and Conquerors, that flourish now,

Above old Greece or Rome, with case allow:

But not with Poets will they deal the same,

To Ancient sacrificing Modern Fame,

They'll Praise ** old Faults, and new Persections blame.

When Latian Lines were blam'd, like British Rhimes:
Nought, then, was Good, had Wisdom, Musick, Wit,
Morals, or Learning, but what Greeks had writ.
Rome's Pedants cry'd, of Attick Reading sull,
Bad Rome's best Writers were, nay Horace dull;
His brightest Beauties in each boasted Piece
Were petty Larcenies from learned Greece:
Till boldly rising up in Truth's Defence,
He banish'd Railers that bore Spite to Sense,
Carry'd the Court, got Patrons, gain'd his Prince.

Thus Learning had, with Greece, been doom'd todie, But he points out, in Rome, its true Posterity. Else Tully's Eloquence had fail'd to please, Sunk down by Fools to raise Demosthenes. Great Maro's facted Page had pass'd for poor; That made (thought Dunces!) Homer's Merit more: Livy's and Sallust's Histories had been Bury'd in Dust, unheard of, and unseen: Thucydides, Herodotus must pass, With them, the only Writers of that Class. As for poor Horace, him they doom'd to die, To add to Pindar's Immortality. But Horace lash'd these Pedants of the Schools, And, from affected Wits, he prov'd them Fools. Now, Sir, as Romans shar'd with Greeks their Fame, So should with Romans Britons share the same. Homer and Virgil would not fcorn to be Of Milton's and of Spencer's Company; Nor Tully nor Demosthenes aspire, To be than Cowper, King, or Somers higher.

Thu-

Thucydides, Herodotus would own, (With Livy, Sallust) well-writ Wonders shown, As theirs, in Raleigh and in Clarendon. Here, our vex'd Pedants, vainly to abuse Themes, they want Honour or else Sense to chuse. May call mine Thefts from the Horatian Muse. I own it; nay should boast, be proud on't too, Would it make Britons know, as Romans knew. Tis mean to honour Heroes for their State, And scorn poor Poets, who their Pomp create. I know well what, know well to whom I plead; Know the Cause good, Judge just, and dare proceed. Long after Homer begg'd; the Roman Plow Felt the Sweat falling from the Laurell'd Brow; Then Consul-Chiefs were poor, yet great as any now. dismost of anymost of w bline

'Tis Worth, not Wealth, 'tis Service, and not State, That makes, like Heroes, Poets truly great.

Marigid Transaction of Walt Principle

and Theresh Cener and

My Lord; I, here, your pow'rful Judgment claim, Who best can Give, as most you merit Fame; Say, if their Verse the Minds of Kings excite, Bravely to die, or do their Nation Right; Stand they not first of all learn'd Lists on Earth, Best Public Bleffings to their Place of Birth ! Sure proud Philosophers must, here, make way, Here, to superior 47 Poets yield the Day. This Plato, Foe 48 of Poets, knew was right, And copy'd Homer's Beauties, Day and Night. This Alexander's Tutor prov'd he knew; Presenting Homer to his Prince's View, Take, Prince, said he, and read—then Worlds subdue. The Prince, with reading not content, would write Works, that join'd Fame and Profit, to delight. Hence that Right Hand, which held the Sword ev'n then the state of the state of the

Judge o'er the World, for Homer held the Pen.

Nor let weak Wits think this below a King,

Thus to Transcribe, what Bards inspir'd sing.

D

No cause had he to blush, or think it shame,

To write what rais'd the highest Hero's Fame,

Or share in Works where he was sure to see

Ev'n Gods, that, there, would keep him Company.

There the three Graces, there the Tuneful Nine,

Pan and Minerva and Apollo join.

Thus, hon'ring Poets, He reap'd high Renown,

Who twice sav'd 49 Pindar's House, when twice he

That Homer be in Publick read, proclaim'd.

Horace, sure witness! who himself alone

Stands for a hundred Witnesses in one,

Tells us we learn, what's 'e great, wife, good, wrong,

right, or

This Place, Toc to of Poces, nwoT a b'asal

From Homer better, than the best that write.

Be Judge Lycurgus—who wrote Nation's Laws—
Himself wrote Homer out—let That decide the Cause.

Law-givers, see, Philosophers, and Kings,

Bend when the Father of the Poets sings.

OV.

Y

Yet this * Mæonian, and the Mantuan Flame,
And Congreve's Modern Fire are all the same;
All from one Source, in diff'rent Ages came.

Twas hard, indeed, thus coming last, to climb,
Against their advantageous Hill of Time;
Yet still we find Priority of Days
No Birth-right to Priority of Praise.

Change but each Age, when these three Poets shone;
Their Persons, to impartial Eyes, are One.

Congreve had Homer been, in Homer's Time;
Homer been Congreve, now, and wrote such British
Rhime.

Both could, with Magic Arts of Verse, alike,
Rouze Souls to Arms, and warlike Passions strike.

Reguld T. Lat Monagons, Senates, Heroes, a

Cobham, if Poefy's persuasive Parts,
Thus move (best Martial ** Musick!) Heroes Hearts;
'Tis hard to say, we, rather of the two,
To You owe Poets, or to Poets You.

If your brave Acts make their bright Numbers shine,
They fire you to those Acts by Verse divine.
Pleas'd with both Song and Subject, Thus we know,
Arms and the Man (like Virgil's sung) we owe,
Alike to Congreve and to Marlborough.

When his brave Stilico 53 bright Claudian fung,
Rome with the Poet's Praise and Hero's, rung:
Senates and Emperors, by Statutes wise,
Bad to their Claudian Bay-crown'd Statues rise.
Greater our Chief, sublimer was our Bard;
And shall more Merit meet with less Reward?
Shall it in Britain be the Poet's Doom,
To fall neglected for excelling Rome?
Forbid That Monarchs, Senates, Heroes, all,
Whom we can Brave, Great, Wise, and Noble call:
All, whose Deeds claim that Verse, which never dies,
Those Deeds, their Glories to immortalize;
Else, may those Poems cease, they cease to prize!

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That Pen, O Chief, which a Chief's Mind uprears, Is to a Nation worth a Grove of Spears.

That Pen's the Spring, which makes War's Movement whole,

The Captain moves his Troops; the Bard their Captain's Soul.

This, for, the Marchanes inspersion is not got

Think not, Thou Hero, this is strain'd too high,
In praise of Everlasting Poetry.

Fight all your Days, fresh Fame get ev'ry Day;
Not sung by such as Congreve 'twould decay.

Else, near Achilles' Tomb, '4 why? tell me, why?

Why was great Alexander heard to sigh?

He griev'd no Homer grac'd his glorious days,

That equal Prowess might have equal Praise:

Pity! an Age, whence Deeds Heroic spring,

Should barren prove of Bards those Deeds to sing.

E'er '' Agamemnon's Reign, liv'd Kings of Men,

Great as himself was, or Achilles, then;

Whose Acts, dead since like them, their Age rever'd,
So must all Ages, had some Bard appear'd,
Divine like Congreve, to deliver down
In deathless Lines their (now deceas'd) Renown.
Short-liv'd as theirs had been Achilles' Deed,
But Homer wrote what Worlds will ever read.
Thus, see, the Muse alone has Pow'r to save
Your Glorys going to your gloomy Grave.

Nor do Bards fave, alone, your Fame, but 56 make, Great Souls to War their Works of Art awake.

Witness a great (and greatly 57 surnam'd) King,

Who, from Experience, vows the very thing.

"My Soul more struck, says he, reads Cæsar's Deeds,

"Than mov'd by Magick Sounds are martial Steeds.

My Lord, the Truth of this Soul-moving Thought, Practice must you, like that bravePrince, have taught. Pray you! read on, then let your Mind be known, This Thought is now, or will be then, your own.

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Pardon this forward Ardour in my Muse,

What for Heroic Bards she says, excuse:

In you the Poet and the Hero live,

And what the one excuses, both forgive.

Example pleads my Cause, since Horace too

Wrote to Augustus; what I write to you;

Tho', true! he did what I but wish to do.

Virgil's he rais'd, as I would Congreve's Name,

And, where he hit the Mark, I'm proud to aim,

His Skill's superior, but our Task's the same.

Else should I, growing too familiar, fear

My tedious way of Talk might tire your Ear:

My Lord, they're Congreve's Lines you're next to hear,

Them you'll read pleas'd; and tell us, in your Breaft,
What Thoughts this 39 Speech from your dear Friend
imprest.

"Sincerest Critick of my Prose, or Rhime,
"Tell how thy pleasing STOWE employs thy Time;
"Say,

- " Say, Cobbam, what amuses thy Retreat,
- " Or Stratagems of War, or Schemes of State?
- "Doeft thou recall to Mind with Joy or Grief
- "Great Marlbro's Actions? That immortal Chief,
- "Whose slightest Trophics rais'd in each Campaign,
- "More than suffic'd to signalize a Reign?
- "Or doest thou grieve indignant now to fee
- "The fruitless End of all thy Victory;
- To fee th' audacious Foe, so late subdu'd,
- "Dispute so long those Terms for which they su'd?
- "As if Britannia now were funk so low,
- " To beg that Peace she wonted to bestow.
- Be far that Guilt, be never known that Shame,
- "That England should retract her rightful Claim,
- " Or ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
- "Stain with her Pen the Lustre of her Sword?"

These were thy Friend's warm Words to thee, at Death,

His Will, in Poetry's last parting Breath ;

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Best Legacy 's, that could be well bequeath'd by Wit;
Or could his Friend's Heroic Soul besit!
And don't these Lines? They do, they strike you so!
As those I late describ'd did mighty Marlborough:
They rouze your Soul to Arms, all warm for War,
Which much you feel within, too modest to declare?

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May I, my Lord, in my most humble Phrase, Name some sew Thoughts such Lines as these must

Than but to do, what you have done before,

One hidden Wish may my poor Hints suggest,
And shew the Patriot burning in your Breast?
This, like your Answer, I presume, would be,
Which solves his Question, the low-penn'd for thee.

Therefor learns beave Bratons louded Threats declare

O Congreve! Marlbro' plac'd before these Eyes,
How can thy Soldier's Spirit chuse but rise?

If, farther much, this Foreign Pride pretends,
And makes us Foes, it courted to be friends;

Might

It cost this their conquer'd Land

Might I, once more, be bid in Arms to shine, I she I'd share his Glories, make your Poems mine to a O Still Britain should be dreaded and ador'd, nob back As your Pen rais'd the Lustre of my Sword. Should A

Such should I guess your Thought, because no more Than but to do, what you have done before.

They rouze your Soulto Arms, all warm for War,

Come to Spain's 60 Coafts, when last you crofs'd the

You saw, you conquer'd,—for you humbled Spain,
See, what I say of Poet's Pow'rs, how true I had an And what by warming Heroes they can do!

For, lo! since Congreve did this Poem write,
They grow deliberate, st too cool for Fight!
They've learnt brave Britons loudest Threats declare
Both of a Naval and a Landing War;
Ev'n now they think they hear our Lion roar,
Frighten their Golden Fleece, and shake their Shoar;
Then recollect our Chiefs that bore Command,
Names carrying Terror thro' their conquer'd Land:

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But then, Thee nam'd !- late Thunder-claps they hear Wishful cry Truce-and condescend to fear. Hence, should they e'er from fuch wise Measures cease, And wildly War prefer to proffer'd Peace: I, if I liv'd to see so strange a Time, Would strive to shine in Prose, that can't in Rhime. From Tully (Bard 62 like me!) would try to draw A Piece like his, on the se Manilian Law; Would shew that Spain should humbled be by you, Ashe prov'd Pompey best would Pontus' King subduc-So like each Theme, it my Success secures; Change but the Name, and Pompey's Praise is yours. Thus, free to use great Tully's Words divine, I, just-apply'd, might justly make them mine. I'd shew such Prowess, Influence, and Success, Our Briton's Arms, must, as his Roman's, bless. Shew how you, Cobham, in the Art of War, Your Skill with his Great Pompey can compare ; That, like him, formidable grown by Fame, You carry Conquest in your very Name.

But

But Congreve gone, what Bard in equal Lays,
Of fuch fresh Battles should form proper Praise?
Yourself, best Critic 4 of his Verse and Prose,
Who, but Yourself, would best such Works compose?
Doubly, like 4 Casar, Act; first gain each Fight,
Then, what you greatly Gain, as wisely Write.

Your Talent recollecting, I rejoice,
I chose, to end my Letter, Congreve's Voice.
For Phæbus whispers; "Thy Epistle's long,
"Be wise, and crown it with my Laureat's Song;
"So shall thy humble Ivy creep around
"Their Lawrels, which triumphant Temples bound,
"Cobham's and Congreve's-that's enough-now cease
"Learn this hard Lesson, when to hold thy peace.
"Many, whose Genius led them to excel,
"Lost Fame, not leaving off, when all was well.



WAS TO THE THE PARTY OF THE PAR

The Argument and Design of this EPISTLE.

HE main End of this Epistle is the Eulogy and Praise of Mr. Congreve, as an Exceller in all the different Branches of Poetry; but principally in that prime, noble One, which the Profes fors of that ingenious Art term the Great Poetry; that is to fay, the Heroic or Epic and Pindaric kinds. It is inscribed to the Lord Cobham, as an Anniver-Sary Memorial designed in Honour of the Deceased, He being Mr. Congreve's best-loved Patron, and the English Pollio of him our English Virgil. It was ufual, among the Ancients, upon Festivals, for Reciters to chuse some one Fragment out of a favourite Poet, which that Poet had written upon a favourite Subject or admired Hero; and this Fragment, these Reciters sung before some noble Patron, and a large Audience or Affembly of other Persons, for their Entertainment and Improvement. The ancient Reciters of this kind (if we believe Plato) were held in great Honour, and looked upon themselves as inspired, as well as the great Poets whose Fragments they recited, and whose Verses they sung. It was their Custom, before they began to sing, to point out the Excellencies of the Song itself, and to paint in their own Words, as far as they thought proper, Come some peculiar Merits and shiningly distinguished Characteristics of the Hero in the Song, to shew likewise their own Sensibility of the more special and particularized Worth of the Subject, which gave Birth to that, their favourite Poet's Fragment, which they were going, by way of Preference, to celebrate: This they thought, and indeed rightly judged, a very proper and natural Procedure to justify their own Choice of that particular Piece, by way of Excellence, from all the other (perhaps) numerous Performances of such a Poet, upon other

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great and Heroic Subjects.

Pursuant to this old Custom, I suppose mysels a Reciter; Mr. Congreve is the Poet praised; the Fragment chosen for this End is his Ode upon the Success of her late Majesty's Arms, under the auspicious Conduct of the Ever-Victorious Duke of Marlborough: The Lord Cobnam, who was the Eye-witness and great Partner in that Generalissimo's Military Atchievements, Triumphs, and Glories, and who was likewise both a Pollio, a Mecænas, and a kind of Augustus to our English Virgil, Varus and Horace, all united together in the Person of Mr. Congreve, is the noble Patron I chuse; and all other Readers I suppose to form the Audience, before whom this Ode is to be recited or sung by me.

This Recital is, I think not improperly, supposed to be performed, by referring to several Passages in Mr. Congreve's Ode, quoted in the Notes, and by referring the Reader to peruse that whole excellent Piece (which is very short, but very comprehensive, according to Pindar's Example) as it is presented to the

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the Public in Mr. Congreve's Works. The latter Part of the Epistle is wholly spent in praise of the Great or Heroic Poetry, and Epic Poets in general, and Mr. Congreve, above all the Poets of that fort in our Time, in particular, in which Judgment of him, I am confirmed by the Authority of Mr. Dryden, and the Testimony of Mr. Pope, who speaking of their Translations of Homer, give bim, in this Capacity, a pre eminence to themselves. It concludes with an Example of the excellent Effects of Poetry, written by a great Hand, taken from some Lines addressed by Mr. Congreve but very lately to the Lord Cobham: Thus the Epistle begins and ends with a Quotation of two Poems of Mr. Congreve's to my Patron, the Lord Cobham ; the first whereof was inscribed to him many Tears ago, and the latter not long before our Poet's Death; fo that this noble Lord, was the proper Person to chuse for the Patron, before whom the Praise of the Ode above mentioned should be recited, according to my Motto, taken from Horace's Epistle to Mecanas.

Primà dicte mihi, summà dicende Camæna.

Horace hath written the whole sirst Epistle of his second Book to Augustus, on the self-same Subject, the Praise of Heroic Poetry, in Honour of that Emperor's and his own, as well as since the whole World's favourite Epic Poets, Virgil and Varus.

be Punis in Mr. Converse Fire in The latter

NOTES.

I Ntimating that the same Friendship subsisting between Lord Cobham, and Mr. Congreve, as there was between the Noble Pollio and Virgil; any thing in the Praise of such a Poet, must be acceptable to such a No-

bleman's Ear.

These Hymns (as they are called by the Ancients) were usually sung, but sometimes only recited; and as I pretend not to write of these sublime Poems in a Style, beyond that, which consists of Rhimes, that are Sermoni propiora, I pretend to call it only saying a Hymn; to which Pliny, in the beginning of his Panegyric to the Emperor Trajan gives, methinks, sufficient Commendation for a less modest Man than myself, that is but an Epistolary Writer, to be contented with. He represents these bare Reciters as acceptable to the Gods as the sublimest Poets; they were reckoned by many of the Ancients as much inspired as the Poets themselves, whose Works they recited, as Spondanus tells us.

³ Alluding to the last Poem Mr. Congreve wrote not long before he died to the Lord Cobham, on the Improvement of Time, in which are these Preparatory remarkable Lines on Death, in Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Alb. Tibullus:

-Still think the present Day the last of Life.

Who thus can think, and who such Thoughts pursues,

Content may keep his Life, or calmly lose.

All Proofs of this thou mayst thy self receive:

When Leisure from Affairs will give thee leave,

Come see thy Friend, &c.

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- for Elegy Writing, Mr. Congreve's Pastorals on the Death of Q. Mary, and the Marquis of Blandford.
- 6 Alludes to the Custom of the Antients, by Annual Celebrations of their Poets and Heroes.
- ⁷ 8 Alludes to Mr. Congreve's Art of Pleasing, and his last Copy of Verses, both address'd to Lord Cobham.
- Yerses, representing the Friendships Great Personages naturally take to one another, makes a fine Chapter in Gracian's Hero, and is delicately handled by several eminent Writers, quoted in the Notes upon that Chapter.
- 1° Fifty Fights, &c. meaning a great Number, or near the Number, which is true.
- Works, particularly from the Esteem Augustus had for him. Herein also the Friendship of Mr. Congreve, Lord Cobham and the Duke of Marlborough are represented.
- Author, in order to win the Attention and Benevolence of his Patron the Lord Cobham, does himself the Honour to hint, that the Duke was related to a Lady of his Family; which he finds to be thus, viz. Mrs. Winston, Daughter and Co-heir of Sir Henry Winston of the County of Gloucester, by his Wife Dionisia Bonde, Sister of Sir William Bonde of Highgate, marry'd John Churchill Esq; from whom Sir. Winston Churchill, Father of the late Duke of Marlborough.
- describe (Quis describat) the Actions of Casar? But he says however, he can, when Opportunity serves, Scribere forcem & justum; Scipiadam, ut sapiens Lucilius, &c. And the Author here says the Desects he makes in talking of

the Campaign, will be made up by what Mr. Congreve fings upon it, in his sublime Ode, to which the Author makes frequent Allusions on all Occasions; so that, if that Ode be consulted, as often as it is quoted, the whole Ode may be said to be recited, as it were, by pointing the Reader to every Passage of it in the Course of this Epistle.

- 17 In the Description of Battles, the Horses are never omitted. vid. Horace, Virgil, Statius, Claudian.
- -to turn Fate upon the Foe. So Claudian says in this Sense, Convertere fata.
 - O quantum populo secreti numinis addit Imperii præsens Genius!
- This refers to the Duke of Marlborough's Letter about the Battle of Blenheim, August 13, N.S. 1704. wherein, among other Things, his Grace lays; By the Blessing of God we obtained a compleat Victory. We have cut off great Numbers of them as well in the Action as in the Retreat, besides upwards of 30 Squadrons of French, which I pushed into the Danube, where we saw the greatest part of them perish.
- These Verses refer to Mr. Congreve's fine Poem entitled, The Birth of the Muse.
- ²² Achilles, in Homer, is protected from the Trojans, by an Over-flowing of the Sea, at the Intercession of Thetis to Neptune.
- ²³ Rival Friend. Rivalry arising from Envy is mean, and repines at and hates superiour Virtue in another; but there is a nobler fort, springing from Emulation, which likes, approves, and loves the greatest Virtues most, even in a Rival, which is highly commendable.

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²⁴ Pharsalia must yield to Ramellies. See Mr. Congreve's Ode, where he speaks of that Battle, and his Notes thereon.

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²⁵ This alludes to Claudian's Observation on the Moderation and Calmness of a Victor, which is reckoned by the Ancients a celebrated Passage.

——Diis proximus ille est, Quem ratio non ira movet: qui facta rependens, Consilio punire potest.

- ²⁶ This Appeal to Lord Cobham will, it is hoped, be thought just and natural.
- ²⁷ In Gracian's Hero there is a whole Chapter upon Sympathies between Great Men, to which we refer as before
- This Description of Triumphs, and the Joys they are able to cause, by After-Effects upon the Victor, still refers to Mr. Congreve's Ode.
- The Connections which seem wanting here, of the Speech of the Genius to join the Answer of the Warrior, were purposely omitted, in imitation of some Antients, who think cutting them off adds Strength to what is said.
- 3° See Xenophon's Description of Good and Evil Genii, in his Discourse upon Socrates.
- This Appeal to Lord Cobham is to shew the Power of Poetry, and refers still to Mr. Congreve's Ode, on the Success of the Victorious Duke of Marlborough's Arms.
- ³² Mr. Dryden, in his Alexander's Feast, very finely describes the Power of Music and Poetry over the Pasifions.
- All this Passage shews, that, in this Praise attributed to the Duke by Mr. Congreve, the principal Regard is, that the highest Parts of it are carried no farther, than what are truly, exactly, and religiously just.

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- 34 Alluding to Mr. Congreve's Ode, ut supra.
- From the Victories of Marlborough to those of Casar.
- And Rapin says the same thing.
- Equals in great and good Actions. vid. Gracian's Hero.
- 4° The Praise of Heroic Poets, but principally Mr. Congreve, takes up all the remaining Part of the Epistle.
- 41 42 Horace and Boileau frequently Apologize in this manner for their Epiftles. See particularly Boileau's Preface to his Translation of Longinus.
- Antients. Horace afferts, that Poets share the Fame of Heroes, by exciting them to noble Deeds. Nothing but what was Grecian, pleased. Lord Cobham shews the Soundness of his Judgment, by placing a right Value on Mr. Congreve. Poets were the first Philosophers, and brought Men from a wild and savage to a social Life. See Horace. The greatest Heroes of all Ages held Poets in the highest Veneration. And they are shewn to Praise them in this Epistle, because they animate Heroes to defend their Country by Arms, and afterwards celebrate their Battles.
 - "Refers to the beginning of Mr. Congreve's Ode, &c. viz.
 - O well-known Sounds! O Melody the same, That kindled Mantuan Fire, and rais'd Maconian Flame.
- fcriptions of the Power of Music; such is that with which Mr. Congreve opens his Tragedy of the Mourning Bride.
 - 53 See Claudian's Praise of Stilico.

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See what Tully says on Alexander, at the Tomb of Achilles, in his Oration, pro Arch. Poet.

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- This is a strong Argument for the Love great Men and Heroes ought to bear to Men of Wit and Letters.
- ⁵⁶ Many Heroes, as well as Alexander, acknowledge they became fo, by reading Homer, and other great Poets and Historians.
- Don Alphonso K. of Arragon, &c. used to say, "That "Drums and Trumpets did not more enliven a Warlike-"Horse, than the Fame of Casar kindled in his Heart a "Martial Fire." See Gracian's Hero, chap. 17.
- Subject as this to Lord Cobbam.
- 79 Refers to Mr. Congreve's fine Epistle to Lord Cobham; printed, with his Last Will and Testament, by Mr. Curll in Bow-street, Covent-Garden.
- and the Dread they might have of another from him.
- of the most indifferent Poets. Mr. Dryden has translated this Verse of Tully, to the same odd Key in which he composed it in Praise of his own Consulship.

O Fortunatam natam, me Consule, Romam.

Fortune foretun'd the dying Notes of Rome, Till I, thy Conful fole, confol'd thy Doom.

But Tully wrote so fine an Oration on the Manilian Law, that many Commentators are not content with commending it as a Human, but extol it as a Work Divine.

64 This is Mr. Congreve's own Line. See his Epistle to Lord Cobham.

To conclude, Mr. Congreve may be justly called by Apollo his Laureat, being so adopted by Mr. Dryden, the greatest Son of the Muses England ever had.

Inter Victrices Hederam tibi serpere Lauros. Virg.

Signifying that the weaker Ivy must be supported by the Laurel, and the Fame of lesser Poets by Men greater than themselves.

and the Drest they .2 I Me I stored to Spain,

Late, the greated of Orders, wis yet end

printed, with his Laft Will and Tellament, by Mr. Call

a Brid-Ploin Covert-Garden.



or This is Mr. Organication Lines. See his Epilite

ing it as a Housan, but excellens a Work Delan-



Extell'd his Conquest, but condemn'd his Name: Bed irtue has fine, where plac'd on high,

ON

Yet he untouch'd, as in the Heat of Wars,

Several Occasions.

Leaves buly Tongues, and lying Fame behind,

To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, upon his going into Germany.

Written in the Tear 1712. and vino oH

ons fee,
Which thy victorious Arms before made

iew that fam'd Column, where thy Name engrav'd,

Shall tell their Children who their Empire favid. The

Point

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Point out that Marble, where thy Worth is shown
To every grateful Country, but thy own.
O Censure undeserv'd! Unequal Fate!
Which strove to lessen Him who made Her great;
Which, pamper'd with Success, and rich in Fame,
Extoll'd his Conquest, but condemn'd his Name:
But Virtue is a Crime, when plac'd on high,
Tho' all the Fault's in the Beholder's Eye.

Yet he untouch'd, as in the Heat of Wars,
Flies from no Danger, but Domestick Farrs.

Leaves busy Tongues, and lying Fame behind,
And tries at least in other Climes to find
Our Rage by Mountains and by Seas confin'd:
Yet, smiling at the Dart which Envy shakes,
He only fears for Her whom he forsakes;
He grieves to find the Course of Virtue crost,
Blushing to see our Blood no better lost:
Disdains in factious Parties to contend,
And proves in Absence most Britannia's Friend.

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So the great Scipio of old, to shun

That glorious Envy which his Arms had won,

Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,

Prepar'd, whene'er his Country's Cause requir'd,

To shine in Peace or War, and be again admir'd.



Office Parolling

Anoft without Release of Bail : **E H T**Each passing Traveller must balt.

Listin Ha reion all affail.

Must pay the Tax, and eat the Salt.

NOX



The Favourite:

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SIMILE.

Written in the Tear, 1712;



HEN Boys at Eton once a Year In military Pomp appear,
He who full trembled at the Rod,

And in an Instant can create

A dozen Officers of State.

His little Legion all assail,

Arrest without Release or Bail:

Each passing Traveller must halt,

Must pay the Tax, and eat the Salt.

You don't love Salt, you say and storm and storm.

Look o'these Staves, Sir and Conform; To To But yet this Sun, that shines so bright,

In Sable Gown will set at Night,

And Morn return with College Appetite,

Sit Summer? Wine produce,

Thus the new Favourite in his Plumes, on avid New Manners and new Airs affumes: won flum and of the who before was at your Whiftle, fled and and of the Begins to bully, frown, and briftle; had add as not and to his Band of hireling Tartars and add of hireling to hirely the hirely and add his Power, and had add his Power, and had add his Power, and had add his Power, when he you fwear 'tis strange had but let this Fume a hirely In busy Play itself consume:

See him chagrin at last retire ad word and Manner had W.

To a Welch Farm and Country Fire;

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With this to comfort fallen State, shall evol i not now The Time has been when be was Great, was a State of the state.

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ANACREONTIC.

I S it Summer? Wine produce,

Give me the kind recruiting Juice; and add and I

No Day must now a Draught escape, and add and I

No Day but helps to bring the Grapes, and add and well

Soon as the tender Blossoms shoot, it, alled at eniged

Drink to the future promis'd Fruit; band aid at back

And when to swell the Gems begin, if

Drink to each increasing Skin, and aid at back aid of the Borink to every different Hue, which had a been alled the The red'ning Green, and glossy Blews, back above a sixty.

And when the rip'ned Loads appear, sow that the sixty brink to the full accomplish'd Year. I say the sixty well.

When Nature now has done her Part and and end Fill again ____ Success to Art _ bus must solve solve and end with

In bufy Play itfelf confinne:

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See, see! the happy Work dispos'd,

The fuming Vessels now are clos'd:

Come, drink, that Winter may refine.

And purify the new made Wine,

The Product now of former Suns,

That in a due Perfection runs.

The good Old Cask, of brighter Hue,

Must show what Fate attends the New.

Let the Elder Brothers Dye,

That Younger may their Place supply:

Away with moral Cant and Reason, and some think

Wine is never out of Season.

The Commission, their Punishment is like.

Upon a Standard Cow-Herd Coy Oxen far away,

LELD, Cow-Herd Coy Oxen far away,

Lich they too nearly should to Myra's thray,

And thou, whose Judgment pardonabily errid, Down Home the breathing Statue with the Herd.

a tind all the page of the Translations



Two EPIGRAMS

The Product now of for Ho Cuns,

ANACREON.

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Upon TIMOCIRITOUS obli edit 19. I

Imocritus the Bold, the Great, the Brave,

Kill'd in the Field, here triumphs in the Grave.

The Valiant often Dye in martial Strife;

The Cowards Live, their Punishment is Life.

Upon a Statue of MYRO's representing an Ox.

Lest they too nearly should to Myro's stray,
And thou, whose Judgment pardonably err'd,
Drive Home the breathing Statue with the Herd.

Translations



Translations from Lucan,

He eat for Hungesht wed b'noilsooo Senfe,

Tragedy of C A TO.

The Character of CATO. From LUCAN.

Such as His Sabine great Forelathers Written in the Year 1713.

LUCAN, in this Description of CATO, bad as strict a Regard to Trush as any Historian. His private Life, the Simplicity of his Manners and Habit, his Notions of Philosophy, and his Manner of Behaviour, are excellently painted.

— Hi mores, bac duri immota Catonis Secta fuit.—

Hele Cato's Morals were, and this the Kind
Of His rough Sett, and His severer Mind,
A due proportion'd Medium to attend,

And think, while Living, to respect his End;

To follow Nature, and observe her Laws, To pour His Life out in his Country's Caufe: From mean Ideas, to enlarge his Mind. Nor think his Actions to Himfelf confin'd. Nor Cato born for One, but All Mankind. He eat for Hunger, not to please the Sense. A happy Epicure in Abstinence; His House, to keep out Cold, alone did feem; Convenience was Magnificence to Him. Upon his Back a Hairy Gown he bore, Such as His Sabine great Forefathers wore: Such as the Face of Antique Garbs express, This was His Pomp and Gaiety of Drefs: He fought the Pleasure of a chast Embrace, For One great End, to propagate his Race: Severely Honest, Just without Allay, Studious the Common Good alone to weigh. At once Discreet, and fond in ev'ry View, His Country's Husband, and Her Father too.

A due proportion'd Medium to attend.

ith, while Living, to respect his End;

Him

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Him Brutus found with wakeful Care oppress'd,

The Publick Good revolving in his Breaft:

Big with the Fate and Destiny of Rome,

Her Children's Fortune, and His Country's Doom.

Fearful what each might Act and each Endure,

But unconcern'd, and for Himself secure.

And quit the Soore between her Gedaund Roma.

In Mercy hearken to their Cato's Vow,

And on This willingly devoted Head

All their collected Stores of Vengeance shed!

For Rome of old her Decii could fall,

In one Illustrious Ruin saving all:

That thus I might this single Life expose,

To stop her Plagues, and expiate her Woes!

O! against Me may both their Hosts engage,

Set up the happy Mark of Publick Rage:

Hither sty ev'ry Dart, launch ev'ry Spear,

And ev'ry vile Barbarian Arm strike Here.

Boow 1

I wou'd sustain each Individual's Share;

Be pierc'd, be gor'd, by ev'ry Murd'repthere.

And all their Wounds in bleeding Transport bear.

Could but this Blood for her Preservance spilt,

Redeem the Nation, and attone her Guilt.

Could this one Sacrifice prevent her Doom,

And quit the Score between her Gods and Rome.

A Description of the Field of Battel, after CESAR was Conqueror at Pharfalia.

From the VIIth Book of LUCAN.

Hen dire Pharsalia's Plain all breathing Blood

Call'd forth the Wolves and Tygers from the

And gorg'd the Lyons with her horrid Food.

Each left his common Prey, his Fellow Beast,

To riot on a more luxurious Feast;

The Bears for sook their Caves for this Repast,

And Dogs obscene ran howling o'er the Wast;

All

All Animals that fcent the Tainted Air, wand doored Of Smell fagacious, came exulting there and adT The Birds that wont at Battels to appear, mon ile ? Move with the Camp, and hover in the Rear, 10/1 Came numberles: The Kinds that us'd of old aidT To change for milder Nile the Thracian Cold, bal Forgot the Season in the Prey's Delight, And wing'd their Western Way with later Flight. Never fuch Flocks of Vultures heretofore Obscur'd the Sky, and feather'd all Heav'n o'er, Nor fuch uncommon Weight the loaded Ether bose, Each defolated Wood fent forth her Kind, The Wood now lab ring only with the Wind : ADNOT All Places round the mighty Numbers fill'd, world And Roman Blood from ev'ry Tree distill'd. Oft on the impious Standards which they bore Trickled in frequent Drops the Putrid Gore; Oft as the Vulture, weary'd out with Toil, Her Talons weaken'd, and o'er-charg'd with Spoil,

C.

The scatter'd Blood his Triumph to disgrace,
Fell from on high, and stain'd the Vistor's Face.

Nor yet could all the Number of the Slain,
This Sepulchre, this living Grave obtain,
And, by the Beasts, converted into Food,
Or harden into Bone, or slow in Blood;
The Beasts themselves their inner Bowels spare,
Nor think the vital Marrow worth their Care;
Nicely the Limbs they Taste, reject, and chuse,
And more than half the Roman Host result.

Whatever Coarses in the Field they find,
Touch'd by the Sun, or Tainted by the Wind,
They careless pass, and leave disdainfully behind.



Shook

Upon



Upon Mr. ADDISONS'S CATO.

I view, with Joy and conscious Transport

ONG had the Tragic Muse forgot to Weep,

By modern Operas quite hull'd a-sleep:

No Matter what the Lines, the Voice was clear,

Thus Sense was facrific'd to please the Ear.

At last, † One Wit stood up in our Defence,

And dar'd (O Impudence!) to publish——Sense.

Soon then as next the just Tragedian spoke,

The Ladies sigh'd again, the Beaus awoke.

Those Heads that us'd most indolent to move

To Sing-song, Ballad, and Sonata Love,

Began their bury'd Senses to explore,

And sound they now had Passions as before:

The Power of Nature in their Bosoms felt,

In Spite of Prejudice compell'd to melt.

When

⁺ The Spectator.

When Cato's firm, all Hope of Succour past,
Holding his stubborn Virtue to the last,
I view, with Joy and conscious Transport sir'd,
The Soul of Rome in one Great Man retir'd:
In Him, as if She by Consinement gain'd,
Her Pow'rs and Energy are higher strain'd,
Than when in Crowds of Senators She reign'd!
Cato well scorn'd the Life that Casar gave,
When Fear and Weakness only bid him save:
But when a Virtue, like his own, revives
The Hero's Constancy—with Joy he lives.

Observe the Justness of the Poet's Thoughts,
Whose smallest Excellence is Want of Faults:
Without affected Pomp and Noise he warms,
Without the gaudy Dress of Beauty charms.

Love, the old Subject of the Buskin'd Muse,
Returns, but such as Roman Virgins use.

A Virtuous Love, chastis'd by purest Thought,
Met from the Fancy, but from Nature wrought.

Britons,

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Ar

Britons, with lessen'd Wonder, now behold Your former Wits, and all your Bards of Old: Johnson out vy'd in his own Way confess, And own that Shakespear's self now pleases less. While Phabus binds the Laurel on his Brow, Rise up, ye Muses, and ye Poets Bow: Superiour Worth with Admiration greet, And place him nearest to his Phabus Seat.



D

And.

UPON

Does Britain lands again, and George facceed,

Frience, with leftled Wender, new behold



Superiour Worth with M O. R. Un prees

Rite up, ye Mafes, and ye Poets For

His Majesty's

ACCESSION

Inscrib'd to His Grace

John Duke of Marlborough.

Written in the Year, 1714.

Quo nihil majus meliusve terris Fata donavere, bonique Divi; Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum Tempora priscum. Hor

WHAT? Are at length the doubtful Nations freed?

Does Britain smile again, and George succeed?

And

Queen of the Ocean, fair Britannia, rife;
From leaden Bands of Sleep unseal thy Eyes.
Awake to Glory: Be as once before,
When William stretch'd thy Fame from Shore to Shore,
And taught thy Foes to fear no greater Name,
'Till in accomplish'd Time a Brunswick came.
O! True Descendant of a Royal Line,
In whom at once the Saint and Hero join;

r.

15

d

In fuller Honours and maturer

With numbers Monarchs in Socretive Iram,

Borin

Born to retrieve a finking Nation's Fate,
And raise her high in Virtue, as in State;
To urge her Conquests in a Righteous Cause,
And give Eternal Sanction to her Laws.

Bleft be the Guardian Angel of the Isle!

That this fair Branch transplanted from the Soil That nurtur'd it with Care in Foreign Climes,

Free from the sickly Taint of British Crimes,

To re-translate it to the Land at length,

In fuller Honours and maturer Strength.

So (for the different our Sense they strike,

The Works of Providence are still alike)

When swelling Ocean above Ocean rose,

To purge the Guilty World of all her Woes,

One chosen House, by Miracles immur'd,

The Great Rewarder of their Faith secur'd;

From whom a better Race of Men should spring,

The Holy Patriarch, and the Scepter'd King.

Just Heaven! we now forgive thy vengeful Hand,
For all the Plagues that scourg'd an impious Land,
For all she felt in long Inglorious Reigns,
Oppress'd with Rebels Arms, and Tyrants Chains,
Since from their Errors we are taught to know
What Duty Subjects, and what Princes owe:
And Britain can with equal Pleasure see
Her Monarch Glorious, and her People Free.

1

SIT

Dear Spot of Liberty! Fair Virtue's Seat!

On this Foundation Thou art truly Great;

Thus fafe at Home, thy Pow'rs increase Abroad,

The Main is Freed, the Continent is Aw'd.

Corractally her Blothnes the dany'd

See! See already how thy swelling Fame

Spreads thro' the World in this Auspicious Name;

See how the Nations gather round, and own

The Rising Terrours of thy George's Throne.

Contending Monarchs their Debates suspend,

To court his Friendship, and his Smile attend;

As they would emulate his Britains Care;

States adverse to the Name such Honours bring,

As if they wish'd at least for such a King.

Since from their Errors, we are taught to know

How chang'd the Scene! how diff rent is the View
From what of late our doubtful Country knew!
When, fick and wanton with fuccessful Pride,
Ungratefully her Blessings she deny'd:
Amidst her Glories at her self repin'd,
And the dear Purchase of her Blood declin'd;
Beheld the Waste of Providence with Pain,
And slung all back upon its Hands again.

Then all her Warriours Hearts at once grew cold, Full in the Heat of Victories controul'd, Then, at the Momentary Point of Fate, When Tyranny was nodding to its Date, A fudden Sickness seiz'd the trembling Land, Enty prevail'd, and shorten'd Marlbro's Hand.

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V

He went, the Voluntary Exile went,

And left th' Ungrateful Island to repent;

While Factious Statesmen, careless of her Grief,

Indulg'd their Feuds, and brought her no Relief;

Till He, like some bright Star, appear'd again,

The Glorious Harbinger of George's Reign.

New Heroes flowed by and new Patrions Rine.

Forgive, Great Sir, the Muse, that dares allay
With any backward Gloom this brighter Day:
Perhaps the Work, for Marlbro's Arm too Great,
Was kept for You by a peculiar Fate:
And sure Heav'n seem'd of Old design'd to grace
With some such signal Act thy Fav'rite Race;
Which early in its own Desence it chose,
To purge its Altars, and Resorm its Foes.

They soonest pierc'd the Church's darksome Gloom,
And snatch'd Religion from the Chains of Rome;

Taught Bright-ey'd Faith to soar above the Skies,
And leave her Legends, Venerable Lies;

Then

With all her Idol-Saints and Gods withdrew; its had.

While Hood-wink'd Ignorance her Reign resign'd, did Reason resum'd her Empire o'er the Mind. It ballotal

Till He, like fome bright Star, appear'd again,

Thus They: And still amid Thy Gen'rous Line
New Heroes flourish, and new Patriots shine.
Successive Scenes of Glory strike our Eyes,
For Greater Actions Greater Spirits rife;
'Till Providence, collecting all its Might,
Bid Tou go forth, and Conquer in its Right;

*Snatch Hosts of Martyrs from the Threat'ning Grave,
And from the Flames a Thousand Temples save.

The Barb'rous Insidel with Rage beheld
The Cross Triumphant, and the Crescent Quell'd.

Of future Wonders to be done by Tou;

And leave her Lecenda Venerable I

Shorth Ericater'd Faith to four above the Skies.

TI

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I hen

^{*} Siege of Vienna,

And foon whate'er Her boldest Hopes conceiv'd, Thy Counsels acted, or thy Arms atchiev'd.

Behold! how Gallia, Formidable Name!

Revives Her ancient Arbitrary Claim:

That Tide, by Nasau check'd, with greater Force

Rolls back, and covers Nations in its Course:

Again his sinking Country calls his Sword;

Again She calls, and is again Restor'd.

How much He lov'd Us by His Choice of You.

By Ads of Mercy and includence known,

Enough, Great Prince, is given thy Native Land;
Twice Sav'd and Rescu'd by thy Powerful Hand.
Now to the Voice of other Nations bend,
Wide as the World thy Saving Aid extend:
In Britain's Kings all Countries claim a Share,
For so before they bless'd Her William's Care:
And now His Kingdoms, and his Virtues too,
(The best Succession) are devolv'd on You.
O! may the Land, all Storms of Envy past,
Be just unto that Hero's Shade at last,

OM

Pay ev'ry Honour to His Ashes due,
While we with Joy and Admiration view
How much He lov'd Us by His Choice of You.

Behold | bow Gaifin, Formidable Marne!

Thee, Great Reformer of a Vicious Age,

Healer of Discord, and of Civil Rage,

All Tongues with emulating Pride confess,

Divided Nations own, and Factions Bless.

Monarchs long feated on a Peaceful Throne,

By Acts of Mercy and Indulgence known,

Scarce such Affection from their People gain,

As Ton possess, now Ton Begin to Reign.

Safe in our Prince's Piety we scorn

To make our Duty wait the slow Return,

Till Time and Gratitude shall bid it burn:

Their Zeal can never rise too fast, who know

They cannot Pay so much as they shall Owe.

No more, Britannia, shall thy Scepter stand

Doubtful of each succeeding Master's Hand;

(The best Succession) are devolved on You.

No

No Gallic Idol raise unmanly Fears, For lo! thy Other Hope, a Prince appears, Sufficient Guardian to fecure his own, And to Posterity confirm his Throne; While the Young Hero forms our Gen'rous Youth To British Valour, and to German Truth.

To His GRACE

The Duke of Marlborough, usd The last great Talk Afficed Europe, when the tought thy Aid, The Price of Liberty in Glory paid; But Duty here no Foreign Morive needs, It is enough to Thee --- that Britain bleeds: -Andra Vehil Britain ! Predidel in Ill, we were To thee Ungrateful-yet thy Country ftill. of and of distr.



VERSES

To His GRACE

The Duke of Marlborough,

Upon the REBELLION in 1715.

O'NCE more, Great Prince, in Thining Arms appear,
And draw that Sword which Gallia us'd to fear:

All other Nations have thy Succoun known;

The last great Talk is to Relieve thy Own.

Afflicted Europe, when the lought thy Aid,

The Price of Liberty in Glory paid;

But Duty here no Foreign Motive needs,

It is enough to Thee—that Britain bleeds:

Ungrateful Britain! Prodigal in Ill.

To thee Ungrateful-yet thy Country Still.

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Go, Mighty Chief, and draw thy Vet'rans forth,

Lead them to Conquest in the Frozen North.

O'er barb'rous Wilds and Mountains spread thy Name,

That ev'ry Clime may share in Marlb'ro's Fame.

Go, teach the Rebel * who his Sov'reign Braves,

That thy Hand Punishes, as well as Saves;

That George in Virtues Great, by Nature Good,

Would free the stubborn Slaves—without their Blood.

But since the giddy Rout for Slaughter calls,

By his own Choice the wilful Traytor falls.

That micht become a Raman, or a Gan.

Such Transient Storms have rose in ev'ry Age,
The rash Results of dying Fastion's Rage.
A While these Meteors terrible appear,
And fill the Weak, and Ignorant with Fear;
The Wise, undaunted on their Course attend,
Knowing their Rise, they calculate their End.
Pretended Kings, and Prophets, are the Test
By which we judge of, and Obey the Best.

Then

^{*} Earl of Marr.

Then

Then, Britain, give vain Terrors to the Air, of It is the Traytor's only to despain to the most dead to the despain of the desire of the desir

When thy great Hero arm'd to Vengeance role, who ever trembl'd—but his Country's Foes?

Already Justice walks, Guilt slies away, Hard and Leaves her own Land in others to betray.

And only now the Refuse Rabble wait

A Nobler Death, unworthy of that Fate, and the Honour'd by Marl'bro's Victory—A Fall

That might become a Roman, or a Gaul.

Such Transcent Storms have rose in eviry Age. The rash Results of dying Passion's Rage.

A While these Mateurs Sole appear, and fill the second State of Sta



By which we judge of, and Obey the Boll.

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a Earl of Marr.

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CONTROL OF THE WILL LEVE OF NATURES LAWS.

The Vital Union and MioNing Caufe,

E Part Story Leyor Leyor Learner Leyor Learner Learner

Virtues like his the me O TBard can raid

Joseph Addison, Esq;

Occasion'd by the Death of the Right Honourable Charles, late Earl of HALLEAX. The trasfill of ended

Written in the Tear 1715 lo ar woll od I

And not one Bard upon his Afhes wait?

Or is with him all Infpiration fled,

And lie the Muses with their Patron Dead?

Convince us, Addison, his Spirit reigns,

Breathing again in thy Immortal Strains:

OI

To thee the list'ning World impartial bends, Since Halifax and Envy now are Friends.

Me deeply smit with Love of Nature's Laws,
The Vital Union and Dissolving Cause,
His Worth transports beyond this fleeting Frame,
To tell how Dying Patriots live in Fame;
Virtues like his the meanest Bard can raise;
And 'tis Ambition but to strive to praise.

When Scenes of Action are obscure and low,

Nature moves silent, and advances slow;

Defers to distant Days, and Ages sit,

The Pow'rs of Genius, and the Fires of Wit.

She suits her Times of Wonder to her Men,

And to a Casar gives a Virgil's Pen:

When Toils are destin'd for the Braye or Wise,

A Nassau, and a Montague arise.

Convince us, Addison, his Spirit reigns, tay to thing again in thy Immestal Strains:

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Yet Virtue often, sullen and retir'd,
Shines to her self, nor cares to be admir'd;
Distrusting Fortune, or by Fears betray'd,
Round her own Merit casts an Envious Shade.

The Patriot Soul with warmer Notions sir'd,
Or by some secret Providence inspir'd,
Waits with Impatience for the Publick Voice,
And owes his useful Greatness to his Choice;
Ev'en when excluded from more noble Views,
Some lower Tract of Glory still persues.

Thus Philip's Son, Arbela yet unfought,
With the Great Stagyrite in private thought:
Thus Julius once to Eloquence laid Claim,
And Halifax first chose the Poet's Fame.

O Addison! affert the Poet-Race,

And save the Kindred Muses from Disgrace.

Say, by the Pow'rs of heavenly Numbers taught,

How Monarchs govern'd, and how Heroes sought,

o Y

When yet Morality in Verse was sung,

And Lyres by none but hallow'd Fingers strung;

When Bards unpractis'd in the Arts of Praise,

Flatter'd no Tyrants in their servile Lays,

And scorn'd to gild in prostituted Rhimes

An Ox—d's Treasons, or a Bourbon's Crimes.

They chose their Themes like Halifax and Tou,

Selected Spirits, and the Virtuous Few,

Who founded Laws, or banish'd Faith restor'd,

Or for their Country drew the righteous Sword;

Fit Objects to employ the Voice Divine

Of Cato's, Nassau's, or of Brunswick's Line.

Fir'd with these Names the Muse ambitious tow'rs,
Fond of her Theme, forgetful of her Pow'rs;
But soon she falters, and to you resigns
The Rival Majesty of Virgil's Lines;
Content, if her inserior rude Essays
Hurt not his Ashes, whom they meant to praise.

Thus Fulius once to Eloquence laid Claim

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When

The Banks of Helicon a barren Shore;
The Gods their Favourites thence to Honours bring,
And kindly raife them on the Muses Wing.
There Montague, with secret Rapture warm'd,
At Charles's Urn the list'ning Shepherds charm'd,
So much the God indulg'd the youthful Lays,
Spenser might own the Song, and Sidney praise;
So well he shar'd the Character he writ,
The gentless Manners, and the strongest Wit.

Succeeding Days require no pious Strain;
For ah! what Tongue can fing when Tyrants reign?
Who wake the String, or tune the sprightly Reeds,
To Notes of Pleasure, when his Country bleeds?

Apollo, then no more thy Sons inspire,
Then blast the Hand that dares provoke the Lyre,
Or stain their Actions with unhallow'd Rhimes,
And Bavius's and D—y's damn their Times.

Then foreing boldly with no middle Wing,

But seel the Clouds of Romish Night disperse, Y And William gives a brighter Theme for Verse. As a brave Champion half his Force conceals, 'Till he some new uncommon Impulse seels, 'Then meets an Object worthy of the Fight, And puts forth all the Wonders of his Might; And puts forth all the Wonders of his Might; Where steps the hidden Strength, and secret Fire the Halifax's Muse, 'till William came, Check'd half her Vigour, and restrain'd her Flame; Then soaring boldly with no middle Wing, O'er Earth and Seas persu'd the Godlike King; Fill'd with new Fury ev'ry glowing Line, And sound a second Zanthus in the Boyne.

Ye Pow'rs! how just, how num'rous is that Song!

How rich the Fancy, and the Vein how strong!

The hurry'd Reader with the Poet slies,

Yet looks on all he pass'd with longing Eyes;

To Notes of Pleature, when his County bleeds?

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At ev'ry Prospect equal Passions burn, made and O Pleas'd, he proceeds, yet wishes to return.

Here, Britons, see what diff rent Spirit reigns
In free-born Muses, and in slavish Strains:
Observe how artful Boileau sweats and toils,
To plume his Demi-God with borrow'd Spoils;
From Casar, or Eneas, steals a Grace,
And forms from ancient Draughts a modern Face.

Deferibe him form'd with ov'ry Grace to r

While Montagus secure, without Controul,

Fix'd on the Greatness of his Hero's Soul,

Trusts to his Theme his Numbers to inspire,

With proper Raptures, and Poetic Fire.

But, Sir, methinks I hear you check the Song
That dwells upon his meanest Praise too long,
And bid me trace, with a superior Quill,
The Patriot's Wisdom, and the Statesman's Skill.

O! take the mighty Talk, for Ton alone

Can charm in Language equal to his own;

Describe him form'd with ev'ry Grace to please,

Excessive Spirit, Fluency, and Ease:

Expert in wise Assemblies to preside,

The doubtful Senate's Oracle and Guide;

Whose Eloquence, without the formal Art

Flow'd, to convince the Head, and warm the Heart.

Say, when sierce Muranus, and Contention rose,

(For Virtue sinds in ev'ry Reign its Foes)

His Soul an equal Firmness still maintain'd,

Compos'd their Tumults, and their Heats restrain'd.

Or paint Him watchful over future Fates, a die W.

The Turns and Moments of contending States;
Directing where Britannia's Sword should sway.

Her dreadful Edge, and where her Thunder play:
Consulting still in each important Aim, and bid bad.

His Country's Sasety, and his Monarch's Fame.

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These Publick Actions be thy juster Choice; Then, Addison, inspire some second Voice; Then, Addison, inspire some second Voice; The To trace his less ambitious Scenes of Life,
Retir'd from Noisy Crouds, and Civil Strife; Where the free Soul unbends her self, to please and In Social Virtues, and in Letter'd Ease; Where chearful Looks, and friendly Speech give Birth To wise Enjoyments, and Socratick Mirth.

For ever, Hampton, Sacred be thy Tow'rs,

Spring fresh thy Greens, and flourish thick thy
Bow'rs;
There, still defended by indulgent Skies, and I sad?

The Warriour's Wreath, and Poet's Garland rife that
These Scenes with deep Regard, Ye Sages, grace sow
Ye Bards, with solemn Honours mark the Place, and
Raise it as high in Ages yet to come, and had had as Chaucer's Grove, or Tully's Tusculum.

Then, while Posterity their Acts display, and had
The Gen'rous Briton shall with Rapture say, had say

Theffe

'These Shades, absolv'd from War, Great William fought,

To trace his lefs ambitious Scenes of Life,

And Halifax in those Recesses Thought.

When Sixteen barren Centuries were past,

This Second Great Macenas came at last,

In whom Example and Protection join'd,

All Sciences improv'd, all Arts refin'd,

And made our stubborn English Sense submit

To the just Culture of Athenian Wit.

To Thee, Blefs'd Genius! thy Britannia owes,
That Learning in a purer Channel flows;
That Vice no more the Price of Virtue reaps,
Nor modest Want in filent Sorrow weeps;
That Glory courts the Wise, the Good, the Strong,
And only virtuous Merit lives in Song.

Rest then, Great Soul! secure of deathless Fame!

Bless'd be thy Dust, and sacred be thy Name!

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Be it invok'd in all our future Lays,
With lasting Honour, and Religious Praise,
'Till Cato's Works with Liberty expire,
Or Newton's die in falling Worlds of Fire.

Death of the Toung Prince.

Advertisement.



IT was written if I me allow dishe Expression in the Heat of Sorrem and on an Occasion which speaks for it felf; and at a time when too many seem insensible of the Consequences which perhaps are really more mountainful than they may at present approximations.

NO effices me heedels Delive to be exempted from the Vinneer of the Ungrateful and Uncompassionate, to joy, His Saltem Accumulem.

. payrick Lones we more party ower

Tool side of the constant of the Reses



Or Novome die in in Har Work

Death of the Young Prince.

Advertisement.

ONG POEMS, and such we are mostly visited with, seem design'd as the utmost Line of the Author's Sense, and the Bookseller's Prosit.

THE following, is an Attempt to write only so much as is proper, without diversifying Thoughts and Images twenty Ways, and yet keeping one Design in the Reader's Eye.

IT was written, if I may be allow'd the Expression, in the Heat of Sorrow, and on an Occasion which speaks for it self; and at a Time when too many seem insensible of the Consequences, which, perhaps, are really more mournful than they may at present appear.

IT suffices me, because I desire to be exempted from the Number of the Ungrateful and Uncompassionate, to say, His Saltem Accumulem.

VERSES



Shines, the pure Arbitero erilly war)

Her Royal Highness

On Thee the rugged Brown of The family, 3

PRINCESS of WALES.

shuid "Occasion'd by the diguor out od

Death of the Young PRINCE.

AIR Royal Mourner! hear the Pious Muse Condole that Sorrow which none dare accuse.

Those Tears which from the Source of Nature flow,
To publick Losses we more justly owe:

Happy likey of die Weinb from whence He fprang

· Now,

Now, not to Grieve, were Treason, and would prove, Not want of Pity, but our Country's Love.

O Fairest Light! O lost in early Morn! Child of a Nations Wishes: British-Born! How at Thy Birth (as when fome new-form'd Star Shines, the pure Arbiter of guilty War) Britannia hop'd to fee her Factions cease, And drew Presages of her Future Peace! On Thee the rugged Brow of Party smil'd. And look'd, and lov'd the Reconciling Child : Thy Cradle join'd all disagreeing Minds; So the rough Stones the fofter Cement binds.

Fond English- Mothers, full of English- Joy, Stood near, and gaz'd with Wonder on the Boy; Then thinking on their Own, at once confest, Their Pride diminish'd, and their Country blest. ' Happy! they cry'd, the Womb from whence He fprung! Happy the lovely Neck on which He hung! we'N blick Lolles we more justly owe:

Now

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- New Joy and Rapture ev'ry Bosom Fire,
- But most transport the Mother and the Sire :
- 'The Mother and the Sire Still Fruitful Live, and The
- Long, very long, fuch Yearly Bleffings Give ! off

The Pair Attendants on her Woe declare!

Here, old in War, the hardy Soldier came, wolf Saw his Eyes lighten with a Hero's Flame, wolf wolf Such He remember'd were the lucky Signs, wolf And such the Promise of his Father's Loins, wolf When Britain's Empire could not be Divin'd, at back And Audenard was only then design'd, M to 2013 Doct T

The Mother's and the Chiftian Part perform'd.

But Oh! when to a Pitch our Wishes rife; and and Pride casts a Mist before our guilty Eyes:

We think not what we merit, but in Haste

Grasp the new Joy, and use it all to Waste.

Thus for our Guilt the Royal Infant bleeds;

The Royal Mother weeps for British Deeds.

Unworthy of the Flow'r, as soon as bloom'd,

Heav'n its own Gift in Anger has resum'd;

Just shew'd him to the World, then snatch'd him hence,
To teach us how to prize Another Prince.

Were not our Crimes all black, of deepest Grain,
The pious Mother had not su'd in vain.

The Fair Attendants on her Woe declare,
How the Saint wrestled with Her God in Pray'r!
How humbly Mournful! how intensely True,
On Wings of Fire Her Soul's Devotion slew!
How watch'd the tedious Night in lengthen'd Sighs!
And saw the Morning Sun in Tears arise.

The Gates of Mercy still remain un-storm'd,
The Mother's and the Christian Part perform'd.

She must Resign!—and so she patient will,
Yet keep the Mother and the Christian still.

The Patriarch thus, when Heav'n reclaim'd aloud?
The Son it gave, the destin'd Off'ring vow'd,
And, faithful to his God, in sad Obedience Bow'd.

Unworthy of that Flowir, as form as bloom!

Heaving its own Gift in Arger Hasteffand;

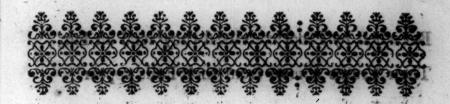
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To the Author of a Novel, entitled,
The Amours of Bosvil and
GALESIA,*

Ondemn me not, Galefia, Fair unknown,

If I, to praife Thee, first my Error own;

A partial View and Prejudice of Fame

Slighted thy Pages for the Novel's Name:

Methought I scorn'd of Nymphs and Knights to dream

And all the Trifles of a Love-Tale Scheme;

Poor dry Romances of a tortur'd Brain,

Where we see none but the Composer's Pain.

Thus I, by former Rules of Judgment led,

But soon my Fault recanted as I read.

So by falle Seers mildoubting Men betray'd, and of Are often of the real Guide afraid, we will but

Written by Mrs. Jane Barker.

But when by Proof convinc'd they lend an Ear, Their Truths Diviser from their Foils appear.

Who now can bear their stiff affected Vein, their Loves, their Cupids, and the idle Train, it which Fools are pleas'd with, and which Mad(men feign?)

When Here he may with juster Wonder view

The Charms of Nature, and those painted true.

By what strange Springs our real Passions move,
How vain are all Disguises when we Love;
What Wiles and Stratagems the Men secure,
What wiles and Stratagems the Men secure,
Compell'd to stifle what they seign would tell,
While Truth commands, but Honour must rebel.

All this, so well, so naturally drest,

At once with Wit and Innocence exprest,

So true appears, so just, and yet so plain,

We mourn thy Sorrows, and we feel thy Pain.

Thus I, by former Rules of Judgment led,

enoKten by Myo, Jane Barker.

Nor

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Non

The

Enc

None here is like thy false Dissembler found, All Pity Thee but He who gave the Wound.

And yet the perjur'd Swain, Galefia, spare, Nor urge on Vengeance with a hafty Pray'r; Tho' much He merits it, fince all agree Enough He's Punish'd in his losing Thee.

Elle Lor donner of the Land and ryel elle



There see a Bettern purer News rifered you

And light your Torches at her brighter Eves.

Sefect all some Wangs, and boses there with 184dec

Tor the best thriden och and the doublest theile.

She



To Dr. R----y, on his Marriage with Mrs. M---y W----s.

e on Venecance with Ahafty Frew'r

While Friends congratulate, and Parents (blefs; Each striving with officious Joy to prove How much you Merit, and how well you Love; Fain would my Heart increase the friendly Strain, And bring the Muses where the Graces reign.

Awake, ye Loves, to Wormly All repair;
For Beauty's solemn Festival is there.
There see a Better, purer Venus rise,
And light your Torches at her brighter Eyes.

Spread all your Wings, and bover there with Pride
O'er the best Bridegroom, and the loveliest Bride.

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She kind and gentle, as the rifing Light;

He ftrong, and as the Mid-Day Splendor bright:

She foft, as are the clasping Ivy's Leaves;

He like the Oak, to which that Ivy cleaves.

Spread there your Wings, and bover there with Pride

O'er the best Bridegroom, and the lovelieft Bride.

In him behold the Manly Virtues join'd,

The Sacred Arts and Sciences refin'd;

The virtuous Breast with early Knowledge fraught,

The Gaieties of Wit, and Depth of Thought.

In her the Graces of the gentler Kind,

Whitenels of Soul, and Innocence of Mind;

The lively Spirit, and the graceful Ease,

That ever pleasing, ever knows to please.

Spread, Loves, your Wings, and bover there with Pride

O'er the best Bridegroom, and the loveliest Bride.

Ye happy Parents, bless your prudent Care;

For fure no other Arms deserv'd the Fair:

But when our Souls are warm'd with virtuous Fires,

A certain Providence the Choice inspires.

On.

HEW.

Well then ye finish'd what his Hand begun,
And pick'd from Thousands this more worthy Son.

O! may the lasting Flame still brighter Burn;

May the bles'd Day with suller Joy return;

While in each Breast a secret Transport glides,

To see the Mother's Name succeed the Bride's.



For fine no other stress defer debe Fair dell

A certaint Providence the Chaico anfiness

But when our Souls are comm'd whire directes Fires;

The virtuous Breath with rarly Knowledge fraugh

On

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So



On the Death of Mr. HAWTREY.

S when the King of Peace and Lord of Love
Sends down some brighter Angel from Above,
Pleas'd with the Beauties of the heav'nly Guest,
A while we view him, in full Glory drest;
But he, impatient from his Heav'n to stay,
Soon disappears, and wings his airy Way;
So did'st thou vanish, eager to appear,
And shine triumphant in thy Native Sphere.

Yet had'st thou all that Virtue can bestow,
What the Good practise, and the Learned know,
All that the Soul to Extasy inspires,
When lost in Love she pleasantly retires,
Such Transports as those heav'nly Mortals share,
Who know not whether they are mounted there,
Or have brought Heav'n to meet them in a Pray'r.

WORL

How shall I praise? How make thy Virtues known?

By every Tongue commended but thy own?

Strong were thy Thoughts, yet Reason bore the Sway;

Humble, yet Learn'd; tho' Innocent, yet Gay:

All Autumn's Riches in thy Spring were found,

And blooming Youth with Hoary Wisdom crown'd;

Yet tho' so fair thy Flow'r of Life began,

It wither'd e'er it ripen'd into Man.

Thus in the Theatre the Scenes unfold

A thousand Wonders glorious to behold;

And here or there, as the Machine extends,

A Heroe rises, or a God descends;

But soon the momentary Pleasure slies,

And the gay Scenes are ravish'd from our Eyes.

Ye Sacred Doors, his frequent Visits tell,

Thou Court where God himself delights to dwell;

Thou Mystick Table, and thou Holy Feast,

How often have you seen the Sacred Guest?

How

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Awak

Speak

And a

How oft his Soul with Heavenly Manna fed,
His Faith enliven'd, while his Sin lay Dead?
O may the Thought his Friend's Devotion raife!
O may he Imitate as well as Praife!
Awake, my heavy Soul, and upward fly,
Speak to the Saint, and meet him in the Sky,
And ask the certain Way to rife as High!

n

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Uneafy



My fiethy Fabric, Lord is all unloand,

Of pourthy healing Balm into my Wounds

PSALM



PSALM the VIth

PARAPHRAS'D.

And all thy Mildness into Anger turns,
When Mercy sleeps a while, and Justice wakes,
And Vengeance on the Trembling Sinner takes,
O! then, O! then, thy Triple Scourge forbear,
Thy David, O! thy guilty David spare.
I bend already to the galling Yoke,
Weak is my Body, and my Bones are broke;
My fleshy Fabric, Lord, is all unsound,
O! pour thy healing Balm into my Wound;

PSALM

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Uneafy Thoughts fit heavy on my Breast, My Soul is with the mighty Load opprest; But, Lord, how long wilt thou deny me Reft? How long fhall I unto my God complain? Turn thy redeeming Hand, O! turn again: I fink, I fink into the difmal Lake! Save me! O fave me for thy Mercy's Sake! On this fide Death thy pitying Ear I crave, For who remembers thee within the Grave? Can the mute Tomb its thankful Off rings raife, Or breathless Clay grow eloquent, and praise? Repeated Sighs my fickly Body wear. And firong Convulsive Groans my Entrails tear; My Tears perpetual as the Night-Dew fall, Water my Couch, and wash my Bed with Gall; Sorrow has all my Blood and Spirits drunk, My Cheeks are faded, and my Eyes are funk. My taunting Enemies around me boaft, Deride my former Strength, and Vigour loft,

But haste away! ye impious Scorners, fly,

The Lord in Pity has observ'd my Cry;

The Lord again his bended Suppliant hears,

Grants his Petition, and receives his Tears:

My scornful Foes shall tremble at his Name,

And in their sudden Flight confess their Shame.

Save me! O fave me for thy Mercy's Sake!

On this fide Death thy pitying Far I crave.

For who remembers thee within the Grave?

Can the mute Tomb

Or breathing

Rupeared Sgrave

And firong Complete Street

Water my Couch, and wafn my Bed with Gall;

Sorrow has all my Blood and Spirits drunk,

My Cheeks are faded, and my Eyes are funk,

Of Trainting Enemies around me booff,

Deride my former Strength, and Vigour loft,

C scombs and Peps might fay to our Difgrace

We know not what the day of the ravilled, hear,

Lady W—y M—e,

UPON HER

And call the Publicle to commend their Worth; Panger Mures of Soul rand Panger Mures of Soul rand Out the Soul rand with the soul way.

Being publish'd without a Name.

While the bold-Eagle mounts beyond our Sight.

Unbrib'd Applauses to an unknown Muse;
The Worth of Praises bears one certain Mark,
And, like good Deeds, are truest in the Dark: but Had we beheld the Beauties you posses,
We might give more — and yet Tou merit less;

Coxcondus

Coxcombs and Fops might fay, to our Difgrace,
We writ not to your Head — but to your Face.

Such Praise is yours, as when some Angel sings, Hiding his Heavenly Form beneath his Wings, We know not whom to thank, yet ravish'd, hear, And call the Soul to listen at the Ear.

Great Minds are Secret; but the Vain stand forth,
And call the Publick to commend their Worth;
Strangers to Pleasures of a Soul refin'd,
They love Fame's Trumpet for the Noise, and Wind.
Thus Inselts play and hover in the Light,
While the bold Eagle mounts beyond our Sight.
Thus Streams in Subterraneous Channels glide,
Yet paint the Meadows in their Summer Pride;
The Swain unknowing mows the fertile Green,
And reaps the Blessings of a Pow'r unseen.

Had we beheld the Beauties you polled, of We might give more - and yet Tan merit left;



The Fifth ELEGY of the First Book of CATULLUS.

Nine Times, all loolely deel, with Vous Divine

IN a Hot Fit I boafted I could bear

A Woman's Anger, and despise the Fair:

But Coward I, am all unmann'd again;

A sudden Frenzy works my madding Brain.

Raging, I move, like whirling Tops, around,

Which sportive Boys keep giddy on the Ground.

Punish my Pride, and teach me, by my Pain,
To use my Mistress in an humbler Strain.
Yet spare me, by our Joys I beg for Grace,
By Venus, by Thy own more lovely Face!

Bur, ah! my lipy is she canterd by the Winne

200

Platter'd my felf with Golden Dreams, in vain-

20 4

For I, when wasting Sickness seiz'd my Fair,
Sav'd the Dear Suff'rer by my happy Pray'r;
Then, when the Beldam, with extended Arms,
Stretch'd on the Ground, and mutter'd o'er her Charms,
I purify'd Thee round with Sulph'rous Streams,
I burnt the Barley-Cake to guard Thy Dreams.
Nine Times, all loosely drest, with Vows Divine
At Midnight I address'd Diana's Shrine.
All Things I did, that could my Passion prove,
And yet, — Another now enjoys my Love,
His is the Harvest of my constant Cares,
And His the Fruit of my successful Pray'rs:

But I, poor Wretch, if Thou wert well again,

Flatter'd my felf with Golden Dreams, in vain.—

I fancy'd how I would from Town retreat,

And carry Delia to my Country-Seat.

She will, I cry'd, o'erlook my Harvest Store,

While the full Ears are grinding on the Floor.

She

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She, while the Workmen at the Vintage toil,
Will guard the Casks, and on the Preffers smile
Or learn to count my Flock upon the Plain,
Or grow familiar with my Houshold Train: 111
Hear my Slaves prattle, let the playful Boy
Lean on her Breaft, and with his Mistress toy: ha
Or condescend to learn, at leifure Hours, and the of T
To bring fit Off rings to the Rural Pow'rs;
Grapes at the Vintage, Corn at Harvest bear, but
And give a Victim for the woolly Care. Hadded 30
May She rule all my House, I careless roam,
Happy in being No Body at Home!
Hither shalt thou, Messala, come; for Thee
Delia shall cull the Fairest, Choicest Tree:
She, with Officious Pride, shall still attend, hala
And spread the Table for my noble Friend:
And, in Regard of his exalted State, as a story wall
Herfelf turn Servant, and in Person wait.
Such was the Scheme of Pleafure I delign'd, which
But, ah! my Pray'rs are scatter'd by the Wind.
Since

Since This, I try'd to drink away my Cares;
But cruel Grief turn'd ev'ry Draught to Tears.

As often have I try'd Another's Kifs;
But, in the Moment of approaching Blifs,

Venus reminded Me of Delia's Charms,
And left me languid in the Fair One's Arms.

The difappointed Dame my Weaknefs tells,

Then fays, that I am curs'd by Magick Spells.

And curs'd I am; my Curfes are the Charms.

Of Delia's Hair, and Neck, and waxen Arms.

Such was fair Thetis, when the Sea green Dame

M. To Peleus on a bridled Dolphin came.

But my Misfortune is, a Wealthy Fool,

And a damn'd Bawd, have made me Delia's Tool.

For the damn'd Bawd, may Poison taint her Blood,

May rotten Carcasses be all her Food!

May Screech-Owls fright her with their Midnight

(Cries,

And wailing Spectres skim before her Eyes!

Since

Hither fielt thou, Mefala, come; for Thee

VeMain! my Pray're are Catter'd by the Wind.

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May She the bitter Pangs of Hunger feel, Town, Rob Dog-Kennels, and Graves, to make a Meal!

May She how! Mad, and Naked thro' the Town,

And rav'nous Blood-Hounds hunt the Beldam down!

This to the Band. Ye Gods, regard my Pray'r,
And, lo! they do: For Lovers are their Care,
Neglected Truth a fure Resentment draws,
and Venus will revenge the faithful Cause.

inventive Love defigns fome artful Plot,

But Thou, my Fair, the Band's Advice removed.

For Gold and Prefents are the Bane of Love.

The Poor will ever on thy Side attend,

The trueft Lover, and fincereft Friend;

He'll be your Guard, conduct you fafe along,

Free from the Rudeness of the prefsing Throng.

He, to conceal your Pleasures, will descend,

Nay, help Undress you for a private Friend.

Alas! I sing in vain; in vain I wait;

Money, not Words, must move the stubborn Gate.

But Thou, now happy in my Delia's Smiles,

I warn Thee, fence against thy Rival's Wiles:

Fortune is light, and often changes Hands;

Ev'n Now, with some Design, that Fellow stands,

Who watches at her Gate with careful Eyes,

And now before, and now behind Him spies;

Passes the House with a pretended Haste,

And in a little Time returns as fast,

And hems, before the Door, at ev'ry Cast.

Inventive Love designs some artful Plot,

Some Stratagem of War, I know not What.

But you improve your Minutes while you may,

Yet know, you Anchor in a doubtful Bay.



Money not Words, must move the subborn Gate.

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But



A Tafter to Our Food.

AN

APOLOGY

FOR

Loving a Widow.

Another Mortal's Arms;

That cannot make My Passion less,

Nor mitigate Her Charms.

Shall I refuse to quench My Thirst,

Depending Life to save,

Because some droughty Shepherd first

Has kiss'd the smiling Wave?

K 2

68

No, no; methinks 'tis wond'rous Great, And fuits a Noble Blood, To have in Love, as well as State, A Tafter to Our Food.



Shall I tefule to quenc't My Thirft, Depending Life to fave, O. Refforme droughty Shepherd first Has kifs'd the finiling Wave?



PROLOGUE

That high Word will e in ushalf the I

And here's Intrigue, and Flet, and Love enoug

The Devilsin it, if the Searcant write

CRUEL GIFT, a Tragedy.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

Written in the Year 1717. and and I and I

Is, if I reckon right, Two Winters old;
It should have courted you the last hard Frost,
But you in Ice and Politicks were lost,
Two slipp'ry Things—Some know it to their Cost.
The prudent Mother, therefore, with good Reason,
Wean'd not this Child before a better Season:
Well-pleas'd, she sees the Madness of the Age
Spent in an Impotent Successless Rage.

From civil Life transfer your Horrors here,
And give to Tragedy its proper Sphere.

Our Woman fays, for 'tis a Woman's Wit, *

(That fingle Word will gain us half the Pit)

This is her first Attempt in Tragick-Stuff;

And here's Intrigue, and Plot, and Love enough.

The Devil's in it, if the Sex can't write

Those Things in which They take the most Delight:

If she has touch'd these Scenes with artful Care,

Be kind, and all her smaller Failings spare.

The Ladies sure will ease a Woman's Fears

For common Pity's Sake, the Men for Theirs.

On Hopes like these her Tragedy depends, blood it.

Not on confed'rate Clubs of clapping Friends,
Dispos'd in Parties to support her Cause,
And Bully you by Noise into Applause.

If she must sue, she scorns those vulgar Arts,
But fain by nobler Means would win your Hearts;

Spent in an Impotent Succession Rage.

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Wisten by Mrs. Centlivre.

Tell you she wears her Country in her Breast,
And is as firmly Loyal as the Best;
Then bid your Hearts their kindest Pray'rs convey;
And meet your coming Monarch on his Way;
Who, from one Peaceful Journey, brings us more
Than our long List of Conq'ring Kings before;
For ne'er did Britain's Hopes so highly Tow'r,
Or promise such a glorious Stretch of Pow'r,
As on that Day, which shall to Council bring
The Bravest Senate, and the Greatest King;
Whose rip'ning Schemes shall distant Nation's Rule.
Make Tyrants Tremble, and Divans grow Cool:
To Britain's Ensigns then, as They Decree,
The World shall strike by Land, as well as Sea.



I way'd the Fight, because I had no Sword.

, riO



EsoPostid Low Good Hode

Than our long Lift of Conq ring Kings before;

For ne'er did Brita Hoffes & Highly Tow'r,

Artful Husband, a Comedy.

Spoken by Mrs. THURMOND.

Allants, without a Length of Formal Speeches,

How did you like Me in my Sparkish Breeches?

Did not my Motions promise Manly Pleasure,

And seem to signify much Hidden Treasure?

Alas! alas! my Buxom Widow thought

She had a Bargain in the Thing she bought.

You all well know their Consciences, but still

It is the Trial proves the Fencer's Skill:

And when it came to That, upon my Word,

I wav'd the Fight, because I had no Sword.

Callings by Mrs. Centlings.

Oh !

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T

O! 'twas a lovely Scene between us Two, When Stocking toss'd, the Company withdrew. How oft my wishing Widow cry'd, My Dear, And toss'd, and figh'd, and whisper'd in my Ear; While I, pretending Sleep, the Pillow press'd, And left my Phanix burning in her Neft. You saw how in the Morning she behav'd, True to her Sex, how like a Wife she rav'd: The Copy of those Lectures at your Houses, From the shrill Tongues of disappointed Spouses. Well, when that Part was over, something still Was wanting to compleat a Woman's Will, To change the Words, For Better and for Worfe, Into the comfortable Sound, Divorce. This I perform'd too with that dext'rous Art, I got Two Fortunes, and One Lover's Heart.

No more, ye Beauties, then these Shifts despise, But stoop to wear the Breeches deep Disguise.

oTang majar in

If before Wedlock they deserve this Praise,
You're sure to wear 'em after, all your Days.
But now the Secret's out, and it is plain
That I am downright Woman once again.
You Men are fancying the Ways and Means
To prove the Truth of this behind the Scenes:
But work not faith the Cunning of your Brains,
You'll have but just your Labour for your Pains;
For it is hard, if I, who you all know
Have bit a Widow, cannot bite a Beau.



THE DATE OF LEEDING TO SHOW A

Was wanting to compleated Works



To Major PACK, upon Reading

In I bunder there the Royal Nova Rears.

Sway'd by the vulgar Tide, (forgive the Wrong)
I thought before I heard your pow'rful Song,
In noify War the Muses Voice was Mute,
Nor hop'd to find the Trumpet near the Lute.
But now I see, from thy melodious Lays,
The Laurel well may mingle with the Bays;
The Warriour's Oak may tremble on the Crest,
And yet the Lover's Myrtle shade the Breast.

Minerva thus in Homer's Camp is seen; How the Maid threatens with a Warlike Mien; Now in soft Words perswades the giddy Throng, And melts in Musick on Utyles's Tongue. So on the Bosom of the Thames unite

The Fruits of gentle Peace, and Pomp of Fight.

Here breathe the Spicy Gums from India's Shores,
In Thunder there the Royal Navy Roars.

May Britain never want such Sons as you,

To Fight her Battels, and Record them too.

Tyrtaus so led Sparta's Soldiers on,

Then sung the Trophies which himself had won,

Be this thy Double Praise; While we commend

The Wars you Write, the Freedom you Defend.

FINIS.

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TRANSLATIONS from Lucau, occasion a by the Traged



An Holle so M. A. A. H. C. Ton' & to the Evail of

Verfes to bir Grace the Duke of Maribocongh, upon

the Rebellion in 1715

the Lord of Halifes

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O R.

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A

POEM.

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By EDWARD YOUNG, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxon.

Gratior & pulcbro veniens in Corpore Virtus. Virg.



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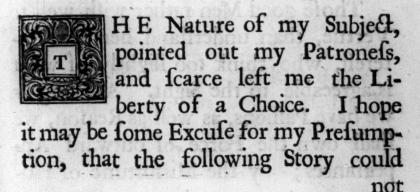
TO THE

COUNTESS

OF

SALISBURY.

MADAM,



not have been read without Thoughts of the Countess of Salisbury, though it had been Dedicated to Another.

Vertue and Beauty met in the Youthful and High-Born Lady JANE GRAY, in
a wonderful Perfection; and, as their
Nature is, they mutually affifted each
other. Her Beauty was more beautiful, because she was Vertuous; nor am
I afraid to say, on the other Hand,
that her Religion it self admitted of Advantage, and receiv'd Prevalency, as
well as Lustre, from the Elegance of
her Mien, and the Gracefulness of
her Person.

Those good Men rather wish well to Vertue, than understand her true Interest, who think too slightly of what is agreeable to the Sight. As long as we have Passions, as well as Reason, we shall own the Force of outward Appearances; by the Missortune of Humanity,

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s f f manity, our Hearts are naturally shut against that which is only Good; but when that which is Lovely joins with it, the latter makes Interest with our Senses for the Admission of the sormer, and the former calls in our Reason to embrace the latter; and thus is brought about a happy Union and Concurrence of the whole Person, so miserably divided usually, and at Variance with himself. We may fix our Eyes on a fair Example of Piety, to an utter Detessation of our Vices, and Gaze our selves into a Newness of Life.

Hence arises a double Obligation on the Beautiful to be Good; and to see the Charms of Mind and Person separated, becomes a too just Occasion of our Concern. To behold a Person only Vertuous, stirs in us a prudent Regret; to behold a Person only Amiable to the Sight, warms us with a Religious Indignation; but to turn our Eyes on

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a Countess of Salisbury, gives us Pleafure and Improvement; it works a Sort of Miracle, occasions the Byass of our Nature to fall off from Sin, and makes our very Senses and Affections Converts to Religion, and Promoters of our Duty.

There is not in Nature a more glorious Scene, than He enjoys, who by Accident overfees a Great, and Young, and Beautiful Lady in her Clofet of Devotion, instead of Gaiety, and Noise, and Throng, fo natural to the Qualities just mention'd; all is folemn, and filent, and private. Pious Meditation has carry'd her away into a Forgetfulness of her lovely Person, which no one but herself can forget! All her exquifite Features are animated with Religion in fuch a Manner, as to make any licentious Thought in the Beholder impious and shocking! All her Motions and Postures, whose Gracefulness in others

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others might be a Foundation for Pride, and be thought an Excuse for Omissions in Duty, are full of Humiliation, and pious Neglect! Those Eyes, cannot be thew'd in Publick without interrupting the Business of the World, fixing Thousands in Attention, and fuspending the Pursuits of Avarice and Ambition, are devoutly rais'd, and importunately fasten'd on an Invisible Object; offering holy Violence for those good Things, the Thoughts of which in vulgar Minds, keep Company, for the most part, with nothing but Wrinkles, grey-Hairs, and Infirmity! What a radiant Glimpse of Heaven is this! the divine and ravishing Appearances, which are form'd of Angels and Saints in Glory, were at first suggested to the Mind of Man by fuch a Sight.

They who are acquainted with the Character of the Lady JANE, will not look on this as foreign; they that

are not, but have the Honour of knowing the Countess of Salisbury, will make Another sufficient Excuse for this seeming Digression of,

corrupting the Buffords of the World, fixing Thouta, MADAM arons, said futfrending the furthers of Avance and

Your most Obedient

And most Humble Servant,

vulgar Minds, keep Company, for the most part, with nothing but, 15 orkin,

EDWARD YOUNG.



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OF

RELIGION:

OR,

Vanquish'd Love.

And Fortune Cits I cm X O O B 1 Selection

Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas. Virg.

FROM lofty Themes, from Thoughts that foar'd (on high, And open'd wond'rous Scenes above the Sky, My Muse descend: Indulge my fond Desire, With softer Thoughts my melting Soul inspire,

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And

And smooth my Numbers to a Female's Praise:

A partial World will listen to my Lays,

While Anna reigns, and sets a Female Name

Unrival'd in the Glorious Lists of Fame.

Hear, ye fair Daughters of this happy Land,
Whose radiant Eyes the vanquish'd World command,
Who, round your Queen Majestick and Divine,
Like Glories beaming from an Angel, shine,
Vertue is Beauty: But when Charms of Mind
With Elegance of outward Form are join'd;
When Youth makes such bright Objects still more
(bright,
And Fortune sets them in the strongest Light;
'Tis all of Heaven that we below may view,
And all, but Adoration, is your Due.

Fam'd Female Vertue did this Isle adorn E'er Ormond, or her Glorious Queen was born:

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When now Maria's pow'rful Arms prevail'd, And haughty Dudley's bold Ambition fail'd, The beauteous Daughter of Great Suffolk's Race, In blooming Youth, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace; Who gain'd a Crown by Treason not her own, And innocently fill'd Another's Throne, Hurl'd from the Summit of Imperial State, With equal Mind sustain'd the Stroke of Fate.

But how will Guilford, her far Dearer Part, With manly Reason fortify his Heart? At once she Longs, and is Afraid to knom: Now fwift she moves, and Now advances flow To find her Lord; and finding, passes by Silent with Fear, nor dares she meet his Eye: Left that Unask'd, in Speechless Grief, disclose The mournful Secret of his inward Woes. Thus after Sickness, doubtful of her Face. The melancholy Virgin shuns the Glass.

At length, with troubled Thought, but Look serene,
And Sorrow soften'd by her heavenly Mien,
She class her Lord, brave, beautiful, and young;
While tender Accents melt upon her Tongue;
Gentle, and sweet, as vernal Zepbyr blows,
Fanning the Lilly, or the blooming Rose.

- " Grieve not, my Lord, a Crown indeed is loft;
- " What far out-shines a Crown, we still may boast,
- " A Mind compos'd; a Mind that can disdain,
- " A fruitless Sorrow for a Loss so vain.
- " Nothing is Loss that Vertue can improve
- " To Wealth eternal, and Return above;
- " Above, where no Distinction shall be known
- " 'Twixt him whom Storms have shaken from a
- " And him, who basking in the Smiles of Fate,
- " Shone forth in all the Splendour of the Great;
- " Nor can I find the Diff rence here below;
- " I lately was a Queen, I still am fo,

" While

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- " While Guilford's Wife: Thee rather I obey,
- " Than o'er Mankind extend Imperial Sway.
- " When we lye down in some obscure Retreat,
- " Incens'd Maria may her Rage forget,
- " And I to Death my Duty will improve,
- " And what you miss in Empire, add in Love-
- "Your Godlike Soul is open'd in your Look,
- " And I have faintly your great Meaning spoke.
- " For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the Crown,
- " To find with what Content we lay it down.
- " Heroes may win, but 'tis a Heavenly Race
- " Can quit a Throne with a becoming Grace.

Now on the British Politically of averagilt.

Thus spoke the fairest of her Sex, and cheer'd

Her drooping Lord, whose boding Bosom sear'd

A darker Cloud of Ills would burst, and shed

Severer Vengeance, on her guiltless Head:

Too just alas the Terrors which he felt!

For lo a Guard! ——Forgive him if he melt——

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How sharp her Pangs, when sever'd from his Side, The most fincerely lov'd, and loving Bride; In Space confin'd, the Muse forbears to tell, Deep was her Anguish, but she bore it well. His Pain was equal, but his Vertue less, He thought in Grief there could be no Excess. Penfive he fate, o'ercast with gloomy Care, And often fondly clasp'd his Absent Fair; Now filent, wander'd through his Rooms of State, And ficken'd at their Pomp, and tax'd his Fate; Which thus adorn'd in all her shining Store, A fplendid Wretch, magnificently poor, hispanish Now on the Bridal Bed his Eyes were cast. And Anguish fed on his Enjoyments past; Each recollected Pleafure made him fmart, And ev'ry Transport stabb'd him to the Heart.

That happy Moon, which fummon'd to Delight,
That Moon which shone on his dear nuptial Night,
Which

Severer Vengenhee, on her emildels Hend:

Which saw him fold her yet untasted Charms
(Deny'd to Princes) in his longing Arms,
Now sees the transient Blessing sleet away,
Empire and Love! the Vision of a Day.

Thus in the British Clime a Summer-Storm
Will oft the smiling Face of Heav'n deform;
The Winds with Violence at once descend,
Sweep Flow'rs and Fruits, and make the Forest bend;
A sudden Winter, while the Sun is near,
O'ercomes the Season, and inverts the Year.

And cheer the Heart when Tenne hike the S

But whither is the Captive born away,

The beauteous Captive from the cheerful Day?

The Scene is chang'd indeed, before her Eyes

Ill-boding Looks, and unknown Horrors rife:

For Pomp and Splendor, for her Guard and Crown,

A gloomy Dungeon, and a Keeper's Frown;

Black Thoughts each Morn invade the Lover's Breaft,

Each Night the Ruffian locks the Queen to Reft.

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into the like that had been very usual

Religion's Force Divine is best display'd

In a Desertion of all Human Aid:

To succour in Extreams, is her Delight,

And cheer the Heart, when Terror strikes the Sight.

We, disbelieving our own Senses, gaze,

And wonder what a Mortal's Heart can raise,

To smile in Anguish, triumph in her Grief,

And comfort those who come to bring Relief;

We gaze; and as we gaze, Wealth, Fame, decay,

And all the World's vain Glories sade away.

Against her Cares she rais'd a dauntless Mind,
And with an ardent Heart, but most resign'd,
Deep in the dreadful Gloom, with pious Heat,
Amid the Silence of her dark Retreat,
Address her God— "Almighty Pow'r Divine!
"'Tis Thine to raise, and to depress is Thine,
"With Honours to light up the Name unknown,
"Or to put out the Lustre of a Throne;

- " In my fhort Span both Fortunes I have prov'd,
- " Nor hope the Prisoner less than QUEEN belov'd;
- " I bear it all, (oh strengthen me to bear!)
- " And if my Piety may claim thy Care;
- " If I remember'd in Youth's giddy Heat,

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- " And Tumult of a Court, a future State;
- " Oh favour! when thy Mercy I implore
- " For one who never guilty Scepter bore!
- " 'Twas I receiv'd the Crown; my Lord is free;
- " If it must fall, let Vengeance fall on me.
- " Let him furvive, his Country's Name to raife,
- " And in a guilty Land to speak Thy Praise!
- " Oh may th' Indulgence of a Father's Love,
- " Pour'd forth on me, be doubl'd from above!
- " If these are safe, I'll think my Prayers succeed,
- " And bless thy tender Mercies whilst I bleed.

'Twas now the mournful Eve before that Day, In which the Queen to her full Wrath gave Way;

Thro' rigid Justice rush'd into Offence,
And drank in Zeal the Blood of Innocence.
The Sun went down in Clouds, and seem'd to mourn
The sad Necessity of his Return:
The hollow Wind, and melancholy Rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to complain.
The Tapers cast an in-auspicious Light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the Night.

Sweet Innocence in Chains can take her Rest,
Soft Slumber gently creeping thro' her Breast,
She sinks; and in her Sleep is re-inthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy Dream, and vainly Crown'd;
She views her Fleets and Armies, Seas and Land,
And stretches wide her Shadow of Command:
With Royal Purple is her Vision hung;
By Fantom Hosts are Shouts of Conquest rung;
Low at her Feet the Suppliant Rival lies;
Our Captive mourns her Fate, and bids her rise.

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Now level Beams upon the Waters play'd, Glanc'd on the Hills, and Westward cast the Shade. The bufy Trades in Cities had began To found, and fpeak the painful Life of Man. In Tyrants Breafts the Thoughts of Vengeance rouze, And the fond Bridegroom turns him to his Spouse. At this first Birth of Light, while Morning breaks, Our Spoufeless Bride, our Widow'd Wife awakes; Awakes, and fmiles; nor Night's Imposture blames; Her real Pomps were little more than Dreams; A short-liv'd Blaze, a Light'ning quickly o'er, That dy'd in Birth, that shone, and was no more: She turns her Side, and foon refumes a State Of Mind, well fuited to her alter'd Fate, Serene, tho' ferious; when dread Tidings come (Ah wretched Guilford!) of her instant Doom. Sun, hide thy Beams, in Clouds as black as Night Thy Face involve; be guiltless of the Sight;

Or haste more swiftly to the Western Main; Nor let her Blood the conscious Day-light stain.

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Oh how severe! to fall so new a Bride. Yet blushing from the Priest; in youthful Pride; When Time had just matur'd each perfect Grace, And open'd all the Wonders of her Face! To leave her Guilford dead to all Relief, Fond of his Woe, and obstinate in Grief. Unhappy Pair, whatever Fancy drew, Vain promis'd Bleffings! vanish from your View; No Train of cheerful Days, endearing Nights, No fweet Domestick Joys, and chaft Delights: Pleasures that blossom ev'n from Doubts and Fears, And Bliss and Rapture rising out of Cares; No little Guilford, with paternal Grace, Soften'd by Smiles, and the fair Mother's Face; Who, when her dearest Father shall return, From pouring Tears on her untimely Urn,

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Might comfort to his Silver Hairs impart,

And fill her Place in his Indulgent Heart:

As where Fruits fall, quick rifing Bloffoms fmile,

And the blefs'd Indian of his Care beguile.

In vain these various Reasons jointly press,
To blacken Death, and heighten her Distress,
She thro' th' encircling Terrors darts her Sight,
To the bless'd Regions of eternal Light,
And fills her Soul with Peace; to weeping Friends
Her Father and her Lord she recommends;
Unmov'd her Self; her Foes her Air survey,
And rage to see their Malice thrown away.
She soars; now nought on Earth detains her Care—
But Guilford; who still struggles for his Share.
Still will his Form importunately rise,
Clog, and retard her Transport to the Skies;
As trembling Flames now take a feeble Flight,
Now catch the Brand with a returning Light.

Thus

Thus her Soul onward, for the Seats above,

Falls fondly back, and kindles into Love:

At length she conquers in the doubtful Field;

That Heaven she seeks, will be her Guilford's Shield.

Now Death is welcome; his Approach is slow;

'Tis tedious longer to expect the Blow.

Oh! Mortals, short of Sight, who think the past
O'erblown Misfortune, still shall prove the last:
Alas! Misfortunes travel in a Train,
And oft in Life form one perpetual Chain;
Fear buries Fear, and Ills on Ills attend,
'Till Life and Sorrow meet one common End.

She thinks that she has nought but Death to fear,
And Death is conquer'd. Worse than Death is near.
Her rigid Tryals are not yet complete,
The News arrives of her great Father's Fate.
She sees his hoary Head all white with Age,
A Victim to th' offended Monarch's Rage.

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How great the Mercy, had she breath'd her last,

E'er the dire Sentence on her Father past!

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A fonder Parent Nature never knew,

And as his Age increas'd, his Fondness grew.

A Parent's Love ne'er better was bestow'd,

The pious Daughter in her Heart o'erslow'd.

And can she from all Weakness still refrain?

And still the Firmness of her Soul maintain?

Impossible! a Sigh will force its Way;

One patient Tear her mortal Birth betray;

She sighs and weeps, but so she weeps and sighs,

As silent Dews descend, and Vapours rise.

Celestial Patience! How dost thou deseat

The Foe's proud Menace, and elude his Hate?

While Passion takes his Part, betrays our Peace;

To Death and Torture swells each slight Disgrace;

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By not opposing, Thou dost Ills destroy,

And wear thy conquer'd Sorrows into Joy.

Now she revolves within her anxious Mind,

What Woe still lingers in reserve behind.

Griefs rise on Griefs, and she can see no Bound,

While Nature lasts, and can receive a Wound.

The Sword is drawn; the Queen to Rage inclin'd,

By Mercy, nor by Piety confin'd.

What Mercy can the Zealot's Heart asswage,

Whose Piety it self converts to Rage?

She thought, and sigh'd. And now the Blood began

To leave her beauteous Cheek all cold and wan.

New Sorrow dimm'd the Lustre of her Eye,

And on her Cheek the fading Roses die.

Alas! should Guilford too— when now she's brought

To that dire View, that Precipice of Thought;

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While there the trembling flands, nor dares look down, Nor can recede, 'till Heaven's Decrees are known. Cure of all Ills, 'till now, her Lord appears, But not to cheer her Heart, and dry her Tears: Not now, as ufual, like the rifing Day, To chace the Shadows, and the Damps away: But, like a gloomy Storm, at once to fweep And plunge her to the Bottom of the Deep. Black were his Robes, dejected was his Air, His Voice was frozen by his cold Despair; Slow, like a Ghost, he mov'd with solemn Pace, A dying Paleness sate upon his Face. Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely Breast, Her Eyes the Anguish of her Heart confess'd; Struck to the Soul, she stagger'd with the Wound, And funk a breathless Image to the Ground.

Thus the fair Lily, when the Sky's o'ercaft,

At first but shudders in the feeble Blast;

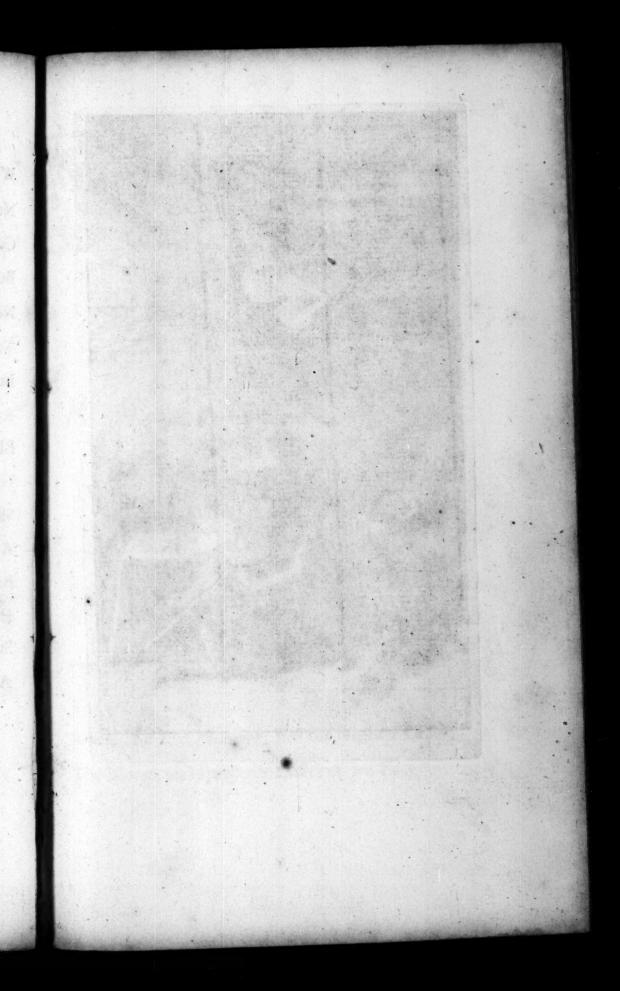
But when the Winds, and weighty Rains descend,

The fair and upright Stem is forc'd to bend;

Till broke at length, its snowy Leaves are shed,

And strow with dying Sweets their native Bed.







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But in the glorious Martyrs crown d above or did it Here its airy Being freed.

RELIGION:

Ouilford, who classes her ke oriful in Death,

Vanquish'd Love.

BOOK II.

Hic Pietatis hones ? fic nos in Sceptra reponis? Virg.

TELL me, fair Cecil, (who should better tell,
Than You, in whom resembling Beauties dwell?)
Where, for that Moment, sled the brighter Grace,
The Bloom, and sprightly Lustre of her Face?

Say,

Say, loiter'd it Below, and humbly chose
To make the Lily fair, and flush the Rose?
Or did it mount to Heav'n, from whence it came,
And there with Ease assume an Angel's Name?

But rather say, where pleas'd her Soul to rove;
Sought it the glorious Martyrs crown'd above?
Or did it Here its airy Being spread,
Hov'ring in Fondness o'er her Guilford's Head?
Guilford, who class her beautiful in Death,
And with a Kiss recals her fleeting Breath.
To Tapers thus, which by a Blast expire,
A lighted Taper touch'd, restores the Fire.
She rear'd her swimming Eye, and saw the Light,
And Guilford too, or she had loath'd the Sight.
Her Father's Death she bore, despis'd her own,
But now she must, she will have Leave to groan:
Ah! Guilford, she began, and would have spoke,
But Sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry Accent broke,

Reason itself, as Gusts of Passion blew, Was ruffled in the Tempest, and withdrew.

So the Youth lost his Image in the Well, When Tears upon the yielding Surface fell: The scatter'd Features slid into Decay, And spreading Circles drove his Face away.

To touch the foft Affections, and controul The manly Temper of the bravest Soul, What with afflicted Beauty can compare, And Drops of Love, distilling from the Fair? It melts us down; our Pains delight bestow, And we with Fondness languish o'er our Woe.

This Guilford prov'd, and with Excess of Pain,

And Pleasure too, did to his Bosom strain

The weeping Fair. Sunk deep in soft Desire,

Indulg'd his Love, and nurs'd the raging Fire.

Then tore himself away, and standing wide,

As fearing a Relapse of Fondness, cry'd,

With ill-diffembled Grief; "My Life, forbear,

- " You wound your Guilford with each cruel Tear.
- " Did you not chide my Grief? repress your own;
- " Nor want Compathon for your felf alone."
- " Have you beheld how from the distant Main,
- " The thronging Waves rowl on a num'rous Train,
- " And foam and bellow, 'till they reach the Shore,
- "There burst their noify Pride, and are no more?
- " Thus the fuccessive Flows of human Race,
- " Chac'd by the coming, the preceding Chace;
- "They found, and swell, their haughty Heads they frear.
- "Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
- " Life is a Trifle we must shortly pay,
- " And where's the mighty Lucre of a Day?
- "Why should you mourn my Fate? Tis most un-
- "Your own you bore with an unshaken Mind;
- " And which can you imagine was the Dart
- " That drank most Blood, sunk deepest in my Heart?
- " I cannot live without you, and my Doom
- " I meet with Joy, to share one common Tomb.

" And

- " And are again your Tears profufely spilt!
- " Oh! then my Kindness blackens to my Guilt;
- " It foils itself, if it recal your Pain;

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- " Life of my Life, I beg you to refrain;
- " The Load which Fate imposes, you increase,

And loader with Permitted Western 19 works delicated

" And help Maria to destroy my Peace.

But oh! against himself his Labour turn'd;
The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd;
Compassion swells our Grief, Words soft and kind,
But sooth our Weakness, and dissolve the Mind:
Her Sorrow slow'd in Streams, nor Hers alone,
While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the Smiles she wore, when she so late
Hail'd him, great Partner of the Regal State;
When orient Gems around her Temples blaz'd,
And bending Nations on the Glory gaz'd?

But there's a fure Vicissitude below

Of Light and Darkness, Happiness and Woe;

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A Scene of I order to a children Mine

The Dawn of Day is an Approach to Night,
And Grief is the Conclusion of Delight.

Tis now the Queen's Command, they both retreat
To weep with Dignity, and mourn in State:
She forms the decent Misery with Joy,
And loads with Pomp the Wretch she would destroy.
A spacious Hall is hung with Black, all Light
Shut out, and Noon-day darken'd into Night.
From the Mid-roof a Lamp depends on high,
Like a dim Crescent in a clouded Sky.
It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy Gloom,
Which only shews the Darkness of the Room.
A shining Ax is on the Table laid,
A dreadful Sight, and glitters thro' the Shade.

In this fad Scene the Lovers are confin'd;

A Scene of Terrors to a guilty Mind!

A Scene that wou'd have damp'd with rifing Cares,

And quite extinguish'd ev'ry Love but theirs.

What

What can they do? They fix their mournful Eyes,
Then Guilford thus abruptly; "I despise

- " An Empire loft, I fling away the Crown;
- " Numbers have laid that bright Delusion down:
- " But where's the Charles, or Dioclesian where,
- " Could quit the Blooming, Wedded, Weeping Fair?
- " Oh to dwell ever on thy Lip! to ftand
- " In full Poffession of thy snowy Hand!
- " And thro' th' unclouded Chrystal of thy Eye,
- " The heav'nly Treasures of thy Mind to spie!
- " 'Till Rapture Reason happily destroys,
- " And my Soul wanders thro' immortal Joys!
- " Give me the World, and ask me where's my Blifs,
- " I clasp thee to my Breast, and answer This.
- "And shall the Grave— He groans, and can no (more, But all her Charms in Silence traces o'er;

 Her Lip, her Cheek, and Eye, to Wonder wrought,

 And wond'ring sees in sad presaging Thought,

 From that sair Neck, that World of Beauty sall,

And rowl along the Duft, a ghaftly Ball

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Oh! let those tremble who are greatly bless'd!

For who but Guilford, could be thus distress'd?

Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,

From flow'ry Meadows, and from Rooms of State;

Nor think I call, your Pleasures to destroy,

But to refine, and to exalt your Joy;

Weep not, but smiling fix your ardent Care

On nobler Titles, than the Brave or Fair.

Was ever such a mournful moving Sight?

See, if you can, by that dim, trembling Light;

Now they embrace; and mix'd in bitter Woe,

Like Isis, and her Thames, one Stream they flow.

Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing Care,

They stiffen into Statues of Despair.

Now tenderly severe, and siercely kind,

They rush at once, they sling their Cares behind,

And class, as if to Death; new Vows repeat,

And quite wrap'd up in Love, forget their Fate.

A short Delusion! for the raging Pain

Returns, and their poor Hearts must bleed again.

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So when fierce Tempests the rough Ocean swell'd,
Two friendly Vessels once these Eyes beheld;
Now run in Circles, in a Line now fly,
Now reel, now sleep, now sink, now hang on high;
Thus, with Variety of Terror, press
Through all the dreadful Changes of Distress.

To bleff formed and your Charge Laftein

Line Polon parts, me dry to ber Breath with Princ

Mean Time, the Queen new Cruelty decree'd;
But ill-content that they should only bleed,
A Priest is sent, who with insidious Art,
Instils his Poyson into Suffolk's Heart;
And Guilford drank it, hanging on the Breast;
He from his Childhood was with Rome possest.
When now the Ministers of Death draw nigh;
And in her dearest Lord she first must die,
The subtle Priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded Passes of her Mind,

Bespoke

Bespoke her thus. "Grieve not; 'tis in your Pow'r
"Your Lord to rescue from this fatal Hour.

Her Bosom pants; she draws her Breath with Pain;
A sudden Horror thrills thro' ev'ry Vein;

Life seems suspended, on his Words Intent;

And her Soul trembles for the great Event.

The Priest proceeds: "Embrace the Faith of Rome,
"And ward your own, your Lord's, and Father's
Doom.
Ye blessed Spirits! now your Charge sustain;
The past was Ease; now first she suffers Pain.
Must she pronounce her Father's Death? must she
Bid Guilford bleed? it must not, cannot be.
It cannot be! But 'tis the Christian's Praise,
Above Impossibilities to raise
The Weakness of our Nature, and deride
Of vain Philosophy the boasted Pride.
What tho' our feeble Sinews scarce impart
A Moment's Swiftness to the feather'd Dart;
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Though tainted Air our vigorous Youth can break,
And a chill Blast the hardy Warrior shake,
Yet are we Strong: Hear the loud Tempest roar
From East to West, and call us Weak no more;
The Lightning's unresisted Force proclaims
Our Might; and Thunders raise our humble Names.
Tis Our Jehovah sills the Heav'ns; as long
As He shall reign Almighty, We are Strong:
We, by Devotion, borrow from his Throne,
And almost make Omnipotence our own:
We force the Gates of Heav'n by servent Prayer,
And call forth Triumphs out of Man's Despair.

Our lovely Mourner kneeling, lifts her Eyes

And bleeding Heart in Silence to the Skies,

Devoutly fad— Then bright ning, like the Day,

When fudden Winds fweep fcatter'd Clouds away,

Shining in Majesty 'till now unknown,

And breathing Life and Spirit scarce her own;

She, rising, speaks. "If these the Terms—

Though rainted Air cer vigorous Touch can break, Here Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barb'rous Man! Is this thy Love?) as fwift as Lightning ran; O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous Sorrow fraught, And stifled, in its Birth, the mighty Thought: Then, bursting fresh into a Flood of Tears, Fierce, resolute, delirious with his Fears, His Fears for her alone: He beat his Breast, And thus the Fervour of his Soul exprest. " Oh! let thy Thought o'er our past Converse rove, " And shew one Moment uninflam'd with Love! " Oh! if thy Kindness can no longer last, " In Pity to thy felf, forget the past! " Else wilt thou never, void of Shame and Fear, " Pronounce his Doom, whom thou haft held fo dear. " Thou, who hast took me to thy Arms, and swore " Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more? " That to continue, was its utmost Pow'r, " And make the future like the present Hour.

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" Now call a Ruffian; bid his cruel Sword

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" Lay wide the Bosom of thy worthless Lord;

" Transfix his Heart, (fince you its Love disclaim)

" And frain his Honour with a Traytor's Name.

" This might perhaps be born without Remorfe;

" But fure a Father's Pangs will have their Force.

" Shall his good Age, so near its Journey's End,

" Through cruel Torment to the Grave descend?

"His shallow Blood all issue at a Wound,

" Wash a Slave's Feet, and smoak upon the Ground?

" But he to you has ever been fevere;

"Then take your Vengeance — Suffolk now drew (near;

Bending beneath the Burden of his Care;

His Robes neglected, and his Head was bare;

Decrepit Winter, in the yearly Ring,

Thus flowly creeps, to meet the blooming Spring.

Downward he cast a melancholy Look;

Thrice turn'd, to hide his Grief; then faintly spoke.

" Now deep in Years, and forward in Decay,

"That Ax can only rob me of a Day:

" For

" For thee, my Soul's Desire, I can't refrain;

" And shall my Tears, my last Tears flow in vain,

" When you shall know a Mother's tender Name,

" My Heart's Distress, no longer will you blame.

At this, afar his bursting Groans were heard;

The Tears ran trickling down his Silver Beard;

He snatch'd her Hand, which to his Lips he prest,

And bid her plant a Dagger in his Breast;

Then, sinking, call'd her Piety unjust,

And foil'd his hoary Temples in the Duft.

Hard-hearted Men! will you no Mercy know;

Has the Queen brib'd you to distress her Foe?

O weak Deserters to Missortune's Part,

By salse Affection thus to pierce her Heart!

When she had soar'd, to let your Arrows sly,

And setch her bleeding from the middle Sky?

And can her Virtue, springing from the Ground,

Her Flight recover, and distain the Wound,

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When cleaving Love, and human Interest, bind
The broken Force of her aspiring Mind?
As round the gen'rous Eagle, which in vain
Exerts her Strength, the Serpent wreaths his Train,
Her struggling Wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous Tail, and stings her as she slies.

While yet the Blow's first dreadful Weight she feels,
And with its Force her Resolution reels;
Large Doors, unfolding with a mournful Sound,
To View discover, welt'ring on the Ground,
Three headless Trunks of those, whose Arms main(tain'd,
And in her Wars Immortal Glory gain'd.

The lifted Ax assur'd her ready Doom,
And silent Mourners sadden'd all the Room.

Shall I proceed, or here break off my Tale,
Nor Truths, to stagger Human Faith, reveal?

"Then let malaken Borrow be Supprest,

She met this utmost Malice of her Fate
With Christian Dignity, and pious State.

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The beating Storm's propitious Rage she blest,
And all the Martyr triumph'd in her Breast,
Her Lord and Father, for a Moment's Space,
She strictly folded in her soft Embrace!
Then thus she spoke, while Angels heard on high,
And sudden Gladness smil'd along the Sky.

- " Your Over-fondness has not mov'd my Hate;
- " I am well pleas'd you make my Death fo great.
- " I joy I cannot fave you, and have giv'n
- " Two Lives, much dearer than my own, to Heav'n,
- " If so the Queen decrees. But I have Cause
- "To hope my Blood will fatisfy the Laws; .
- " And there is Mercy still, for you, in Store:
- " With me the Bitterness of Death is o'er.
- " He shot his Sting in that Farewel-Embrace;
- "And all, that is to come, is Joy and Peace.
- " Then let mistaken Sorrow be supprest,
- " Nor feem to envy my approaching Reft.

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Then, turning to the Ministers of Fate, She, smiling, says, "My Victory compleat:

- " And tell your Queen, I thank her for the Blow,
- " And grieve my Gratitude I cannot show:
- " A poor Return I leave in England's Crown,
- " For Everlasting Pleasure, and Renown.
- " Her Guilt alone allays this Happy Hour;
- " Her Guilt, the only Vengeance in her Pow'r.

Her Lord and Father view, with Transport fill'd, Their utmost Efforts to her Virtue yield; Her firm Resistance, slush'd with Shame, approve, With Joy exulting, while they die with Love.

Not Rome, untouch'd with Sorrow, heard her Fate; And sierce Maria pity'd her too late.

On eviry Mill and Wale let Checir tread

When living Wonders we for the medell:

When to the Dall our Sea out Harn is flrour

Thus to bright CECIL I prefume to fing, While Britain ferves a Greater than a King;

38 The Force of RELIGION, &c.

To vindicate her Sex, and Man chaftife, Who dreams himself alone, or good, or wife. To what an Height this Female-Martyr rose, And number'd Life and Love among her Foes; While Man, Apostate to his better Thought, 1 4. Against his Wishes impotently fought? Our British Fair, ye Loves, and Graces, lead Through ev'ry Grove, o'er ev'ry verdant Mead; On ev'ry Hill and Vale let CECIL tread, That Flowers may fpring, to strow the lovely Dead. Ye Lilies, dip your Bells in whiter Snow; Ye Roses, with a richer Scarlet glow, To deck her Sacred Tomb: Bless'd Shade, receive These late, but earnest Honours paid thy Grave; Nor deem it, most Esteem'd, a slight Respect, I bal. When living Wonders we for thee neglect; When to thy Dust our zealous Harp is strung, While Blooming CECIL's Self remains unfung.

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While Britain ferves a Greater than a Bings

JESUSGROVE.

Inscrib d to a LADY. man ba A

What heav'nly Beauties in my verie frou d inine,
SHALL Cooper's-Hill in lofty Numbers rife, and in majestic Rhime support the Skies?
Shall Windfor-Forest in smooth Language flow,
In founds as foft as gentle Zephirs blow?
Shall Merton-Walks be thro' the World renown'd,
And with Eternity of Verfe be crown d?
Shall ev'ry Thicket rear it's Head in Song,
And tow'r immortal by the tuneful Throng?
And shall my Muse Thee, lovely GROVE, forget,
Thy happy Shades and ever dear Retreat?
Shall Jesus Grove no grateful Poet find,
To fing the various Beauties there combin'd?
Yes I Twill fing, and thou shalt be my Theme,
Glory of Groves, and darling Care of Fame. DaA
Celia, this Off ring of my Muse receive,
With Cirron Grove and Flowers of various Hug.
From you my humble Lines Protection claim,
And Anxwe soft retreat the fainting wain befriends. As yet inglorious, and without a Name.
There

JESUS GROVE.

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O wou'd th	he God my feeble The	oughts inspire,
And warm m	y ravish'd Breast with	equal Fire!
What heav'n	ly Beauties in my Ver	se shou'd shine,
And Pope's h	narmonious Forest yiel	d to mine!
Some Pow	y'r convey me to the p	leasing Groves,
Where fport	the Graces, and the	wanton Loves;
To Cyprian	Shades, and foft Idalia	an Bowers,
Cytheron's V:	ales or happy Paphian'	Towers:
O wou'd the	whiftling Winds a Mo	ment stay,
And kindly	waft me thro' the arduc	ous Way!
O cou'd I rid	le the wand'ring Clouds	and Skies!
Or fnoaring o	on the Martlet's Pinio	ns rife!
Fain wou'd I	I go, Companion of the	ir Flight,
Where fair H	Hesperia opens to the S	ight.
And now, m	nethinks, the beauteous	Climesappear,
And Tivoli's	delightful Vales are he	Glory of Gion
	rifes lovely to my Vie	w
With Citron	Groves, and Flowers	of various Hue;
Parthenope 1	her blissful Shades exte	nds,
And Anxur's	fost retreat the faintings	Swain befriends;
.50	and without a ran	As yet ingiorio
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There filent Livis creeps in folemn Train, And feeks thro' flow'ry Lawns the diffant Main; Thro' painted Meadows smooth Clitumnus glides, And gently murmurs to the fruitful Sides.

Hail, happy Scenes! in deathless Numbers live,
And Honours due, nay more than due receive; ha
Tho' Fiction of has shed a spurious Blaze,
And round ye cast a Gleam of borrow'd Rays,
Yet ye are fair; lovely inviting Clime,
Thy Beauties worthy of immortal Rhime.

But, ah! Hesperia ne'er shall rival thee,
My charming Grove, and sairer far then she;
Tho' ev'ry Beauty, the whole Country yields
Thro' all her verdant Plains, and various Fields,
Tho' all her Blessings shou'd conspire to grace,
With sweet Variety, one happy Place,
The whole appears a poor inglorious Scene,
A fainter Prospect, and a darker Green:
Tho' Thickets shou'd with tender Myrtles bloom,
And common Weeds send forth a rich Persume;

Tho' purple Grapes adorn the crouded Vine, and I And the full Clusters swell with gen rous Wine. Yet Jesus Grove o'er all majestic Tow'rs, oud I And in its brighter Rays the fylvan World obfcures.

As when the rifing Sun forfakes his Bed, III And glows refulgent thro' the fick'ning Red, bak No more the Stars their twink'ling Gleams display, Lost and extinguish'd in superior Day. y barron ba A

Where-e'er I turn my ever wand'ring Eyes, What awful Sights, and beauteous Prospects rife! Elyfum's Shades vin ev'ry Step I find, ! de Just And Paradife fill opens to my Mind: made yM Methinks I dwell in Hamus, happy Seats, o 'off' Or in Theffalian Tempe's green Retreats, dills 'ord I' Secure from Winter's Cold, or Summer's raging With fiveet Variety, one happy Place,: stepH

Where, ever, dwells the gently cooling Breeze Of Zephirs whiftling thro' the waving Trees. Here lavish Nature shines in all her Pride, And speads her gaudy Pomp on ev'ry Side: foriT

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Long Rows of Elm, a grateful Horror shed, liah A gloomy Brightness, and a twilight Shade, bak Where soft Etesian Gales for ever blow, and and And cheer with downy Blasts the Plains below.

How am I pleas'd the lovely Bounds to trace,
Traverse the Walks, and view the heav'nly Place!
Sweet Melancholly all around is seen,
Dwells in the Shade, or broods upon the Green,
To pleasing Sadness ev'ry Sense invites,
And Contemplation in the Mind excites.

The feather'd Choir here ope their little Throats,
And warble constant their harmonious Notes,
In gamesome Mood they hop from Spray to Spray,
And all the Year their sylvan Songs essay;
Sweetly the Ev'ning Nightingales complain,
And Morning Linnets sound a lovely Strain.
Hail sacred Walks, which Holy Feet * have press'd!
And solemn Shades with sage Religion bless'd!

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^{*} JESUS COLLEGE was a NUNNERY.

Hail too, ye neighbring Domes, by Virtue rais'd, in And with the Gifts of Piety emblaz'd! your A Here blooming Virgins to Retirement drew, alw Who bade the World, the warm in Youth, adieu & With Thoughts compos'd, Affections always even, Defires controul'd, and Souls that pant for Heaven; Here Grace divine shed it's sereness Beams, And prompting Angels scatter'd golden Dreams; Still awful Arches stretch along the Ground, and Still the lone Hes in hollow Murmurs sound; Still the dim Windows shed a dark'ning Ray, and A dusky Sunshine, and a doubtful Day.

But hold, my Muse, a nobler Theme pursue, and Who can deny a Verse to * Cranmer due? In hold Cranmer the Tribute of my Song requires, Religion smiles, and Britain's Fate inspires.

Ye, verdant Turfs, his facred Weight have borne, And ye, bleft Paths his hallow'd Steps have worn; Ye, co

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^{*} Archbishop CRANMER was of this College.

Ye, conscious Trees have seen the Godlike Man, With musing Thoughts his future Labours scan 2. Here the long Plan of Albion's Peace was laid, WAND haughty Rome was bassled in this Shade in To thee, great Man, our Liberty we owe, in 1 dA By thee our Breasts with purer Ardour glow.

O how the Muse unwilling turns her Eyes, 200 To view the Scenes of Blood that backward rife! Long Seams of Wounds with ghaffly Glare affright, And dented Scars diffionest to the Sight. 1914 19H While lazy Monks bore univerfal Sway, noisile H Or Kings more cruel, and more Fools than they; Heroes with Men in purple Streams expire H Or breathe their laft in rolling Sheets of Fire of T The Years thro' Vales of Sorrows pass'd away, T Death reign'd the lavage Sport of ev'ry Day and T Till Cranmer riling; hufht the World to Peace, W Made Roman Power and Superflition ceafe ; port Who, while he conquer'd in Religion's Caufe, W Triumphant Dyldia Prey to wicked Llaws. ba A. While Rife

Rife Groves of Laurel from thy awful Tomb. Swell fragrant Bays, and Myrtles ever bloom ; W With painted Flow'rs let thy fad Grave be dreft, Light lie the Earth, and gently touch thy Breaft: Ah! fmile Propitious on thy native Landpoin oT Plants of thy Strength, and Children of thy Hand: See the glad Years in long Succession run, od O Full fraught with Joys, thy parent Hand begun: No more shall Rome her hated Banners spread, I Her Precepts facred, or her Rites obey'd : bnA Religion now displays a purer Flame, vzal slidW And flows untainted in a clearer, Stream. 2901 X 10 Hail happy Time! hail long expected Days !H. That Britain's Glory to the Stars shall raise and 10 The Time is near if right the Mufe divine Y of T That Albion o'en the Continent shall shine; disol While her fam'd Sons illustrious GEORGE obey, T Great by his Laws, and happy by his Sway ; bald While Townshinh watches with Paternal Fear And, for his Country, wastes himself with Care; T While Rife

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While WALPOLE ev'ry Patriot's Art employs, And Europe, by his Counfel, Peace enjoys.

Twas here, to these sequester'd Shades retir'd,
Some Angel Pearson's sacred Breast inspir'd.*
From him such blest Instructions we receive,
Learn how to Think, and how we must Believe;
Such heav'nly Truths adorn his Manly page,
So sull his Sense, and so sublime his Rage;
Such easy Beauties in his Diction shine,
We stand amaz'd, and own the Work divine.

And thus instructed in a dark Retreat,

He form'd, with wholesome Laws, a happy State.

With Rapture fir'd I turn my ravish'd Eyes,
And view the Meadow that below me lies:
There wanton Flora all her Gifts bestows,
Fair Greens arise, and Grass unbidden grows;

^{*} Bishop PEARSON, Author of that incomparable Exposition of the Apostles Creed, was Master of JESUS COLLEGE.

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Here, Flow'rs unrear'd on ev'ry Bed abound, And with spontaneous Beauty cloath the Ground; There, gentle Streams in murm'ring Eddies play, Wash the green Turf, and o'er the Pebbles stray.

Close by its Sides, majestically flow, and more Cam's filver Streams in foft Meanders flow; Stately he draws along his watry Store, and done Thro' the long Windings of a happy Shore; Thro' fruitful Fields and Pastures sweeps his Way, And grateful, cloaths'em with eternal May, Bleft Banks! where Thrysis * tun'd his warbling Lyre, And thus infinided in a dark Retreat

Sweet as his Love, and equal to his Fire:

Emerging Nai'ads here the Poet taught,

And Goddesses instructed as he wrote.

Whether he fings in Piscatory Strains,

How Thelgon fighs, or Tomalin complains;

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^{*} Mr. PHINEAS FLETCHER, Fellow of King's College in Cambridge, an excellent Poet. He flourished in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. He wrote The Purple Island, a Poem, and some Piscatory Eclogues highly commended.

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How Algon pines at proud Nicaa's Scorn, Or Calia fuff'ring Myrtilus to mourn ; Or whether higher Themes provoke the Song, And human Nature happy Lays prolong; Ohn So great each Thought, each eafy word fo clear, The inspiring Maids in every Line appear: Great Colin * smiles, adopts him for his own, And fondly triumphs in for bright a Son. Hail lovely Flood! hail celebrated Stream! The deathless Muse's unexhausted Theme! sad W Never shalt thou in dull Oblivion lie, shills Thy Fountains filent, or thy Channels dry; So often fing in smooth Poetic Lays, and and Thy Fame with Scorn the poorer Nile furveys, Tow'rs o'er the Tyber in immortal Verse, And shines where-e'er the Poet's Works can pierce.

On thy fmooth Surface Forests learn to move, And wand'ring Trees forget their native Grove;

its the Tackle to the bending Wand.

By

^{*} That Immortal Bard, Mr. EDMUND SPENSER.

By thee we taste whatever India yields,

And the blest Products of Sabaan Fields

Riches immense along thy Channel flow,

And Ophir's Seeds with gay Refulgence glow.

When hoary Winter chills the frozen Skies,
Stops the dull Waves, and hardens 'em to Ice;
If rapid Show'rs, of late descending Rains,
Have rais'd its Streams above the neighbring
Plains, I betadaloo lind book viewed find.

What Crouds of Gownsmen wo'er its Surface glide, all noivilde line in world which were we

Spread all around, and blacken ev'ry Side! To Some in protracted Rows move foft along, The pliant Chrystal bends beneath the Throng; Others on Scates a swifter Motion dare, Skim the smooth Top, and seem to tread in Air.

Now Earth relenting to the Sun gives Way,
And the bleak Scason feels a kinder Ray;
The patient Angler pensive takes his Stand,
And fits the Tackle to the bending Wand.

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Oft have I feen, when rous'd from genial Mud, I The filver Eel has left her Parent Flood,
In winding Folds, and many a mazy Spire,
With fruitless Hopes, and impotent Desire,
She pants for Waves which she must never reach,
And breathes out Life upon the verdant Beach.
Here Perch and Carp lie souncing in the Sand,
And the voracious Pike still threatens on the Strand.

Now shoots the falling Sun a seeble Ray,

And lengthen'd Shadows show the close of Day;

The dying Gales scarce pant upon the Trees,

Or nod the Branches to the languid Breeze:

Now sairer Flow'rs adorn the painted Mead,

And living Charms thro' the bright Landscape spread:

A thousand Beauties breathe the Ev'ning Air,

Frisk thro' the Lawn, or walk at Pleasure here,

Bright as the Sun, and more than Venus sair.

Here C--n's Eyes project a siercer Light,

And lovely W----re charms the ravisht Sight;

Here F-1's immortal Freshness still appears, 10 Looks gay in Age, and yet unchang'd by Years. T

Ye wand ring Youths, who haunt these shady Woods, and impound the same with the world with the w

Or walk the Margins of yon chrystal Floods, If e'er your Fortune shews the Fair I sing, Or to their conscious Walks ye thoughtless bring, Admire with Caution, nor approach too nigh, Lovely they are, but, as ye gaze, ye die.

So the pleas'd Child pursues the crested Snake,
And hunts his Beauties in the pathless Brake,
Loves the bright Lustre of his Scales to view,
His sparkling Eyes, and Breast of various Hue;
Tho' from his Jaws he shoots his forky Tongue,
And swells and hisses as he rolls along;
Yet, spite of Danger, he leaps boldly on,
O'ertakes, and catches, smiles, and is undone.

Hard by old Cambridge, with majestic Dread,
(An awful Prospect) rears alost her Head.

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What heav'nly Beauties there the Muse descries Her gilded Spires, and Tow'rs that prop the Skies! Hail ever lovely, ever facred Seats, use I in Just Ease of our Cares, and Learning's bleft Retreats! On thy lov'd Praise how cou'd I ever dwell! Join Truth to Truth, and into Volumes fwell! Thou too, Emanuel, whose growing Fame Rifes proportion'd to thy facred Name; Fain wou'd I fing of thee, and tune my Lays To the long Records of eternal Praise; Fain wou'd I fit thee to my trembling String, And bless the Walls where first I learnt to fing. Here might the Muse immortal Trophies boast, And in the Maze of endless Works be lost; But lower Themes my humble Verse require, False to so great a Task, and of unequal Fire. Now might I fing what Wares the Merchants While Heav'n with Pleafure view'd the basique

In Houses, scatter'd thro' th' enamell'd Mead, *

^{*} About Midsummer here is kept a famous Mart, call'd Pot-Fair.

300 H

What Heaps of Wealth along thy Plains are shown,
Gaily adorn'd with Riches not their own public to H
But, ah! I fear the Muse has fool'd too long, link
Tedious the Length, and unadorn'd the Song.

Delightful GROVE! had Nature bid it rife In Ages past, had former Mortal's Eyes In I niol The Prospect seen, here had the Poets made The Seat of happy Souls, Elyfum's blifsful Shade: Its verdant Plains may vie with those below," Can cooler Streams, and greener Grottoes show, Can fofter Beds afford, and fairer Flow'rs, More spacious Walks, and more convenient Bow'rs. Mecca's Impostor cou'd not promife more, Or nobler Realms for fuff'ring Saints explore, For Heavens less fair than THIS the Muftis toil, And Musulmen amidst their Labours smile. Such was your Seat, ye first of human Race, While Heav'n with Pleasure view'd the happy Place, E'er yet the gay untasted Plague was known, And undisturb'd the fair deceitful shone.

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O! wou'd kind Heav'n be but so much my Friend,
To let my Life upon my Choice depend,
All my Ambition sure wou'd center here,
And in this darling Shade forget its Care.

The Muse the Noise of public Life disdains,
And seeks the facred Silence of the Plains;
She loves in peaceful Solitude to dwell,
Recluse in Shades, or pensive in her Cell;
Conduct me then some friendly Pow'r above,
And six me ever in this blissful Grove;
Then shall the Muse a statelier Fabric raise,
And soar exulting with her Mansion's Praise;
Then what she now obscures shall be renown'd,
And Jesus Grove thro' all the World resound.

And Night unbeeded fall forceeds to Day

No more my Closet, contisons of my Crief,

Or Books, turn'd o'er in vain, afford Relief:

The last blest Refuge for departing Peace;

Ot won'd kind Hay Briend, The mach my Priend,

I Ambier fore was cented in This daring Shade forget ice Care.

To let my Life upon my Choice depend,

A H me! what means these Tumults in my
Breast! and he consider better and adopted.

No more my Bed its wonted Ease supplies,
Or gentle Slumbers seal my wakeful Byes;
No more my Tongue its somer Mirth retains,
Sighs interpose, or solemn Silence reigns;
Not Music's Charms can sooth my plaintive Woe,
Or stille Tears incessant taught to flow;
The circling Hours glide unobserv'd away,
And Night unheeded still succeeds to Day;
No more my Closet, conscious of my Grief,
Or Books, turn'd o'er in vain, afford Relief:
Oft have I sought in Solitude for Ease,
The last blest Resuge for departing Peace;

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But now, nor folitary Groves delight, and and all Nor aids the friendly Covert of the Night Nor Shades, nor Streams my Passion can remove. Too fure it is the Lunacy of Love. lo abis May

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Ah Love! thy grievous Torments who can bear? With speed conduct me to the lovely Fair, Who fires my Soul, and gives me all my Care. Till then the Time moves lazily away, And each dull Minute measures out a Day; The flow Success of tedious Hours I mourn, That scarcely lag along on leaden Pinions borne.

And what pert Cynic dares accuse my Flame, Tho' fliff to Honour, and a Slave to Fame? Ev'n Cato's felf might fink in Love like mine, So fair the NYMPH, and almost All divine: Tis CELIA must my best Affections claim, Cella, dear, dreadful, lovely, fatal Name!

What Numbers shou'd adorn the faithful Verse, That wou'd my CELIA's heav'nly Charms rehearse? at the copy d from the dovellent Angel there,

In what fost Language shou'd my Thoughts be crown'd, and lo trovol vibrain and ship to N

Sweet as the NYMPH, and as the Theme renown'd?

Ye Maids of Helicon, an awful Throng, is to lear

Ye Loves, and Graces all affift my Song;

But why shou'd I your needless Aid require,

Or ask th' Assistance of a faithless Fire?

Her Beauty fure can kindlier Warmth infuse,

Direct the Poet, and compleat the Muse;

CELIA the Theme (tho' Nature shou'd deny)

Wou'd fmooth th' unpolish'd Verse, and Harmony supply.

Hail lovely NYMPH! hail celebrated FAIR!

For ever charming, and for ever dear!

Pardon the Youth, who in ambitious Lays

Aspires to Glory, while he sings your Praise;

What Verse, that bears your Name, shall fail to take?

All, love the Writer, for the Subject's fake.

In forming her Heav'n took peculiar Care, And copy'd from the loveliest Angel there,

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Perfect as if the beauteous Maid appears, a soul W. Fair as she's young, and wife beyond her Years.

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Shall * Sacharissa rise in tuneful Strains,

Shine thro' the Groves, and animate the Plains?

Shall † Delia still in graceful Numbers move,

And sounds immortal, as the Poet's Love?

Shall || Cynthia's Charms her mournful Death

survive?

And fair & Corinna yet for Ages live? and in land

O had but Waller lovelier CELIA feen ! 100 tell

His Sachariffa had a & Hoyden been : Sachariffa had a & Hoyden been : Sachariffa

O had her Beauties once at Rome been shown!

Corinna then the World had never known : Wo

Delia unfung had pass'd the Verge of Bloom,

And Cynthia funk unpity'd to the Tomb.

In her bright Eyes celestial Light'nings play,
And shed around the brisk Returns of Day,

Which in alternate Strenks the beauteous Lucesoler-

^{*} Waller's Mistress. + Tibullus's Mistress. || Propertius's Mistress. Sovid's Mistress. + A queer Country Girl in one of Vanbrugh's Plays.

Where a fweet Croud of Loves triumphant reigns, And ev'ry Glance a little Dart contains.

Let the stale Maid, with antiquated Grace, Repair the Breaches of a ghaftly Face; and sould Let Amoranda's ftrange Cosmetic Art Colour and Fire to lifeless Charms impart: La A Soon shall those borrow'd Airs destructive prove. And pall the Fancies they a while may move: Inglorious Charms! dull Creatures of a Night! That Corners love, but hate the faithless Light! O While she, alone in native Charms array'd, 2011 Defies the Pencil's false superfluous Aid : 1 bad () No wanton Arts employ her happier Care, war and Sweet without Pride, and innocently Fair. True, on her Cheeks Vermilion's Shades appear, But Nature 'twas, not Art, that fixt 'em there; A nat'ral White too joins the lovely Red, Which in alternate Streaks the beauteous Face o'erspread.

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Just fuch the Tulip, when the rising Day Licks the cold Damps, and drives the Dews away, Salutes the welcome Sun, magnificently gay.

is,

Where-e'er she breathes, Ambrosial Odours rife, Fill all around, and mount to diffant Skies; Less fragrant Sweets the opining Rose exhales, Or odorif'rous Wings of bleft Arabian Gales. Ah happy Shock! that in her Bosom lies, And fucks the Effence of untainted Sighs! I'V

But when the speaks, how ev'ry Bosom glows! To hear what Wit in happy Language flows! Such are her Words, fo full, fo fmooth, fo clear, 'Tis Heav'n to listen, and 'tis Heav'n to hear. When to her Lute the fam'd Dorinda fing, Around the Nymph the wond'ring Lovers throng: But when my CELIA all harmonious fings, alid W Rude is Dorinda's Voice, and harsh her artless Not Walley's Aut coa'd fich an Image dignits Or Frier mimie Channs he never faw.

O Heav'n! with what a graceful Mein she woves! and sovied how again a bloom a laid.

The Seat of Graces, and the Heav'n of Loves!
What Symetry of Parts! a flender Waist!
Small by Degrees, and taper from the Breast!

But why shou'd I on single Features dwell, When all the Parts in the rare Piece excell? Her Nature fost as ev'ry blooming Grace, and I'A Her Virgin Soul as spotless as her Face: Practis'd by her each Virtue grows more bright. And shines with more than it's own native Light: My Love-But hold, my daring Muse, no more To Heights too great, and Tasks unequal foar; My feeble Pen demands an humbler Theme, A shady Grotto, or a purling Stream; While Celia's Praise a finer Pen requires, More noble Strains, and more exalted Fires; Not Waller's Art cou'd fuch an Image draw, Or Prior mimic Charms he never faw.

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The more I on each bright Perfection gaze,
The more I'm lost in Wonder and Amaze.

Thus when some pious Soul has wing'd its Way,
To the bright Regions of eternal Day;
There dazling Words, and beauteous Orbs of Light
Shine greatly gay, and open to the Sight;
Omnipotence in awful State appears,
And kindly sooth's him with a Parent's Cares;
Surprizing Pleasures all around him rise,
Pour on his View, and fill the spacious Skies;
Silent he stands, unknowing what to praise,
Agreeably consus'd ten thousand Ways.

Now rife, ye Winds, and thro' the yielding Air, Gently convey my Sighs to Celia's Ear; If where my fair One rests, ye chance to sly, Then softly whisper, 'tis for her I die; If neither Sighs, nor Tears, nor Pray'rs can move, Tell Her, from me, that she was born for Love. Ah, if at last relenting she wou'd hear! Heal my unquiet Soul, and answer all my Care!

NIGHT.

A N Brons Sout has wings

Imitation of MILTON.

IL dreary Shades! hail melancholy Gloom Of NIGHT tremendous! with Eternity Coæval, and the first primordial Shock Of Embryon Atoms, in Confusion hurl'd Thro' Chaos' dark Domain; who yet retains Divided Empire with the Day, and rules Each Hemisphere alternate; while I sing Thy Reign audacious, and prefumptuous stray Along thy dusky, folitary Paths Cheerless and blind, each interposing Cloud A while withdraw, and from the studded Roof Of Heav'n's Expanse let ev'ry Star benign It's friendly Aid afford; the filver Moon Pale Regent of the Night, that folemn moves High in her filent Orb, nocturnal Sun, Direct my wand'ring Steps; and may the Verse Not Not faint beneath the Terrous of my Theme. And now that Shades and ever-during Dark Mantling furround me, thou celeftial Light, Shine inward, and with pervious Eye disperse Mists comfortless and dull, and in each Pow'r The Mind irradiate, that, with sprightly Note, Of DARKNESS I may fing, and horrid NIGHT. But not fo dreadful feems the twilight Glimpfe Of SUMMER NIGHTS, when near the blufhing Crab, Appulse or Repulse, steers a kindlier Course. The beamy Sun, who in his lengthen'd Round Protracts the Day, and with fermenting Warmth Calls forth the Flow'rs, that raise in various Forms Millions of beauteous Landscapes; This I sing Advent'rous first, this first deserves my Song.

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And now the Sun, below th' Horizon fall'n Precipitate, ting'd in the Western Sea

His fuming Rays, and with reslected Gold

Array'd and Purple his attendant Clouds

Enamell'd; sober Twilight hastens on

T

In ruffet Livry clad, now from the Fields Repair the jocund Plowmen, and to Meads Refreshing, and transparent Streams drive on The lowing Oxe, weary and dry; the Swain oning His woolly Charge in careful Durance pens Rejoicing; with his Dog, faithful Compeer Whiftling deceives the Way, and stalking on Haftens to Supper. While with swimming Gate Jenny trips Home beneath the well-fill'd Pail; Her Descant shrill loud ecchoing to the Air, That with reverberating Force reflects mand and I In undulating Peals the grating Sounds, abended While Hills and Dales, Forests and Rivers ring.

Thus, but more tuneful, on the smooth Expanse Of chrystal Streams, a sportive Flock of Geese Loquacious skim the Pool, where if perchance With hideous Scream one louder than the reft Erect her Voice, another quick returns in it Response, a third th' Alarm with speed receives, Answiring the shrill Acclaim, till ev'ry one EC Th'

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Th' Infection catch, from ev'ry Quarter fend you'l'
Their horrid Noise, and with united Yell and Their horrid Noise, and eccho to the Skies.

Now from the Pans the furning Steams afcend Of thick ning Pulfe, or Pottage, flrong Extract Of many kinds of Flesh; Pork, Beef, and Veal, Or Mutton, healthful Viands; down they fit 13 In ruftic Order, and, with many a Laugh, find of And clownish Joke, the homely Supper eat of T Joyous and glad; then rifing take their Way, Where some pure limpid Stream, gentle and deep Glides smoothly on, and murmurs to the Banks. The Locusts, warping in the Evining Breeze, Hum far along the Lawns, and round 'em buz Inceffant, till provok'd the angry Churls Rush on 'em furious, and with flapping Hat Arm'd haply then, the Wanderers chastise,

Now reach'd the Riv'let in impetuous Plunge
The Peafants, and rejoycing beat the Waves
Receding to the Stroke (the Waves refound)

They

They swim, they shrick, they talk, they rush about,
Then weak and weary seek the grassy Shore,
And for the Race prepare, the irriguos Drops,
That cling along their Sides, to leave in Air,
And cleanse their Shoulders from the pendant Dew.

Skip o'er th' unbended Grass, exulting skim, To In swift Career, the soft extended Plain; Then back again with quiv'ring Feet return, back And, where they started, end the little Course.

See now they flart, and bounding from the Goal,

Clouted with many a Patch; thro' diff'rent Ways
Their deftin'd Journies take; fome homeward bend,
To close the Day in fweet Divertifement;
In the smooth Yard to whirl the faithful Bowl
Along the even Plain; delightful Game,
That Nine-pins hight, long since in Albion known,
And samous ev'ry where! or with the Maids
To hurl the party-colour'd Ball delight,

bakeding to the Shoke (the Waves relound)

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And catch the twifted Clue; at Easter oft of The lov'd Diversion of the bleaky North.

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Others, more grov'ling, to fome Inn repair To drown their Senses in th' oblivious Fumes Of muddy Ale, and the more horrid Clouds Of strong Mundungus, from the footy Tube In smoaky Streams exhal'd; here much they talk, And much they fwear; inglorious hapless Crew! Strangers to the lov'd Joys their Fellows tafte! One more refin'd to the lone Groves and Shades Obsequious hastes, and at th' appointed Place Some fav'rite Mistress meets, there gently sighs And plaintive tells his Love, the ecchoing Gloom Repeats his fond Complaints, the blufhing Nymph Trembling receives his Vows, with fault'ring Voice She scarce denies; he begs, she kinder grows, Denies, yet gives her Hand; the thrilling squeeze Confirms her His, he smiles, they Both are pleas'd.

Hail fost Retreats! hail dear sequester'd Shades!

How have I oft your silent Haunts survey'd

In Ev'ning Tide, to muse with cheerful Thought
On Themes sublime! how from the darksom. Womb
Of Nothing, rose triumphant into View
This beauteous Scene of Things! th' Almighty
spake,

And sudden, at the Word, Millions of Worlds
Rush into Being: From the shapeless Lump
Of unform'd Chaos, rude, forlorn, and waste,
The Earth her Head above the dreary Waves
Joyous uplisted; strait appear at once
Trees, Herbs, and Grass, and Flow'rs of various
Kinds

Rising spontaneous: Straight the Waters seel
Numberless Creatures glide thro' ouzy Paths,
A scaly Herd; there vast Behemoth rolls
His pond'rous Weight, and snorting, Ocean heaves.
Quick from Consusion rose the seather'd World
On soaring Wings, and waving Plumes upborn,
To move aloof, and cut the liquid Air.

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The Sun, bright Lamp of Heav'n, conspicuous shone I slidw talk a shirt I take of land I

Swift thro' the Gloom, felf-ballanc'd in the midft;
Around him roll the Planetary Worlds
In Orbs concentrie: But thou, parent Earth,
Chief favour'd feems of Heav'n, fo haply plac'd,
That neither Heat, nor Cold extream perplex
Thy gentle Site; quick round Thee roll'd the Moon,
Faithful Concomitant; Myriads of Stars,
Spangling the Empyrean, ftrait difplay'd
Their glimm'ring Light, and told, tho' mute, the
Voice,

The Work Divine; Beasts, Insects, creeping Things
Innumerable rose, with awful Man,
The last and lordliest Creature, form'd by God
In his own Image and Similitude.

Hail pow rful God! whose Wisdom infinite

O'er the vast Universe presides; by whom,

For whom, all Things that are, both are and were

Created; oft be these my Theme, to sing

Of these thy Wonders; raise my willing Song Equal to what I think; that while I ftrav Amidft these solitary Walks alone at out this Contemplative, the grateful World may hear, And praise with me thy ever-glorious Name. Hence ev'ry Luft, and fieldly Passion drive Far into Night, and with paternal Gare line and I Crush ev'ry raging Appetite that wars colling yall Against the Spirit; and thou, in whose pure Sight No Man is justify'd, whose Mercy far is going and As boundless Pow'r extends, if erring oft Counter to thy Command, blindly I've rong Forgive the dire Offence, and make me thine. But hold, my Muse, a white the wondrous and The last and lordliest Greature, form'd bymert

Forbear digreffive, that with rapid Force vo aid al Hurries thee on, till in the winding Maze III Involv'd unweeting, thro' the pleafing Way 10' Thou scarce return'ft to tread the deftin'd Path.

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Now to the Mall repair the powder'd Faps Taudry and gay, to breathe a purer Air, All Day confin'd within the narrow Walls Of crouded Garret, while the hated Din Of Dun horrendous, conscious Ears affail Incessantly; now the full-bottom'd Wig, The clouded Cane, and filver-hilted Sword Triumphant Blaze, the faithful Snuff-box feels The usual Gripe, and modish Hat employs An useless Arm, th' obsequious cringing Fael Salutes each furly Lord, with Congee low, Unheeded and unknown, tho' bragging still Of intimate Aggress, impertinent. Æsop's fackdaw thus shone in borrow'd Pride, Plumes not her own, ridiculously great. Views unprepar

Hark how the jarring Din continuous roars

Of madding Wheels; Chariots, and Coaches rush

Impetuous to the Park, there gently fail

O'er the smooth Plain, —filent, the splendid Show

I leave unsung, the noble Pomp of State,

The

The Blaze of Equipage untouch'd I pass word Dismay'd, descending to an humbler Theme.

But see, ah! see, from the thick West appear
Unsightly Clouds, bellying with Tempests soul
Brew'd far away; scouls with a deeper Gloom
The black'ning Night; affrighted Nature shrinks;
The rumbling, rolling Thunder rends the Skies,
With dreadful Peals, while the sierce Light'ning
shoots

Livid, and drear; fudden at once descends

The sounding Hurricane of Rains, around

Burst the big Damms and rolling Torrents roar.

Hapless the Traveller, that wand'ring far
In some lone Desart, joyless, and aghast
Views unprepar'd the Ev'ning Storm, nor finds
Fit Shelter, Rock, nor Tree, nor Hedge nor House.

Huge Uproar lords it uncontroll'd and wide,
Tall Forests wave, and struggling with the Blast
Shake to the Base! now stays the Cottage-Swain
Cheerful at Home, nor seeks the Plains of Floods

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As erst, but taleful in the Corner sits, and Talks, sings, or whistles to the jovial Crew, and Compeers of Mirth, nor recks the rattling Storm, That blust'ring rages round the sounding Hut.

Th' unharness'd Horses seed secure at Home, and Empty the Park, and unadorn'd the Mall A pensive, sad, and solitary Waste.

But, Muse, no more these Horrors dire recount Unwelcome, still, with Face serene and calm, The furious Blast, ye drizling Rains avaunt, And Fogs, that whirling round, Insection oft, And grim Contagion spread, humid and drear, Vanish away, as ye had never been.

Tis done, nought but the shady Gloom of Night

Veils the Cerulean pure. The western Limb

Of the Horizon, yet a lighter Dark

Displays tenacious, till the rising Van

Of glimm'ring Hosts, in beautiful Array,

Hesper leads on; and see, the Firmament

O'erspangled glows, and glisters thro' the Dusk.

How

How wonderful, great God, are all thy Works! Eternal Wisdom, Purity and Truth Shine forth in ev'ry Deed. Then why those That bluft ing rages round the foundirsthaid.

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That faintly glitter, lovely to behold, and as 'd'I Tho' fearce, united, give one ufeful Gleam To guide bewilder'd Men? Sure thy wife Hand, As Suns in Regions far remote, haft plac'd Each thining Orb, while Planets rolling round Informing Influence receive, and Worlds, and T Millions of Worlds thro' the immense Inane bak Rife all around, while other Earths are known, And living Creatures to admire thy vaft, aline And infinite, Domain, unbounded wide, To praise thy Pow'r majestically great.

Oft from the North in battleous Array, 1 210 Long Trails of Light their waving Streamers 10 **fpread** Difplays tenecious, till the riling Van Through all the flaming Welkin, up on high The dunny Vollies skim the azure Roof

di Winangled glows, and glifters thre' the Dask,

wald

An Imitation of MILTON. 39 With bright career; indiffolubly firm the I stal on T The feried Files, a dreadful Phalanx, move of I Solemn and flow, oppos'd in grim Debate: Twist Hoft and Hoft a bluey Interval Looks dreadful leff ning as the Quadrate haftes al To direful Conflict; foon the baleful Vans Affailing meet, impetuous ruth to Fight. Now Stream to Stream advanc'd with horrid Bright Scenes of Wonders if from fmonky Asods Struggle convultive press the Rear-ward Troops Upon the Van engaged; Confusion foon And grizly Rout with foul Diforder foread 1 10. The Field of War, that thro' the liquid Air The glearny Flashes shew the wild U proar and A Supernal Fights, portending Wars and Death, of T (If superfitious Foots divine aright) and and Famines and Plagues and Defolation fad byomn U Anon recoiling back with fwift Retreat paided 10 The vanguish'd fled, till with new rallied Force

They face about, and Parthian-like, pursue

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The late Purfuers; foon in Concord join'd indian The peaceful Troops in amicable Bands and Incorporate; and kindly Hand in Hand bas ample? Traverse the pure Expanse, then sportive soon In mazy Rings the circling Dance effay on elocat With nimble Wav'rings, in each various Form Of Movement gay, confus'dly regular addition A Whence these Effects their latent Gauses draw, or Bright Scenes of Wonders if from smoaky Beds Of min'ral Veins, the fulph'rous Fumes exhal'd, In Scandinavia, from Norwegian Hills, our nout Or Lapland's bleaky Mountains, brew'd in Air, Take Fire aloof, and hence these Lights arise, As fome have haply thought; I leave unfung: The Nat'ralist that mazy Source must trace.

But hark! no Murmurs whiftle thro' the Trees,
Unmov'd their Tops, unwaving to the Breath
Of fighing Breezes; folemn Silence reigns
O'er all the Ball; now gently stretch'd at Ease
Snores the tir'd Peasant on his homely Bed
Profoundly

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Profoundly lost; no interrupting Dreams and T Disturb his Rest: While the soft Virgin light of For visionary Joys, and grieves and stress and s

Now let me wander thro' the ruffet Lawns,
Thro' filent Meads, or folitary Glades;
Prophetic Vales, or philosophic Glooms:
How does the lonely Horror of the Night
Invite to Study! with abstracted View
To follow Virtue, and to laugh at Vice,
Thro' distant Causes long Effects to trace,
And search the secret source of hidden Things.
Now drizling Dews unnoted fall, moist'ning

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The heat-chapt Earth, which with the Morning Sun Enamell'd beauteous, all her Face impearl;
Pendant on ev'ry Branch the glist'ring Threads
Hang circular, the discontinuous Webs
Cling all around, and sparkle to the Moon.

And see, the glorious Light, auspicious Lamp
Of Heav'n, benign with cheerful Pace moves on,
Pendulous in her Orb, the gladsome Rays
Scatter diffusive thro' the dreary Dusk
Directive Day, and with her borrow'd Gleams
Supplies the Absence of the sleeping Sun.
How pleasing now in ev'ry Bush and Brake
To see the Glow Worm dart her living Rays,
Terrestrial Star! and hid in moving Flame,
Defy the Darkness of the gloomy Night.

But hark! what heav'nly Music strikes my Ear Far thro' the Woodland Glade! what soft Complaints

Float in the Air, and ravish all my Soul!
'Tis she; 'tis Philomela, restless Bird,

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Lone Wanderer, that each repeated Night,

Her sweet Descant renews, and to the Wood

For ever mourns; ev'n Horror smiles, and Night

Seems lovely, here, ah! here for ever rest;

Fixt on thy Notes I cou'd incessant dwell!

Bless the long Night, and curse the rising Day!

O'er the smooth Green the gliding Fairies dance
Their Moon-light Rounds, and revel all the Night
Intent on Mirth, which some belated Swain
Affrighted oft has seen, near a fair Fount,
Or Forest's Side: Now discontented Ghosts
In Church-yards dreary haunts, the shrowded Corps
Plaintive lament, or round th' embroider'd Beds
Of Great-ones slutter, and, with some sad Tale
Of Fate adverse, scream dreadful in their Ears.

But, Muse, a while to wintry Horrors turn The Song of Night, be the sad sullen Gloom, Unsightly ghastly Scene the dreadful Theme.

And fee! the Sun in Storms and Tempests lost Sinks to the Deep unseen; Vapours and Clouds

An ImTruit of DM I LA O M. 144

Unlovely scoul while o'er the hard'ned Earth
Bleak Ice and flaky Snows inclement spread
Their cold Domain; the hungry Cow now seeks
Her wonted Stall; and from the fatt'ning Barn
Repairs the Houshold feath'ry Flock, all sad
And daggled, perch'd beside the cackling Train
Of Females sits the lordly Cock, nor heeds
The whistling Blast that shakes his friendly Rooft.

Now o'er th' enliv'ning Blaze the jocund Swains, Mixt with the cheerful Nymphs, strange Stories tell Alternate: Ghosts and Apparitions dire with saucer Eyes, which from the rolling Balls

Dart Fire, with shaggy sable Skins furclad,

Provoke amaze, and raise their swelling Thoughts.

Of People late interr'd fad Tales recount,

Who breaking from the Cearments of their Graves,

Again return to walk the fated Earth;

Of Midnight Voices heard, and Church-yard

And fee! the Sen in Storms and

Screams,

Of dying Groans, and bloody Battles tell

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Fought high in Air, and breaking from the Clouds:
Till scar'd the frighted Crew contiguous press,
Hang o'er the Fire, and start at ev'ry Noise.

Say, Providence, who dreadfully serene
Thy dark Pavilion o'er the filent Night
Awful projectest, and on mighty Wings
Of Winds upborn, rides o'er the shadowy Copes
Exulting, say, why from the troubled Air
The babling Damon's Sounds, and Sighs and Groans
Still murmur frightful, why embody'd oft
They glide in Paths, or in unwholsome Grounds
Skriek o'er lone Isles, and trace the glimm'ring
Moon.

But this thy Wisdom hides from human Ken, For some great End, in secret Purpose, meant, Unknown to grov'ling Mortals here on Earth.

Now to the Theatre exulting run
In Crouds promiscuous all the modish Tribe;
Ladies and Beaus in long Procession move,
Coquets and Cits, with the more odious Glare

Of sparkling Harlots; rust'ling Silks are heard From ev'ry Corner, and the cooling Flap Of Fans innumerable; flash the Eyes With Oglings, love inspir'd, and many a Glance, Sec, to fost Sounds th' expected Curtain rise, Solemn and flow: Now various Passions throb In ev'ry Breast. While fair * MONIMIA mourns, Unfortunately good, and raving feeks Her poor Castalio, ev'ry gen'rous Fair and ad T A Tear will drop: When gentle + MARCIA grieves Mistaken for her Juba, who not feels A real Pang, and bears a tender Part. When God-like CATO 'midst the Storms of Fate Undaunted stands, and braves the adverse Shock Of warring Fortune, in the common Wreck Sinking triumphant, how amaz'd I stand, And trembling wonder at the glorious Fall! Who mourns not | JAFFEIR, when 'midft griping Want

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^{*} In the Orphan. + In Cato. | In Venice preserv'd

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His Virtue staggers, and reluctant salls

In the detested Snare to be undone?

Hark, Peals of Laughter ring from ev'ry Side,

While aukward * Falstaff's ill-projected Schemes

Of Love deceitful meet their due Reward,

Turmoil'd, and frighted into painful Sense.

In Miniature see human Nature shine

Thro' all its various Dresses, Virtue here,

Long-suffering a glorious Recompence

At length obtains; and Vice, tho' prosp'rous long,

Dire Punishment unweeting finds at last.

'Tis done: Some to the Tavern take their Way,
Companions of the Glass; there bright Champaign
And Burgundy, delicious Moisture, quaff,
Jocund and blith; on various Themes employ
Their little Wit, of many a Lady tell
Rude Tales familiar, and, with Impudence
Accustom'd, of untasted Favours boast.

Be my I

^{*} In the Merry Wives of Windfor.

In battleous Array: Sit at Quadrille

Th' impatient Fair, or at Picquet expect

Dependant Stakes; here whole Estates at once

Depos'd provoke the Play, exult their Hearts

With Confidence and Hope clate, now Frowns,

Now Smiles alternate, cheer each beaut'ous Face,

Now Joy, now Rage, inconstant as the Chance

Which rules the various Fortune of the Game.

The Country-Squire, late from the Chace return'd Weary and cold, hangs o'er his strong March-Beer, And to his wond'ring Family recounts

The Pleasures of the Day, each mazy Round,

Tells circumstantial; traces ev'ry Step,

Each Corner, Brake, Field, Fen, or Forest wide;

Then laughs aloud, pleas'd at the much-lov'd Sport.

But let a Rural, solitary, Scene,

Abstracted from the World, silent unknown,

Be my Retreat; let lightsome Tapers chace

The melancholly Gloom, and cheerful Fires

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Soften the Rigour of the Season bleak.

There let me search with penetrating Thoughts

The planetary Ways, the starry Trasts

Unfold, the various Labours of the Moon,

And Sun eclips'd; whence heaves the trembling

Earth,

Whence rife the swelling Tides, that o'er the Shore Tumultuous rush, and soon with calm Reflux Gently subside alternate: Let me sit,
And hold high Converse with the learned Works Of venerable Sages, glorious Names,
Of ancient Times, or Moderns much rever'd.

Long as I live, be all those useful Books
That please, instruct, or with Amendment good,
Corrupted Nature heal, my chiefest Care
To turn incessant, frequent let me read
Intent, and studious close the irksome Day.

All wan and pale the filver Moon appears,

Now gliding from the East, dispell'd the Clouds,

An unsubstantial Circle binds her round,

H

Sallow

Sallow Compeer; twinkle the fluding Stars With pinching Cold; a lighter Azure veils The glowing Æther; better wanted Light! For oft, provok'd by thee, the thoughtless Boys, Intent on Play, along the faithless Ground Unguarded walk, fudden the tott'ring Feet Misguided glide along the slipp'ry Path, (Ruinous Chance!) and with Contusion dread Headlong the Master falls; now splinter'd Bones, Disjointed Members, or the livid Bruise A difmal Scene! appear; now Cries confus'd, Of Child and Parent, thro' the Dusk are heard, And add another Terror to the NIGHT. Behold you fable Cloud o'erspread the Face Of gladsome Cynthia; o'er the gloomy World Brood difmal, dreadful, melancholly Shades Of Night inhospitable; not one Star bus install Gleams friendly thro' the frozen Welkin; Sure Nature gasps, and all expiring Falls. To first Confusion, and primæval Nought.

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An Imitation of MILTON.

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Now giddy Traytors oft in grand Consult

Spread Machinations dire, in Darkness hid,

To ruin Nations, or to murder Kings.

But thou, great God, Guardian of Majesty,

Upon themselves the black Contrivance turns,

In wrathful Judgment, quick into the Pit

Fall the complotting Diggers, and the Arm

Recoiling back shall pierce it's Master's Breast.

But chief for ever guard our Second George M
From Peril fad; shield him, O all ye Pow'rs,
That wait subservient to the grand Behefts of
Of Heav'n, bright Ministers of God, from Harm:
Around his Head let freshest Laurels grow, To
Eternal Verdure; from his facred Breastnesson
Drive far away the Villain's secret Stab, elines A
Secure in Peace; safe from the Rebel's Sword,
In War triumphant, for on him depends visuand
The Peace of Europe, and the Fate of Worlds.

For thee too, Townshend, prays the pious

No longer whiz along the verdant Meluly

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ys,

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es,

Confcients of Worth, thy Station views with Joy,
Observes thy Watchings and laborious Toils,
Painful Pre-eminence, each constant Care,
Only industrious for thy Country's Good.

Great WALPOLE next a tender Pray'r demands,
Darling of Song: On bim the Muses wait
Incessant, and assiduous Sing bis Name,
Who serves his Country, while each noble Art
Meet Recompence and due Admittance finds,
And Peace with Learning Hand in Hand advance.

Now Morpheus, stretch thy dull lethargic Wand
O'er all the drowfy Ball, add all the Force
Of Peaceful Poppy, that unfelt the Air
Inclement, and the chill Domain of Frost,
A gentle Sleep may drown the yawning World.

Tis done; all Nature, from her Work retir'd,
Supinely nods, no Murmurs fan the Air,
No Breezes whiftle thro' the waving Trees
Veering with ev'ry Blaft, the filent Floods
No longer whiz along the verdant Meads

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Fast bound in icy Chains; no Birds are heard
In Trees, or Bushes, but the horrid Noise
Of boding Screech-Owls, that with hideous Din
Thro' lonely Barns and ruin'd Buildings well.

Tis Noon of Nicht, the cheerful Cricket chirps
Round the warm Hearth, and hops along the
Ground.

Now the fierce Beafts forbear abroad to roam,

Or prouling thro' the defolated Fields

To feek their Prey, but snoaring in their Dens

Securely sleep, nor meditate the Chace.

Hail melancholly Scene! direfully grim!

Awful as Death! who can fuccessful chaunt

The grizly Terrours of thy sable Reign?

I shrink astounded, while in Semblance meet,

The solitary Shades of Death express'd

In ev'ry Step I find; the solemn Thought

Saddens my Flight, and damps the rising Muse.

But hark, the cheery, wakeful Bird of Morn With Clangor shrill, and Salutation loud

Proclaims

Proclaims th' approach of DAY; the joyous Sound Runs thro' the lonely NIGHT; affrighted Ghofts Scud o'er the Lawn, by Demogorgon whipt of 10 To adamantine Chains, and penal Fire, ord I All Day tormented fad; the fainting Stars Turn paler, and as fearing the Approach in bound Of rifing Phabus, feem to fwoon away. battor Aurora foon, in rofy Vesture clad, and and work With orient Saffron strews the ruddy East, or Bright Harbinger of Light; the joyless Shades No more appear, vanish the dusky Shrouds, That veil'd the Face of Nature; Lap-dogs now Steal from their Beds, and rouse their little Limbs; Fly the glad Poultry from the warmsome Roost Seeking the faithful Barn; now careful Maids Rise to the Churn, or milk the lowing Herd That court the Pail, the Labourer refresh'd Hies joyous to his Work, nor recks the Pains Attend his Life, the Fruit of ev'ry Day. . But hark, the cheery, wakeful Bird of Morn

See With Clengor thrill, and Salutation loud

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See o'er you Hill the stragling Beams appear Athwart th' Horizon shot; till by Degrees, A Blushing at first, as fearing to be seen, Slowly the Sun advances, sullen shews His Aspect dim; but soon his wonted Face Glorious regains, glowing in beaut'ous Pride, And thro' the Welkin pours a Flood of Day.

Thus at the Last, when Heav'n with servent Heat
Shall melt away, and Earth shall be no more,
Ministring Angels with the hallow'd Sound
Of heav'nly Trumpets, from ten thousand Mouths
Exulting blown, o'er all the sleeping World
Shall eccho dreadful, straight shall rise to Light
The mighty Dead; joyful shall first, th' Elest
Their lengthen'd Sleep forsake, the yawning Tombs
Disclose their Inmates; Members long disjoin'd
Unite again, and kindle into Life.
Others more slow their conscious Eyes unfold
Reluctant, wishing for eternal Night.

Till

56

Till thro' the Clouds, in terrible Array,
Appears tremendous Heav'n's Almighty Son,
Majestically Awful; Grave, no more
Thy sting remains, each yields its breathing Dust,
And Death is swallow'd up in Victory.

HENCE CENTRAL HAR

HORACE,

ODE 1. BOOK 1. Imitated.

Illustrious Townshend, born of noble Blood,

Patron of Verse the Muse's chiefest Good,

Some Men delight Olympic Steeds to Train,

And search for Honours thro' the dusty Plain;

While the victorious Hero nicely slies

The Obvious Goal, and Peals of Shouts arise,

No more a Man, he soars above the Skies.

Another stands a Candidate for Fame,

And strives with Care the giddy Mob to gain;

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HORACE, Ode 1. Imitated.

Others rejoice in waving Fields of Corn,
A fruitful Harvest, and a crouded Barn.

And wou'd you try to tempt these to the Main, Persuade with Bribes, and urge with Hopes of Gain,

Not all the Riches of the East cou'd move The stedfast Purpose which their Souls approve.

O happy You! the trembling Merchant cries,
When horrid Death stands glaring in his Eyes,
(His shatter'd Barque' midst Shelves and Surges tost,
Far from the Haven of the wish'd-for Coast)
O happy You! who live at Home in Ease,
Nor try the Fury of the angry Seas;
But if at last he reach the distant Shore,
Resits his damag'd Ship, unable to be poor.

Another loves with Wine to cheer his Soul,

And drown his Sorrows in a friendly Bowl;

On Summer Days his Limbs supinely laid

Beneath the Covert of some cooling Shade,

Or else his careless Head inclin'd to Sleep,

Where gentle Streams in wanton Murmurs creep.

Some

58 HORACE, Ode 1. Imitated.

Some love the Spear and glitt'ring Launce to wield,
And pant for Glory thro' the bloody Field;
Their Mothers trembling while they hear from far
The Sound of Trumpets, and the Shouts of War.

The eager Huntsman Frost and Snow disdains, Nor Friend, nor Wife can tempt him from the Plains,

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He breaks thro' all, the Thicket to explore,

To hunt the crefted Stag, or chace the foaming

Boar.

For me; let Ivy round my Temples twine,
Amidst the Gods in rival Pomp I'll shine;
Far from the Vulgar, in some shady Grove,
Where beauteous Nymphsand Satyrs dance and love,
I'll ever dwell; ye Muses string my Lyre,
And warm my Breast with sweet Poetic Fire;
Do you, great Patron, savour what I write,
And free my Verse from dark inglorious Night;
Then wing'd with Fame I'll cleave the ambient Air,
And shroud my Head above the starry Sphere.

Where gentle Streams in wanton Murmuri creep.

MERCO

HORACE,

ODE 31. BOOK 1.

PHOEBUS, what does thy Poet ask,
Propitious Pow'r divine,

When from the large capacious Cask

He pours the foaming Wine?

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Content, not grudging to be poor,

He asks not Flocks, nor Fields,

Nor filent Livis' fruitful Shore

Nor filent Liris' fruitful Shore,

Nor Riches India yields.

Let him, who has 'em, prune his Vines,

For I have none to prune,

And press his sweet Calenian Wines,
But as for me, I've none.

Wealth be the hardy Merchant's Lot,

Alone for Lucre bold,

Let him enjoy the Pelf he'as got,

By vent'ring Life for Gold.

I

Dear

60 HORACE, Ode 31. Imitated.

Dear to the Gods; for why? He fails Secure from Shore to Shore,

And fouds along with merry Gales, Which quickly wast him o'er.

For me; no Dainties on me wait, Dish'd up in costly Ware,

Cold Herbs and Sallads are my Meat,

And fuch like homely Fare.

Then hear, indulgent PHOEBUS, hear,
('Tis small what I require)

Ah! hear your Poet's humble Pray'r

And grant me my Defire.

I ask but Health, and Senses found,

An easy quiet Mind,

That nought be wanting, nought abound,

A Heart to Good inclin'd.

That Understanding may remain E'en to my dying Day,

That no Delirium seize my Brain, When venerably Gray. HO

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HORACE, Ode 31. Imitated, &c. 61

Sometimes to give my Cares a Loofe,

As Thou hast heretofore,

Keep still in Tune my Harp and Voice,
PHOEBUS, I ask no more.

MATTER SERVICE SERVICE

Mad without Hope, and frantic with Do

PASTORAL

My Gros's Image burnay I bin my Breill

Imitation of VIRGIL's ALEXIS.

At Las! no Drug, no Medicine e'er was found,
To heal the Burnings of a love-fick Wound;
No Herbs avail; no Skill, no pious Art,
Can ease the Achings of a bleeding Heart.
This Damon found, (poor melancholly Swain!)
And thus lamented to the ruthless Plain.

Is CLOE cruel? Must I still complain?

Still mourn, still languish, and lament in Vain?

Can neither Sighs nor Tears her Pity move,

Still careless of my Vows, and deaf to Love?

Ah cruel Heav'n! ah partial Pow'rs above!

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Now happy Corydon, in harmless Play, With Sachariffa spends the cheerful Day; Mopfus and Phillis trip the flow'ry Meads, Or taste the grateful Coolness of the Shades; While I in some inhospitable Cell, Where lonely Cares and gloomy Horrors dwell, Mad without Hope, and frantic with Despair, Accuse my Love, and ev'ry fatal Star. My CLOE's Image burns within my Breaft, Tis she deprives my troubled Soul of Rest; Her charming Beauty, and her cold Disdain Torment my Heart, and give me all my Pain.

Ah! had some other Nymph but caus'd my Care, Some less inhuman, tho', perhaps, less fair; Sure long e'er now beneath the curling Vine, My Love had join'd her plighted Hands with mine.

O was your Heart conforming to your Face! Your Nature foft as ev'ry blooming Grace! As you are fair, ah! were you half so true, 'Twere Heav'n to live, 'twere Heav'n to die with Blush you. Y ah marrial Porc

Blush not, sweet Nymph to bless a Shepherd's

With your unfully'd, your immortal Charms;

Adonis, whilst his bleating Charge he fed,

Cares'd a Goddess in his homely Bed.

A thousand Ewes my crouded Folds contain,
A thousand Lambkins frisk upon the Plain;
Twenty stout Bullocks graze along the Meads,
And each his twenty beauteous Heisers leads;
Two speckled Fawns tame to your Hands I feed,
The best and fairest of the horned Breed:
My tuneful Flute, and my more tuneful Tongue,
Shall please your Ears with many a rurul Song.

Come then, my Fair, visit those happy Plains,
Where harmless Mirth, and youthful Pleasure
reigns;

The faithful Nymph, and Shepherd nightly dreams Of painted Grottos, and of purling Streams; Who calmly wander, where there Fancy leads, Thro' shady Lawns, and ever verdant Meads;

Thro'

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Thro' checquer'd Beds of odorif'rous Flow'rs,
Thro' Laurel Groves, and Amaranthine Bow'rs;
Where the cool Fanning of the Ev'ning Breeze
In gentle Murmurs whifpers thro' the Trees;
Where pensive Nightingales alone complain,
And chant their Dirges in a plaintive Strain,
The Dairy-Maid's Delight, and Joy of ev'ry
Swain.

Ye lovely Nymphs who haunt the shady Woods,
Or search the Margin of the silver Floods,
Sweet Violets and blushing Roses bring,
Crop all the verdant Glories of the Spring,
Fair to the Sight, or gratefull to the smell,
The snowy Lilly, and the Dasfadil,
Primroses, Poppies, Hyacinths prepare,
To make a graceful Nosegay for my Dear.

Tis all in Vain; my CLOE still disdains,
Scorns my Complaints, and mocks my fruitless
Pains.

Farewell,

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Farewel, ye shady solitary Groves,
Ye Woods and Rivers conscious of my Loves;
Farewel, ye Pleasures, which the Country yields,
Ye verdant Pastures, and ye fruitful Fields;
Adieu, ye happy rural Swains, and you,
My little Flock, and joyless World adieu:
My Days I'll spend in some sad lonely Cave,
As dark and dismal as the silent Grave,
And make the dreary melancholly Gloom
My House, while living, and when dead, my Tomb,
Hence lead to some inhospitable Shore,
Where Woman never breath'd and Love shall
sigh no more.

What Frenzy fooligh Shepherd, heats thy Brain?

Think not in Solitude to ease thy Pain,
Chear up, and bear thy Suff'rings like a Man.
Make haste to loose the Oxen from the Plough,
The Night draws on, and the dim Sun grows low:
Mind what is needful, and what Life requires.
And strive to quench these long successful Fires;

Repine no more at haughty Cloe's Scorn,

Forget her Coyness, and forbear to mourn;

Then shall some kind indulgent Pow'r above

Procure (tho' not so fair) an easier Love.



A

LOVE SONG.

A SSIST me, gentle God of Love,

A while unftring thy deadly Bow,

And foft descending from above,

Kindly sooth my plaintive Woe.

Hail Venus! Queen of Cyprian Groves,
And Goddess of the Paphian Tow'rs,
Borne on the Wings of harness'd Doves,
A while forget thy roseate Bow'rs.

(Propitious to a Lover's Vow)

A Pray'r in deep Diffress preferr'd,
Ye friendly Powers hear me now.

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Why is she fair, for whom I grieve! Ah! why is Calla heav'nly fair! If, while her Eyes with Hope relieve, Her cruel Heart affures Despair!

Her Eyes are hid in Flames of Fire, So is her Heart in Hills of Snow: Thus doom'd betwixt Extreams t'expire, Dying I'm burnt, and frozen too.

Then pitying Pow'rs your vot'ry Ease, Reverse the dreadful Fate I mourn, Give Calia's Heart less Pow'r to freeze, Or give her Eyes less Pow'r to burn.

MENCHER DANKING

The 77th PSALM Paraphrased.

O Heav'n I will direct my pious Pray'rs, Usher'd in Anguish, and preferr'd in Tears; Th' Almighty sure a gentle Ear will lend, And all-forgiving from his Throne descend.

Molecular K2 and Man When

68 The 77th PSALM Paraphrased.

When fad Afflictions round my Dwelling spread,
I sought the Lord, and servent begg'd for Aid;
My pensive Soul no Sense of Comfort sound,
But galling Tears incessant sought the Ground.

With Grief oppress'd, ah! let my Soul complain, And in repentant Sighs to God refer my Pain.

Stranger to Rest I press my conscious Bed,
My seeble Voice in solemn Silence dead.

Past Days of Joy with soft Regret I mourn,
And sigh for Years that shall no more return;
When o'er the Harp an easy Hand I slung,
And Sounds immortal triumph'd on my Tongue:
When, ah! my Sins, Source of my Woes affright,
Adding new Terror to the silent Night.

But will the Lord no more in Peace appear,
Deaf to my Cries, and ruthless to my Pray'r?

Shall God no more his tender Mercies show,

False to his Word, and faithless to his Vow?

Has awful Justice all my God ingrost,

To Love deficient, and to Kindness lost?

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The 77th PSALM Paraphrased.

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Then faid I, Lord, thy Judgments all are just,
Fruits of my Sins, and Chrildren of my Lust;
But on thy Works a conscious Thought I'll cast,
With Joy reflect on all thy Wonders past;
Thy Acts, O Lord, with Pleasure I'll survey,
And in eternal Sounds thro' all the World display.

Pure are thy facred Ways, great God, and true,
For Justice still does ev'ry Step pursue;
What God in Majesty like ours appears?
Great, as he's Great, and un-impair'd by Years?

The Laws of Nature thy Commands obey,

At thy dread Word forfake their antient Way:

This Ægypt faw, reluctant now no more,

Admir'd thy Wonders, and confess thy Pow'r.

Thy mighty Arm the Sons of Jacob found, Joseph's glad Seed the blest Deliv'rance own'd.

At thy Approach the troubled Waters fled, Ev'n Ocean trembled in his oozy Bed: The low'ring Clouds diffoly'd in Floods of Rain, When all the Terrors of thy Plagues were feen;

O'er

70 The 77th PSALM Paraphrased.

O'er all the Land vast Peals of Thunder roll,
And the blue Light'ning shot from Pole to Pole;
The Earth it self with dreadful Heavings strove,
While everlasting Hills from their Foundations
move.

The Sea's dark Paths thy secret Footsteps know, Those unseen Tracks where circling Waters flow,

And as his Sheep the careful Shepherd leads
To verdant Pastures, and to fruitful Meads,
So thou, great God, thy chosen right-hand Race
To promis'd Canaan safely brought'st in Peace,
While Amram's Sons, with kind conducting Care,
Explor'd th' untrodden Path, and laid the Desart
bare.

HERETE THE THE

Part of the Third Chapter of JOB Paraphrased.

Curst be the Time I left my peaceful Gloom,
And burst the Barriers of the silent Womb;
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Unknown in Annals be the fatal Day,

And woful Night steal unobserv'd away.

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Still may that Day, thro' each revolving Year,
Black pitchy Clouds and mournful Sables wear;
Far hence each cheerful Gleam of Light remove,
For ever blotted from the Books above;
Let Death project a melancholly Shade,
Confusion rife, and Pale Amazement spread:
Th' unhallow'd Night let dark Oblivion seize,
Cut from the Year an Enemy to Peace;
Fly Music hence, hence ev'ry sprightly Strain,
And a dumb solitary Silence reign.

Both Night and Day ye Sons of Mourning curse,
And thro' the Dusk your baleful Groans rehearse;
Let sick'ning Stars no twinkling Beams display,
Nor the long Twilight ever dawn to Day:
For then, alas! I hasten'd to be born,
For that I forrow, and for that I mourn.

Why came I not an Embryo from the Womb, Dead into Light, and born into a Tomb?

Ah! why did Death the friendly Stroke delay. While on the Breafts I hung, or on the Knees I lay. Ah! Death! had I then felt thy cold Embrace, Now had I flept, now had I been at Peace. There Kings and Rulers undistinguish'd lay, With Subjects, now as great in Dust as they; There wealthy Princes leave their hoarded Ore, No more they covet, and they fear no more. Such had I been, inconscious happy Shade, As one unknown, long fince in Silence laid. The weary there their stiffned Limbs compose, And wakeful Eyes in decent Slumbers close: 'Tis one long Quiet, one eternal Reft, Nor Bad oppreffing, nor the Good oppreft; The Pris'ner there no more in Bonds complains, But smiles in Freedom, and forgets his Chains: There Great and Small, one common Carnage lie, All tread the destin'd Way, for all are doom'd to Die.

Why shou'd he live, that only lives to mourn, Inur'd to Trouble, and to Anguish born?

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Why spins he out a lengthen'd Tale of Years Thro' Floods of Sorrows, and thro' Vales of Tears? Who feeks with Pains the kind Retreats of Death, And digs for Corners to repose his Breath? Who joys the peaceful Summons to receive, And finks with Pleasure to the filent Grave? Why shou'd he live a Monument of Hate, Whom Heav'n, oppresses, and configns to Fate? Afflictive Sighs my fad Repafts prevent. Forgot my Meals, and all on Grief intent: With howling Groans inceffantly I roar, Like rumbling Billows breaking on the Shore: For, ah! at length the dreadful Plagues are here, So long my Terror, and fo long my Fear: Immers'd in Ills, nor Peace, nor Rest I know, Loft in a long Variety of Woe.





Part of the 7th Chapter of Job Paraphrased.

An Imitation of MILTON's Stile.

HAS not the Lord a stated Time decreed
For Man on Earth? Are not his fated Days,
As of an Hireling, pre-ordain'd before?

As weary Servants seek refreshing Shades
Impatient, and the faithful Hireling waits
Expectant the Reward of tedious Toil;
So Days of Vanity my Steps pursue
Attendant, and the irksome Gall of Nights
Ungrateful, are allotted. When my Bed
Receives my weary'd Limbs, I wish for Day,
With Groans unutterable: Sleep denies
His friendly Aid reluctant; Foe to Rest
I pass the hated Night, and rise to Woe.

With stinking Worms, and putrifying Sores,
My Skin is broken and corrupted Flesh
Looks loathsome to the Sight. Swift glide my

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Hopeless along, as from the Weaver's Hand
The hast'ning Shuttle. Think upon my Life,
As on a Blast of Wind, which rushing by,
Is gone for ever; and my faded Eyes
No more shall ope to Good. Shut out from Men,
A recreant Shade, in dark Oblivion lost,
No more shall I be seen; thy watchful Eye,
In all the dreadful Pomp of Terror clad,
Shall strike me to my first primeval Nought.

As hazy Mists, or unsubstantial Clouds
Dissolving vanish, and return no more
To paint in lovely Streaks the concave Roos
Of Heav'n's Expanse; so he, who to the Grave,
Yawning horrendous, filent sinks in Death,
No more shall view the cheerful Glimpse of Day,
Breathing etherial Air; unknown his Place.

Then will I speak, and from the solemn Dumps
Of Silence rise to Voice, with Grief opprest,
And in the Bitterness of Soul complain.

Am

76 JOB, Chap. 7th Paraphrased.

Am I a Sea, or Whale, that thus, O Lord, Thou watchest all my Motions, and each Step Employs th' Observance of a wakeful Guard.

Oft have I fought my folitary Bed With weary Limbs, and on my downy Couch Repos'd my troubled Members; if perchance The healing Balm of Comfort might be found In filken Slumbers; but e'en there, O God, Thy vengeful Hand, with terrifying Dreams Torments me, and with Visions, horrid Shock! Pursues my frighted Soul; ah! let me then To the dark Caverns of the Grave descend In everlasting Night; for, O! I loath The hated Light, and cannot think to live For ever; Lord, thy mighty Arm withdraw, That holds me up in Life, and let me be, As I have never been; for all my Days Are nothing, and my Years are Vanity.

And in the Bitterness of Soul equiplies.

HEADERSTEEN THE

In Obition H. C.

Cai fortung daret; noftis quam quærere lolers

Obitum H. C. Coll. Eman. Cant.

quondam ALUMNI.

LLICIS umbrosæ grato sub tegmine stratus,
Forte caput cubito sultus, dum Phillida charam,
Phillida formosam reputo, dum mille revolvo
Grato-lascivas artes, incondita solus
Hæc cecinit Damon, suspiria pectore ducens.
Concidit (heu!) nimium miserando sunere

Daphnis,

Concidit æternis lacrymis lugendus, iniquo
Præreptus fato; vos, O! immitia divûm
Numina, vofque licet crudelia, fidera, dicam!
Dicite Pierides, pro Daphnide dicite carmen.

Daphnidis O quondam focii, clarissima turba Doctorum, nostis quam longæ tempora vitæ,

Tem Teblium ? tuttaque autmis celeftifus ine?

offerin debile fators,

Dordan U

Diction Partitor, No.

U

Vos

Und

Vos

Hyn

Plo

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Pu

Si fors dura finat, meruit, melioraque dignus

Cui fortuna daret; nostis quam quærere solers

Astrorum cursus, occultaque pandere rerum

Daphnis erat, summique aperire cubilia cæli.

Dicite, Pierides, &c.

Heu miserande puer ! quid jam tibi profuit olim Aerias tentaffe domos, folisque labores, Lunamque errantem scrutari, luce micantem Reflexa folis? quid prorsus dicere quænam Ora gerat; pleno gaudens splendescere disco, Vel jam mutatâ gestans sua cornua fronte? Jam claros Phabi radios intercipit orbis Telluris, Phæbeque suo latet abdita vultu Velato, trifti & terrarum ex palluit Umbrâ. Jam contra, Phœbus nigrâ caligine mersus Avertit radios; patitur nee Cynthia nobis Interjecta diem præbere, aut condere lucem, Heu! tibi curâ horum varias perquirere causas Nil veluit, nil te veluit tam flebile fatum, Tam subitum? tantæque animis cælestibus iræ? Dicite, Pierides, &c. Umbrofi

Umbrosi fontes, & sacræ manibus umbræ,
Vos Dryades, sylvæque ipse, vos littora Cami
Undique tranquilli; vos O juga saxea rupum,
Vos tumidi sluctus, & slecti vocibus olim
Hyrcanæ tigres doctæ, torvique leones,
Ploretis, cuncti ploretis Daphnida sunctum.
Dicite, Pierides, &c.

Vos superi testes, & conscia numina testes,
Vos venerandæ ædes, & tota Academia nostis
Quam dignum lucta fatum est; date lillia, Nymphæ,
Purpureosque rosæ slores, mollemque hyacinthum,
Queis spargam tumulum quo charus dormit amicus,
Hæc faciam mærens & munere sungar inani.
Dicite, Pierides, &c.

Vos facri manes æternâ pace fruentes

Sedibus Elysii, vos Umbræ, Animæq; piorum,

Ducite per fylvas virides jam Daphnida charum,

Ducite per gedidos fontes, lenique sufurro

Stridendes undas, nemora & spirantia Amomum:

Audiat

Audian

Audiat hic suaves cantus, aviumque querelas;
Hic videat flores radiantes usque colore
Vivaci, ver perpetuum, cælumque serenum:
Hic vivat felix: nulla hic turbata dolore
Umbra gemit, nullique volant super æra luctus.
Chare vale, jam Daphni vale —nec plura reluctans
Jam potuit Damon, nam surgens Vesper Olympo
Cogere oves stabulis jussit, numerumque reserres

Vos venerande and, it tota Audemia nofis

Queis ipárgam tumulam quo charus dormit amicus, Hac faciam marcina 80 munero fungar inani.



Thresher's Miscellany:

OR,

POEMS

ON

ns

po

Several Subjects,

Written by

ARTHUR DUCK.

Now a poor Thresher in the County of Suffolk, at the Wages of Five Shillings and Six Pence per Week, though formerly an Eton-Scholar.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable the EARL of MACCLESFIELD, in Order to be Read to Her Majesty, and in Hopes of Her most Gracious Favour.

By Virtue of a Natural Right, to my own Property, I do hereby appoint my Name sake Arthur Moore to print these POEMS, and that no other Person presume to print the same.

ARTHUR DUCK.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MOORE, near St. Paul's. 1730.

(Price Six Pence.)

Torefoer's Midcellany; in M (1) Several Subjects, ARTHUR DUCK. Now a poor Thresher in the County of Soffolk, at the Wages of Five Shillings and Six Pence par-Week, though formerly in Eron-Scholar. Ordinated to the Right Honomable the EARL of Wagether, is Order to be Read to Her Majeffy. and in Hopes of Her used Gracious Favour. St Transfer Linux Right to my own Property do Dereny appearst my Presse 1942 Arriver Morore to perse theft POEMS, and that so other Region promine to AS THER DUCK. LONDON: Printed for A. Mopre, projest, Pints. (Price Six Piner)

My

Wil

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† Tu

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intit



Parata Paratheight, a 80 december 1

Thus - E and - AHT OT

Earl of MACCLESFIELD.

Old this Thick, my Lord, but pave my way,

My Lord,

ARTHUMA

BY Civil Law the Ducks first got a Name, *
And Stephen's Flail, not Verse, has rais'd his Fame.

My Rural-Lines if Macclessield but Read,
Will also, with my Soveraign succeed.

Read then most Noble Earl, O read once more,
And let my Poetry increase my Store,
†Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Husbandry
In Verse; records his Name above the Sky.

^{*} ARTHUR DUCK, L L.D. wrete a most excellent Treatise, intitled, De Authoritate Juris Civilis, Svo.

THOMAS TUSSER (a Suffell Farmer) Flor. Temp. EDW. VL.

EDICATION.

Let not the Witlings then of London-Town,

Cry up Gruban-Trash, and cry Us down *;

Parnassan-Heights, a Sylvan-Muse may try,

Thus—Britain's Queen, with Sheba's Queen, may vie.

O let this Truth, my Lord, but pave my way,

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

ARTHUR DUCK.

* Allusion to Persius, Sat. 1. Vers. 10 and 11.

this vast universal Fool, the Town,

Shou'd cry up Labeo's Stuss, and cry Me down.

DRYDEN.



aliquation are Soven and Autored.

SOME



Boom, and that my MO ?

ACCOUNT

OF MY

That I'm I as Turk to

Gentle Reader,



CK.

HE good Town of Ipswich now boasts the Honour of my Birth, as it formerly did that of the great Cardinal Wolsey.

I was conceived in Sin and brought forth in Iniquity, Anno 1680, so that I am double the Age of my Cousin Stephen Duck, and have therefore, you may rationally suppose, Ploughed, Harrowed, and Threshed, twice

Some ACCOUNT of my LIFE.

twice as long, and all to no Purpose, unless the good Earl of Macclessield will likewise read some of my Parnassian-Labours to our most Gracious Queen; but, I live in hopes that his Lordship will grant me this humble Boon, and that my Kinsman and I, may share one equal Fate.

As to my Education, the most learned Dr. Arthur Duck, being my Godfather, I was by his Interest got upon the Foundation of Eton-College, and having gone through my School-Studies, I was, as well as my Countryman Thomas Tusser, for sometime a Student in the University of Cambridge. In this seminary of the Muses, our Alma-Mater being peevish, fretful, and generally out of Humour, I could not so much as Rhime my self into a College-Fellowship. This I took, as Hudibras says, in great Dudgeon, more especially, since it is well known that the whole Race of the Ducks were born Poets.

I left King's-College, and came to affift my Parents in their Farming-Business at Ipswich; where I soon sound that Corn and Hops came to a much better Market than Greek and Latin.

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Some ACCOUNT of my LIFE.

tin. Tho' in this first Part of my Rustic-Miscellany,

I hope th' impartial Reader will discern, I ne'er invok'd the Muses in a Barn.

S

Upon the Death of my intestate Parents, being an only Child, there fell to me, by right of Inheritance, a very decent Country-Legacy, viz. Good store of Grain, the Pastures well stockt with Cattle, Provender for their Winter-Sustenance, and a round sum of Money. Put, as Horace says,

My Way-ward, wandring Mind did not approve,

My happy State; I was inclin'd to rove:

And soon experienced the fatal Consequences attending such a Temper. In short, I had no Notion of foreign Travel; nothing would serve me, but making the Tour of Change-Alley; where, in that memorable Year of Chronology 1720, I fell a Victim on the Altar which made a daily Sacrifice both of Cit and Bumpkin.

Thus having sunk the Scholar in the Farmer; and the Farmer having undergone a South-Sea

Some ACCOUNT of my LIFE.

Sea Ship-wreck; I am now reduced to my Kinfman's Pristine Vocation of God speed the Plough.

My Wages, are indeed, five Shillings and Six-pence per Week, our County of Suffolk giving one Shilling more than they do in Wiltshire; tho' alas, at this Price, it is with great Difficulty that Buckle and Throng, as we say, are brought together. However, I am in hopes of seeing better Days,

Redeunt Saturnia Regna.

To conclude, in one Word, my sole Trust is in my noble Patron, therefore

Whate'er thro', Carolina's Hand is sent,
I'll praise Earl Macclesfield, and be Content.

ARTHUR DUCK.

subere, in that memorable lear

P. S. I intend, God willing, to publish a fecond Part of this Miscellany, before the Meeting of the Parliament, by way of New-Years-Gift.



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ROGER and URSULA: Or, Love in a HOG-STY.

AFFER and Gammer were fast in their Nest, And all the young Fry of their Cribs were poffefs'd; Spott, Whitefoot, and Puss in the Ashes were laid, And a blinking Rush-Candle burnt over their Head. And a blinking Rush, &c.

URS'LA was washing her Dishes and Platter, Preparing to make her good Friend the Hog fatter; Greas'd up to the Elbows, as much to the Eye, 'Till her 'broidered Cloaths were e'en ready to fry. 'Till her 'broidered, &c., william In the both her A

He gave her a Ricke with All wonderous Mettle Close by Her, ROGER the Plowman lay snoring, CUPID being vex'd at his clownish adoring; Did straightway convey to the great Loggerhead, The whispering News, that they all were in Bed. The whispering &c. B

himshamoo ali

IV.

Upstarted Roger, and rubbing his Eyes,

To his dearest sweet Urs'la in a Passion he flies;

Then leaning his Elbows on Urs'la's broad Back,

He complain'd that his Heart was e'en ready to crack.

He complain'd, &e.

and in the your Payof Beir Criss were policifed;

URS'LA being vex'd at the Weight of her Love,
Cry'd, Cupid, why doft Thou thus treacherous prove?
In an angry Mood she then turn'd her about,
And the Dish Clout lapp'd over the Face of the Lout.
And the, &c.

Greas'd up to the Elbows, any in to the Fre,

ROGER being angry at such an Affront,

And not at all minding what wou'd come on't;

He gave her a Kick, with such wonderous Mettle,

As tumbled poor URS'LA quite over the Kettle.

As tumbl'd, &c.

Longito J. VI

At .IIV is pering News, that they all were in Med.

The whileering Ce.

At

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VII.

At the Noise of this rumbling the Gaffer awaken,
And fearing lest Thieves had been stealing his Bacon;
With a Pur in his Hand, down Stairs he comes stumbling,
Where he found Roger gaping whilst Urs'la lay tumbling.
Where he found, &c.

VIII.

ck.

Pox take ye, quoth he, for a Rogue and a Whore,
So he turn'd these poor Lovers quite out of the Door,
(Ne'er minding the Rain, nor the cold windy Weather,)
To finish their Loves in a Hog-Sty together.
To finish, &c.

The MILK-MAID, a Song.

To the Tune of, When bright Aurelia, &c.

T.

MARIA when the Paps you press,

Each Morn beneath the Cow;

Do not the secret Thoughts of Bliss,

Your Mind with fancied Joys possess,

And make you long to know?

II.

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See then the gentle curling Stream, That fills your Pail fo full, 'Tis turn'd to Floods of luscious Cream, Whene'er the Milk-Maid chance to Dream, She's stroaking of a Bull.

P. z. talic you grote in , in a . ille and a z.

Let easier Work your Arms employ Take better Things in Hand, Since Heaven has made you fit for Joy, Have Pity on the Amorous Boy, Probable Com Nor let him weeping stand.

The MILK-MAIN

Then leave off making three-meal-Cheefe, For every Plowman's Turn;

The fofter Curds of Beauty squeeze,

And make Love's-Butter come with eafe, By jumbling Nature's Churn.

edT And make you lorge to know?

The PLOWMAN'S Wish to his FRIEND.

Votatus breviter, &c. Mart.

TINCE you, whom all the World admires Wou'd know what your poor Friend requires, Some little Spot of Earth he prays To pass Incognito his Days. The has will all some Algala Who'd venture Conscience, Ease, and Health, For empty Pleasures, useless Wealth? and I louis somid Who'd be the tawdry Fool of War, Or the more noify Knave at Bar? That might in his own Fields and Wood, Find his Diversion, and his Food. His Ponds with various Fiftes ftor'd, The Bees for him their Honey hoard. A Nut-brown Lass both kind and neat To make his Bed, and drefs his Meat, and on won Ifad? He that hates me, or likes not this, May he ne'er know fo fweet a Blifs. 199 wil of said wolf. But fool'd with Riches, or Renown, a fail and adjusted aA Still flay behind, and rot in Town it amend and off Now or Never: Or, the MAID's Counfellor,

I.

ONSULT, dear Nymph, your faithful Glass, The Chrystal Streams, the bord'ring Grass, Then think how Youth and Beauty pass.

little Spare of Earth he prolit

MARIA once so fair and young, No more's the burthen of our Song, Since cruel Time has done her Wrong.

and be the tawder Fool of Her.

His Scythe has Mown her Rosy Cheek, Cut down the Lillies of her Neck, and aid mit significant And crop'd the Flowers which Maids bedeck.

Foods with various Filter WI d.

Her Eyes that pierc'd the yielding Soul, id and and The Toast to ev'ry Shepherd's Bowl, Shall now no more our Hearts controul. I aid salam all

Fetingt hates me, or likes not Vinia,

Her Voice so sweet, the use to rear, word to me I As brought the lift'ning Birds to hear, A diw block

No longer Charms th' attentive Ear. Wolf

VI. Her

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VI.

Her Lips like Comb for Honey prest,

Like Balls of Snow, her melting Breast,

By envious Age she's all undrest.

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And foofing calls an Are ; binv

Every Rose with drooping Leaves,

An Emblem of the Virgin gives,

Whose soolish Pride herself deceives.

VIII.

Then Damsels mark the fading Flow'r,
Presume no longer in your Pow'r,
Blossom's vanish every Hour.

HER EPines and Colixis Moods

Let then the Touth no longer mourn,

Nor, by destructive Passion, burn,

For Charms once gone can ne'er return.





Where Innocence adores the Swain

Epitaph on my Uncle's APE.

UNDER this Slate do lye the last Remains
Of one, whom self-conceited Man disdains,

And scoffing calls an ApE; but MAN was he,

If Tumblers, or if Dancing-Massers be.

He did, Alive, in either Art excel;

And now's Gallanted, by Old-Maids, in Hell.

DAMON: Or, The Shepherd's PARADISE.

Blaffam's vanish every Hou!

WHEREPines and Cedars form a Wood,
On either fide a Chrystal Flood;

Where Cupid makes his chief Abode, Sundab vd roll

And foftest Scenes of Love. Sono sono sono sono lo To

Where Innocence adorns the Swain,

Where FLORA crowns the verdant Plain,

And PHILOMELA tunes a main,

The Bounties of great Jove.

II. Where

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Be

Epitaph

Her Eyes wou'd give Where Plenty crowns each finiling Brow, Without the toilsome Help of Plow, While at her Sigh The Flocks do bleat, and Oxen low.

And Linnets While Birds melodious Sing; And warble forth Dame Nature's Praise, The Shrabs thou Where Phabus sheds his brightest Rays, And I d supply a T Bestowing on those happy Days, And get a Rece of

An everlasting Spring.

MA

E.

8

III.

CAROLET Here wou'd I chuse some rural Fair, The only Object of my Care, and CADJAMA Nor be forfworn, nor yet despair,

By modern Arts betray'd like it bus you wis al Her Choice shou'd fix her Love on me, Her Words and Actions all be free, If GRATIANA fuch wou'd be, on suche ors snor bak My Happinels were made, I out food it may smoll Or think Hypocrify dwells there.

IV. Her

IV

Her Eyes wou'd give a chearful Day,

World gailing days an wors at 1014 and W

Her Smiles make ev'ry Shade look gay,

Wolf lo gish amollies add thousand

While at her Sight the Flocks wou'd play,

And Linnets stretch their Voice;

Mic anorbolom and slide

And sure where er my Venus moves

The Shrubs shou'd rife to Myrtle Groves,

And I'd supply a Train of Loves,

Street of Loves,

And get a Race of Boys, guing guiffelieve nA

CAROLETTA: Or, The Shepperdess.

Who aims at CaroLetta's Praise, of an airy, gay, and frisking She, and modern values of the Bays, who aims at CaroLetta's Praise, and modern values of the Bays, who aims at CaroLetta's Praise, and modern values of the Bays, who aims at CaroLetta's Praise, and modern values of the Bays, who aims at CaroLetta's Praise, and airy, gay, and frisking She, and modern values of the Bays, who aims at CaroLetta's Praise, and airy, gay, and frisking She, and airy, gay, and frisking She, and airy are the Bays, who aims at CaroLetta's Praise, and airy are the Bays, who aims at CaroLetta's Praise, and are the Bays, who aims at CaroLetta's Praise, and are the Bays, who aims at CaroLetta's Praise, and are the Bays, who aims at CaroLetta's Praise, and are the Bays, and are the Bays, and the Bays are the Bays, and are the Bays at the Bays at the Bays at the Bays at the Bays are the Bays at the Bays

Not Fond, but without Coyness, free: word soiod 72H Her pretty Freedoms please the Wise, bus abrow 72H And none are Jealous who have Eyes, 17 AMATTARD H. None can suspect the Lovely Fair, and the Martin Cortain of the Cortain of th

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Trace Her, thro' ev'ry Part and Grace, Thro' ev'ry Lineament of Face, A living Miracle you'll find, Of Body blended with the Mind; A Humour Debonâir and Fit To match her Beauty and her Wit: By Beauty form'd to charm Mankind, To conquer all our Sex defign'd; For Wit and Repartee renown'd, and all that. With Words that Cure as well as Wound. As when they cut a Brilliant-Stone Such as with PIT of late was known, At ev'ry Chip a Jewel flies, Adjeu to the reft of the And Sparkles after Sparkles rife; So when you once this Nymph provoke, To Raillery, or chearful Joke, New Beauties in each Notion shine, New Turns of Thought with Thought combine, Wit uncontroul'd which nought can ftem, And only attended by her And ev'ry Sentence is a Gem.

Tar Congrod on Tyno Hartis

PHILLIS, a Song.

I.

Delight in Appearance and Noise;
Their Pleasures divide with the Croud,
The Wise are more nice in their Joys.

My Phillis is charming alone,

And all that behold her adore,

Then if I wou'd keep her my own,

No Rival must know of my Store.

III,

Adieu to the rest of Mankind,

To Desarts I sain wou'd retire;
In Phillis alone I shall find,

Whatever I want or desire.

IV.

For foon as her Beauties appear,

New Brightness enlightens the Plain;

And only attended by her,

I'll envy no Monarch his Train.

POL

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POLYPHEMUS to his MISTRESS, from Ovid,

GALATEA, Thou'rt the Flow'r of May,
Tall as a Poplar, as a Meadow gay;
Splendid as Glass, gamesome as any Kid,
Airy as Cockles toss'd by ev'ry Tide;
Grateful as Summer's Shade, or Winter's Shine,
Sweet as an Apple, sightly as a Pine;
Smoother than mellow Grapes, whiter than Snow,
Soft as a Swan, or Stroakings from the Cow;
And if you did not shun my fond Embrace,
Fair as a Garden where a Fountain plays.

Again; thou'rt wild as any Colt unbroke,
False as the Waves, obdurate as an Oak;
Weaker than sallow Twigs, or than the Vine,
Harder than Rocks, more Head-strong than the Rhine;
Proud as a Peacock when we him admire,
Sharper than Thorns, and hotter than the Fire;
Deaf as the Seas, cruel as Bears at Rut,
Fierce as an Adder trodden under Foot;

And what the greatest Plague of all I find, You sly the Lover like the hunted Hind, Fleeting as Air, and volatile as Wind.

Verses writ upon a GLASS.

gundlund as any

full as a Poplar, or a vicadory say

And makes our Souls out-shine the Day;

'Tis Bacchus guards our Health and Truth,
Inspires our Wit, preserves our Touth;
Enobles Friendship, drowns Deceit,
And smooths the rugged Brow of Fate.

The only Cure of gloomy Spleen,
The Show'r that makes our Sky serene,
Then since the God has crown'd our Cup,
'Twere Folly not to drink it up.

Find as a Peacock when we him admire,

off per than Thoms, and hotter than the Fire

that the Sens, creek as Bears at Rut.

Ecce as an Adder trodden under Foot,

The SPARROW, from CATULLUS.

Humbly Inscribed to my much respected and honoured Kins-Woman, Mrs. GRACE HOWARD.

Mourn ye fair Maids, and mourn ye pretty.

Doves;

St.

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The

Her darling Joy, and Pleasure of her Day.

Sweeter be was, than ever Tongue can tell,

Well worthy Love, and was below'd as well:

The pretty Sparrow his own Mistress knew,

As well as infant Babes their Mothers do.

From ber dear Lap his Wings he never mov'd,

But hover'd round, and show'd how well he lov'd;

Round her fair Bosom still be hopp'd and play'd,

And chirp'd with Joy about the lovely Maid.

But now poor Bird! treads Pluto's gloomy shore,

Never, ah! never to return once more.

And you dark Shades of Hell's infernal Reign,

Ten thousand Curses for your Plague remain:

Instant

Instant you seize on all that's Sweet and Gay,
Ev'n Lesbia's Bird, well-lov'd, you stole away.

O Fact accurst! poor Tom at last is dead,
Hangs his weak Neck, and droops his sickly Head:
Griev'd at the Loss my Lesbia too appears,
Swells her fair Eye, and reddens into Tears.

To the Lady BRIDGET OSBORNE, with a Present of Grapes.

The Powers below us, and the Pow'rs above;
Then Thou, my PAIR, accept without distain,
An humble Off'ring, from an humble Swain.

BRITANNIA is a Clime that well may boast.

Its flow'ry Valleys, and its fruitful Coast;

Mild are the Seasons, fragrant is the Air,

Large are her Harvests, and her Product sair;

And chirp'd with lov about the lovely Mand.

Bu

T

Adductor let us pay our Vows, in vain,

But far above the rest her Vines produce.

The loveliest Figure, and the kindest Juice.

Fruits fine as these could never be design'd, For Creatures of a base and vulgar Kind; No, they're design'd to entertain the Fair, And fuch as Heav'n makes its peculiar Care; For them th' ambitious Grove attempts the Sky, The Fountains murmur, and the Breezes figh; For them the Lilly paints, the Violet blows, And modest Blushes tinge the fragrant Rose; For them the Citron loads its Boughs anew, And the glad Orange takes a golden Hue; For them gay Flow'rs enamel all the Mead, And other Olives to the last succeed; For them our Sun the clufter'd Grape refines, For them our Elms are wedded with our Vines, And condescend to take the spoulal Twines.

ith

Are due the choicest Riches of the Tree,

Accept the ready Offerings of the Plain, Confess th' Extent of this auspicious Reign, And never let us pay our Vows in vain. 2

So when of old the Farmer's Toil was o'er,
And all his Barns were crouded with his Store,
To that indulgent Power that gave him Peace,
And to his Corn, and to his Herds increase;
He paid the noblest Profits of the Year,
With rigid Justice, and Religious Fear.

EPIGRAMS.

You've often averr'd I'm the perfecteft Wit,
That ever you faw, or convers'd withal yet,]
And I in return have has often profest,
That of all Womankind you're the fairest and best.
The Assertions of Both, are equally true,
For as you Laugh at me, so do I Laugh at you.

ANOTHER.

PHILANDER loads his Board with noble Fare,
And ev'ry one that comes is welcome there,

Be wife, PHILANDER, and thou than shalt see, They love thy Burgundy, but Laugh at thee.

ANOTHER.

Belinda is reduc'd, 'tis said,

To prostitute her self for Bread;

And if they're sure to hit the White,

That mingle Prosit with Delight,

Belinda's greatly in the Right.

ANOTHER.

Be not vain of your fancy'd Success I desire you,
Nor think that I love you because I admire you;
A Monster does doubtless deserve Admiration,
As much as the prettiest Girl in the Nation,
And hourly Experience, Corinna, will show ye,
A Granny is stare'd at, as much as a Chloe.

And thought I . R H TON A enly Strain

Sir George the most uncertain of Mankind,

Turns with the Tide, and wavers with the Wind;

For well he knows all Times will favour him,

Who makes no Conscience with the Times to Trim.

D 2 From

From MARTIAL.

As Oaks in stormy Seasons shed, The treacherous Leaves they bear; So CALVUS did but fake his Head. Bantana, is reducing And off he shook his Hair.

e profittere ber felt for Breade,

On Mr. PRIOR's Tomb in Westminster-Abby. This Busto Lewis gave our Bard, his Strains, At least the best, are borrow'd from Fontaine's: Then what wou'd Prior be, shou'd Gallia claim, Her gifted Monument, and borrow'd Fame!

A Monther does doubtlefs defeare Admiration, An Imitation of Ovid in Distress.

or thirk that I love you because I admire you ;

Ille ego qui fueram renerorum lufor amorum.

A GRADNY is flared at. a 'M he who once indulg'd an amorous Vein, And thought all Poets of a heavenly Strain, My eafy Heart each puny Girl fubdu'd, Coquets I flatter'd, and ador'd the Prude, it flow all I Thanks to my Muse for the those Joys refin'd, Diffely'd my Cares, and made Corinna kind,

With-

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Without restraint I pass'd my Youths best Hours,
In easy Studies, or in soft Amours.
You Father Bacchus now extend your Aid,
Remember I was once a roaring Blade,
The Gods themselves have Festivals of Mirth,
'Tis then they show'r their Blessings down on Earth;
And you dear Friends, and Brothers of the Quill,
Remember me, and each his Bumper fill,

When you the Name of honest Naso hear,
Set down the Glass, and drop a friendly Tear,
Look round about, and with a tender Voice,
Cry, where's the faithful Part'ner of our Joys,
Whilst I alone beguile the tedious Day,
With Books, and strive to read my Cares away;

I banish Fate's Unkindness from my Mind,
And fancy o'er the Joys I lest behind;
My Muse to me is all the World beside,

My kind Physician, and my loving Bride.

HARTINE Skin and Bone,

But he is gone,

To Sterve lem now he's Deal,

EPITAPH on a SEXTON.

HERE lies old HARE,
Worn out with Care,

Who whilom toll'd the Bell,

Could dig a Grave,

Or fet a Stave,

And fay Amen full well.

When you the Manue of hearth

cerdown the Glaff, and drop

Whiteholts, and frive to read or

I lanting Fate's University

For Sacred Song,

He'ad HOPKIN's Tongue,

And Sternhold's eke alfo;

With Cough and Hem,

He flood by them,

As far's his Word would go.

And fancy o'er the love I left b

Full many a Feast,

For Worms, he dress'd;

Himself yet wanted Bread. Von ben asionval beid vid

But he is gone,

With Skin and Bone,

To Starve'em now he's Dead.

IV. Here

Now

Wro

Start at the start of the

in the root state that it is not the

IV.

Here, take his Spade, And use his Trade, Now he is out of Breath, Cover the Bones, And I bealchiff commodeline Tem Of him who once, Wrought Journey Work for DEATH!

An Imitation of Horace's ODE on FORTUNE.

My Barque thus Mann'd, firell goist the Share.

COME hoist up Fortune to the Skies, Others debase her to a Bubble : I, nor her Frowns, nor Favours prize, Nor think the Chang'ling worth my Trouble.

I hade who grieve at his Lofe, and ale coronfor he's gen

Flo E who of PARTI

If, at my Door she chance to light, I civilly my Gueft receive; and said and aids toll The Vifit paid, I bid Good-Night; Nor murmur, when she takes her Leave.

> His old Friendillar lay Dog' before bira. III. Tho

III.

Tho' prosp'rous Gales my Canvas croud,

Tho' sinooth the Waves, serene the Sky,

I trust not Calms; they Storms forebode,

And speak th' approaching Tempest nigh.

IV.

Then Virtue to the Helm repair,

Thou, Innocence, shalt guide the Oar;

Now rage ye Winds; Storms rend the Air, outside In A

My Barque thus Mann'd, shall gain the Shore.

Of him who over,

EPITAPH on the late Duke of B * * *.

HERE GRUBINOT lies, on very ill Terms,

First, a Prey to the Flies; and then to the Worms.

Those who grieve at his Loss, needn't wonder he's gone;
For the Carcase must rot; when the Flesh is Fly-blown.

But this must be said in his Praise, and you villivis i

The Death, cruel Death, from us fore d him; He dy'd by endeav'ring to raile, will we would be to the fore of him;

His old Friend that lay Dead before him.

The END of PART I.



COFFEE:

A

T A L E.



CCORDING to Custom,
Which Verse-mongers use;
I call INDIGNATION,
To stand for my Muse.

Amongst Readers of Gusto,

May this be my Lot!

To escape like a Crow,

Not worth Powder or Shot.

B

Yet,

Yet, if Whifflers pretend To rumple my Bayes; Give 'em Rope, I beseech, For their Cavil is Praise.

Some Bards of Renown, I've observ'd it plerumque, Wou'd here foar in grand Strain, And fing - - - Crimen Clerumque!

But, without farther Prologue, In Cant new or stale; My Route thus dispos'd, I proceed to my Tale.

At a Chat in the Vestry, A corpulent Vicar Wou'd prohibit all Coffee, As damnable Liquor:

Where, finding Opinions Against him to run; ally this be an If they'd listen, he'd give 'em More Reasons than one.

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With primitive Drams,

It bears no Relation;

The Law shou'd suppress it,

Nor grant Toleration.

What Soul ever heard,

O! stand ye not Neuter;

Of this Puritan-Tiff,

Before CALVIN and LUTHER?

'Tis, methinks, faint defying

Old-Nick and his Works;

To be fond of a Berry,

Which comes from the Turks.

To relieve, in a Morning,

Sots over-night drunk;

Is as finful, as curing

Hurts got by a Punk.

It quiets the Spirits,

Composes the Mind;

And asswages brave Heats,

Which from strong Drinks we find:

Therefore

Therefore loudly calls on us,

To use our best Cares;

Not to lose Arts, of setting

The World by the Ears.

The Top of it's Merit, is

Clearing the Head;

But, at that Rate, you'll still

Have fresh Heresies spread:

I'll charge it on Coffee,

For it must be from thence;

Such applauding Crowds flock,

To hear Hence x talk Sense!

How many choice Taverns,
All over the Nation;
Have pull'd down their Bush,
Since this Drench came in Fashion?

Tis too plain to want Proof,
May Gout or Stone rack us!

If it ben't a wide Schifm,
From the Temple of BACCHUS.

Of Have

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I'll maintain that the Nefts,

Of curs'd Coffee and News!

Have done fix-times the Harm,

Of the commonest Stews.

Some indeed, about Paur's,

Are fuch as become her;

But, a few Swallows, alas!

Fall short of a Summer:

Free from Spies we just-there

May Security hope,

Whilst we model our Plans

Of a Protestant-Pope

But, None of us All

Can elsewhere propose

To speak safely; tho under

Canonical-Rose.

Tis the Stage, where vile Brokers

Their Stock-jobbers find;

Who, of more than poor Tythes,

Bite bubbled Mankind.

Was't a Point fit to dwell on;
Their long Pilgrimage owe,
To these Cells of Rebellion.

How they sit, loll, and shrug,

Smear Snush, and debate;

E'en of Thrones, and the sacred'st

Arcanums of State?

Here Some interrupted,

But Others cry'd, Perge!)

And their blafphemous Theme is,

Reforming the Clergy!

And Sense of the Nation, Sense of the Proroguing of the Nation,

Divine-Convocation:

Without Opposition;
Our sage D - - rs - C - - rs,
To Spain's Inquisition:

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Where

Where Suits of the People

Are tumbled and toft,

Till Temporal Fustice

In Spiritual's lost:

As at Council o' Trent,

That the Saints might prevail!

Inspirations from Rome,

Came by every Mail.

All mystical Tenets.

They'd thrust out o' Doors,

And wou'd show Pious-Frauds

To be Modest-whores:

Requesting Church-Wardens

To expunge, if they please;

From Windows and Walls,

The Figure Hosceles:

To Mathematics altho'
Well-Wishers we be,
We ought to forbear
Audacious Theometry!

While.

A proud

A proud Priest they play-off,
As One making no Doubt;
So to get into Heav'n,
As the Devil got out.

Our Feaftings, not Fastings,
On the Carpet they bring;
Where our first Health's the Church,
And then coolly the King:

Even That too express'd,

With Double-entendre;

Innuendo—Darius,

Or else Alexander.

With one Toast they gagg us,

Nor leave us a Word;

Tis the Mem'ry immortal,

Of WILLIAM the Third!

They admire! ever willing
To shock Us, who think
We're cut-off with a Shilling:

Whilft,

Whil

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Our

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Whilft, had we been left, For our Selves to have carv'd; Our half-blooded Breth'ren; E'er Now, might have starv'd!

The spurn-coffee Vulgar They laugh at, for Fools; Affirming 'em Our attach'd, Ale-fwilling Tools: O or small A both

Who can barely pronounce, Like Magpy or Daw; Come! Here's to all Truth, That's establish'd by Law!

Then Passive-Obedience, With - - - Have at ye, blind Harpers! Is thrown in the Diffe, and the Diffe, Of Theological-Sharpers:

A Card kept in Petto! Which, Whatever is bounc'd; That ever the Orlies Lies yet only Drop'd, Not expressly Renounc'd:

Stupen-

10 COFFEE:

Stupendous Problem!

Since no Impudence ever

Forbid Buckets at Fires,

Or Pills in a Fever;

Love's commencing night Home,

Self-guard from all Evils;

As Banks to proud Waves,

And Resistance to Devils.

Now Critics advance,

And the Table's confounded;

With this Verse not-genuine,

And That wrong-expounded:

For God's-Word indeed, State - And They Unanimous vote;

But Ours, they declare, Groat:

And are zelously griev'd, and a second of the Matter so stands.

That ever the Other

Had pass'd thro' our Hands:

For

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For

For the purest of Streams,

Which in foul Channels flow;

Seldom fail to collect

Some Soil, as they go.

Our Embassy next

Is the Subject of Mirth,

And our Master's describ'd

The Worst-serv'd upon Earth.

The Indeleble-Stamp

No fooner is fpoke,

But a Santify'd-Sinner

Is made a strong Joke.

Then another smart Monock,

Dispos'd to be arch on't,

Dissects ev'ry Limb,

Of a Spiritual-Merebant:

Bamboozling such Chaps,
As pin Creed on those Sleeves;
Which metamorphose G o b's House,
To a Cavern of Thieves.

C 2

Then,

12 COFFEE:

Then, in dolorous Dumps,

We're lug'd-in repenting

The Invention of Arts;

Especially, PRINTING:

Except we cou'd shield

Misdemeanors from Satire,

By once-more recov'ring

Our lost IMPRIMATUR:

Will frankly profess it,
With Motto of - - Nemo nos
Impunè lacesset!

And no Man-o'-Sense

Can e'er grudge, to perform;

What, when trampled-upon,

Is the Right of a Worm!

Thus a priest-ridden Pad

In Self-defence spoke,

When barbarous Treatment

God and Brute did provoke,

Then.

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Then Incroachments are tax'd,
And such-like Disasters;
And our first Bishops prov'd,
But Parochial-Pastors.

Often Cases.o'-Conscience

Come under Debate;

About Swearing and Praying

For Those, that we bate:

Tho' the Thing's not so new,

To require such a Fus;

On Delights-of-Mankind,

Being odious to Us!

A Priest, an Ox, and an As,
'Mongst Proverbs, they find
To be shun'd; One all-o'er,
One before, One behind.

With ironical Leer,

At Pontifical-Copes;

They then summon Emp'rors,

To hold Stirrups for Popes:

Whofe

COFFEE: 14

Whose prepost rous Sway To their Scheme's a Sequela, Whilst our Tantamounts And mo hall. Are deem'd Notes above Ela!

Then they tone a trite Phrase, With North-country Air; About scanty Devotion, But yet muckle Pray'r.

If the Title of Shepherds We'd fairly fustain; They candidly bid us, Reside on the Plain:

And next they difplay, For We must endure all; Our un-fingle Hearts Declin'd to the Phinal.

Then the Mercies at THORN Another derides; Which Place, with a Pun, Is stuck fast in our Sides.

Jus-

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Jus-divinum's evinc'd

Common Tenure to all;

As to CR -- N or to MI-RE,

So to Cobler's-Stall:

For, when Sophs thro' their Kingdom

Of Darkness have run;

Both on Garden and Dunghill,

God shines like the Sun.

Then, by speeching in Public,

And rubbing-off Fears;

The Fronts, of Some of us,

Are harden'd as Players:

In chain of which Thought,

At Decorations they strike;

And cou'd wish certain Places

Less Theatre-like:

A Man may be decently rigg'd,

Runs the Mutter;

Without coming up,

To Sir Fopling-flutter.

16

Our fucceeding th' Apostles, They own to be right; But explain it, as Day Is fucceeded by Night.

Then, to twirl a Globe round, We're infultingly brav'd; And to mark the few Cantons, By Priests un-enslav'd:

On which Remnants, thro'-out The terraqueous Ball; Great GEORGE commands Pity, And barrs ruining All!

How many glib Sermons May we then tear, or burn; Long scrub'd on the Sleek-stone, 'Gainst a hopeless Return?

Then, as fquander'd by Dupes; They prove Abbey-Lands Now lodg'd, not in new, and primary standary But original Hands:

And

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Thickest Skulls understand, own and That Priest-gift is meant, made up the total by the Term Deodand.

Then, quoting ERASMUSJoinW of white me With these Words they plague us not A Tu Episcopus es! The robust of side thight Ne Satrapam agasia on contains of

Then they bid us, not flatter og ni sarred W.
GREAT-MEN'S to out-do sell ow doid W.
The Finesse of Colbert, ed their final ed T.
Or Monsieur Richelleu. and great de dois

Then Bermuda's faluted, and white and I must be good Thrice-fortunate Isle! I will what I good For a Blessing, which there to a hand the Will diffuse in a While of the I will all the I will be a w

Then, what Buftles we've made! mondord

They cite Hift'ries to speak it;

In all Times before, whilst, and hold of

And since Thomas-a-Becket.

D

Then,

id

Then, as-tho' Heav'n and Barth Where two different Things, They fift our dear Maxim: No B --- Ps, ho K - as!

In Tally to which the state of A round Kitchen-Belief Might this Paradox start ; 19 2000 No Pudding, no Beer ! Magnation

Whereas in good South, and I had I'm Which we French-Cooks wou'd fmother; The Last might be Living In Clover, fans t'Other.

Then they offer, pretending a Adumant months Long Beadrolls of Evil; Great Laud to the Lord, Little LAUD to the Devil!

Producing one pleasant Punttillio aim'd-at, To d'off before Priests A JACK-GENTLEMAN'S Hat! some boa

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Whilst to Ministry 'twou'd have been blotting of Fame, and an and the state of that Function have been of that Function and the state of the state o

Then, as to the Wall,

If Material We make it;

The Layman shou'd give,

But the Priest shou'd n't take it:

Howe'er, the bright Many
Distinguish no Fault here;
But bow just to Us,
As We bow to the Altar:

That Judaical-Word

To difuse, they're unable;

And, tho' Un-circumcis'd,

Can't think of a Table:

Which, conniv'd-at by Us,

This Convenience may bring;

To retain an old Name,

May recover the Thing:

ilf

'As a LANE, still fo call'd, within or Allieve May in time prove the Via; without on of To guide us fafe back, water to store to To our Ave-Marian wind out more Then WILKINS and WOLLASTON OF A 1 Are Sainted it-feems, and American . For supplying the World broad and and I With their Natural-Schemes; As kind Succedaneums M tagerd oil to smoth Against the fad Day, and an eliminate When Priestcraft shall fright Revelation away. A ball of wood ow A Physicians, of all Men, Wall-Land and I Are mostly fevere and sevent shall of Who our dry Meta-Physics Inceffantly jeer: anan'l a to should the D' And, with fatal Advantage, William W. Have well-nigh undone us; By turning, as Scholars, and bloms minter of

Our own Batt'ries upon us.

This

Nor

WI

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So

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This

K

Keep Things in the dark; War Age And All More train-up a Leudman,

To read like a Clerk : O chart at all all

O! Common-sense, Vale;

We teach 'em - - - Who's Animal, And Animal, A

Are last touch'd, without Jesting;
Abhorr'd for their Mischief!

As Nuptials-Clandestine:

Wherein Alma-Mater

Forbids us to att;

But yet, with great Goodness,

Approves of the Fatt:

And, when fuch a Cause

By warp'd Counsel's harangu'd;

Against Grain suspends Him,

Who deserves to be Hang'd!

So, whilst Murdrers depend On 'Scapes without Failure; Th' Executive-Pow'r Rests in Hands of a JAYLOR.

The Delinquent's attended, By th' Tribe far and near; As twenty Pigs squeek, Pluck but One by the Ear:

Tho' fome reas'nabler Beafts Might well here be preferr'd; For the Deer, that's condemn'd, They extrude from the Herd:

But our Canonoclastinta M-AMIA nigrod W Has this Merit, o'-Pox! To be Tenderly touch'd the distriction and Because Orthodox: The long to sovong A.

The Sense of which Gibbrish We can't more exhibit, Than by JERRY-WHITE's Sneer, That it Shifts with the GIBBET. Then

Th

Ar

To

Fr

Pe

Then Reprifals to Parents, and a grant of For Children fo loft: Are long P --- rs-Bills, And four Fifths of the Cost:

To deter carnal Arm, we sale and order Styl'd in Technic profane; From aiming at Scopes. Where the Shot's fo in Vain!

Postponing here Perjury, Alan Marie 100 Forgery, Rafure, Non-ADHERENCE, and latent SKREENS; till more Leisure:

Vide . . The traytor'd * Case, Of M --- R P --- N; Contrá.. The reverend Joiner, Rabbi B - - - N.

To quash a just Cause, By o'er-awing the P---r;

en

In that Charge arife,

^{*} Which, if Leave can be obtain'd from the injur'd Gentleman, may sometime be publish'd for the Common-Weal; with a due Explanation of the present Blanks and Allusions.

Sind

01

B

Is poys'ning a Patient, and alching A mad's

By Hand of the Doctor!

Deserting a Cl--nt,
Enhans'd by Evasion;

Is the Prank of a Judas, A lamp with o'll

A vile Abdication to blood in blood.

Wно here thinks himfelf wrong'd,

May have Honour rebuilt

On fair Public-Defence;

Or elfe, Silence is Guilt:

Which the Law has discreetly

Put past a Dispute,

By hearing the Pleader,

Whilst it tortures the Mute.

In flat Charge arise,

From * Advertisements cram'd

With most insolent Lyes!

Courne . The reverend

^{*} See Mist's Weekly-Journal, the Post-Boy, &c. in or about Nov. 1726.

Since, if Things by apt Names That no llits

Distinctly we'd call; of our formal of our of our They make it their, and worse, which worse, which is they make it they peaking at all. That they peaking at all.

Twere the boneftest Task, out and About A Atchiev'd in a Mask:

The closer we keep;
Tis fullfilling --- a Wolf
In the Garb of a Sheep?

Then, to propagate Faith,

We fantaftickly roam;

To Infidels foreign,

From fuch Misgreants at-home!

Still

Still on the Descripting of your description of our Coat; b'sw yishind They make it their Boast, ilin shoots at A That they perselly doat have on near

Sincerely concern'd alliand and nosal and and That the Steps of the Best in Anidr of Sink e'en to Contempts ton agrue and it that In the Eyes of the rest annual on all'

With express Non-obstante Annual Massaure Reserving those Few and the source of the As Objects of Honour Marving Marving Atchieved in a Marving Subject of Honour is due to a mi b'void of As Objects of Honour is due to a mi b'void of Honour is due to a mi b'void of Honour is due to a mi b'void of H

For in the Sea of oit of beelen roll.

The beholden to Them, we keeped and The Carbuts of Mullets guilding Tris fallfilling and the Garb of a Sheem:

This Part discovers:

For it proves 'em to be, agistol alabatil of No general Lovers.

No general Lovers.

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In vain, with Greek-Fathers, tol notition of To France be resulted in Security of Start of Tenthers may full such as good thus, and to be resulted in the for Themselves? So of think for Themselves?

3

You may urge what Ye pleafe, ob vdw, the But I stick to my Notion of perpendicular of such and I which the still the Patron ! Which the still the Patron !!

Ben Johnson, of old, And continued if Lov'd Us and Canary; one of bnA

But Wir, once our Bawd, I amillul 10

Now's a Filt quite contrary: lobni na nI

E'en the Muse, sipping Corret, and and odl' Is dwindled to Fest; at your sold and and And her modern Herorc is, and and the Lashing a Priest:

The the World has long known

Such Attacks to be loft,

For they might full-as-well

Use a Scourge to a Post.

E 2

William the many the state of t
By Monition let Learners 1377 O diw misy al
To Ethics be brought, mo redmus aw
We Teachers may furely it no-og exceeded a
Difdain to be Taught Lar for shirt of
But, why do I let my Selfalw agra van uov
Thus be perplex'd W. Vin of Soin I and
By Digressions from Coffee, modern with A and
Which strictly's my Text ? Hog sids more
It banishes Sleep, bio to MOZNHOT WIS
And fo russles the Scheme ibus all boot
Of lulling Lay-Drones, 100 sono TIVI 198
In an indolent Dream inp the savor
Tho' our darling DIANA quit auM adt no
This Solace may take to the balbaiwh al
That her thorow-bred Babes I was born and born
Snoar hard, whilst Awake. Q a gride !

Let your Wives, he next faid, sow and od? Speak What it deserves; For drying your Fluids, Illi adam your roll And laxing your Nerves: VE

For

For damping their Sex, w stud-bar dans dans Form'd o'-purpose to Please; which And for feeding fuch Vapors, and in any T As Words can't appeare no said a bank

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or

By which they loofe Beauty, well your rent A And all winning Matters; And and no And then tear the Fames, in The succession o'T Of their Neighbours, to shatters.

One far-fetch'd Conceit, significant mollist dill Made him frantickly form, A 101 10101/ Twas - - - nine Diffes in ten & harring mort Are fwallow'd LUKEWARM. It to b'artel A

Some wou'd mix it with Tea, was to sew T But that Project mis'd; delin i flas I. For he palpably fmeltup asw money all tad T Comprehension in Twift. wi howard

To dash it with Brandy, ni man W a mad T Wou'd comfort the Sternum; But That was, he faid, no on on boilers Jugulare Falernum. Bread-

Bread-and-butter, with Corre, guigans now Hit Somebody's Tooth; shooth of purpose in And for feed stowers, he twores so with And a Plea only shooth as a love of the And a Plea only shooth as a love of the soul
After forty Demarts, of shool yand daily yas

And all voice in the land appendent in the land the land appendent in the land the land appendent is the land of their Neighborn; modeled a result.

With fulfom Apologies, timed bid bid and one Meant for Applaufe; District mid old Middle of the Church mid of the Church and Alarm'd at the Church Lieuwille of the Church and the Church

Twas determin'd at-length; xim b'now smod Least it might be disgraed; I ted tud.

That its Venom was quell'd, yldadied of roll Provided 'twas Lac'd i MORRIE MARKET DE LEAST AND
Then a Wagg in the Room, the district of Pull of Quibble and Scoff; Rejoic'd, to fee Coffee So sweetly brought off!

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The Vicar knock'd-under established with Licence before mad professor before Tho' inwardly mad professor before Mond look'd, as if Justice who would not there to be had a manual use of the same of the bad a manual use of t

Whose Name, the Conheldmum and ARREA Much rether's describe and the Skiesista and the will be easily leaseful flav and the triber and the second of the seco

The all the White conficients, to be see 'the Who proceed'd this Bely'd a Bell of Who proceed'd this Bell of the Bell of the Bell of the She'd Not took his Side: Stage : She'd Not took his Side:

Who have made fuch a Stir; in mil H
From Time out-o'-mind, and shall of the one of the one of the order of th

And I tediously fail; had not shall A

Not considiring, Short-Life on garages back
Is compared to a Tale: HOAMOTE and I

So, with Licence-postic be doord RADIV add'
To Whate'er before is; Whatevar's off
Admit one Word more, if it as blood but In tutamen Authoris: of another in as W

Whose Name, the Concealment of Andread Much rather's desir'd; and the world will be easily learnt, the same and had been a start of the Courset's required.

What's ask'd of those Wights, with the Who provok'd this Behaviour; Is, in Phrase suiting Them, A clear Stage and no Favour.

If I'm right understood; bein even only

To shame Those into Virtue, and I must who ought to be Good and many of the state
A little too bold; the Med'cine, air bilings to the Than Stomach may hold; bragmon at

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For legal Remonstrance,

If Law's built on Sense;

And for asking no Pardon,

Where no true Offense:

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Section 2

OF

For un-stoical Feeling,
At each Finger's-end;
Not amis for One's-Self,
And much less for a FRIEND:

Shou'd my Bones be dug up,
And from Holy-Dirt hurl'd;
This Exegi-Monumentum
I leave to the World:

'Twill out-last, peradventure,

Corinthian-Brass;

Tho' perhaps not the Metal,

That's bronz'd on a Face!

Making-free with aWord,
Of POETA DIVINUS;
I ONELY fear — SI propius stes,
Te capiet Minus.

FINIS.

For legal Remonstrance,

If Law's built on Sense;

And for asking no Pardon,

Where no true Offense:

For un-floical Feeling,
At each Finger's-end;
Not annifs for One's-Self,
And much less for a Present.

Shou'd my Bones be dug up,
And from Holy-Diar hurl'd;
This Exegi-Monumentum
I leave to the World:

Twill out-last, peradventure,

Covinthian-Brass;

Tho' perhaps not the Metal,

That's bronz'd on a FACE!

Making-free with a Word,

Of Poara Divinus;

I onely fear—Si frapids fres,

Te capiet Minus,

F I N I S.

APOLOGY

FOR THE

WRITINGS

OF

Walter Moyle, Esq;

IN

Answer to the Groundless Aspersions of Mr. HEARNE of Edmund Hall Oxon, and Dr. Woodward of Gresham College London.

With a Word or Two

Concerning the frivolous Cavils of Messieurs Whiston and Woolston relating to the Thundering Legion.

— Male dum recitas incipit esse tuum. MART.



LONDON:
Printed in the Year M. DCC. XXVII.
(Price Six Pence.)

Printed in the Year M. DCCIXXVII.

(Price Six Pence.)

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ORATIO.

Nova Philosophia Veteri præferenda est. *

> UOUSQUE Veterum Vestigiis serviliter insistemus, Academici, nec ultra Patres sapere audebi-

mus? Quousque Antiquitatis ineptias, ut Senum Deliria nonnulli solent, religiose venerabimur? Pudeat lane, dum tam præclarum Ætatis hujusce Specimen coram Oculis præsens intuemur, ad Antiquos Encomia nostra

signgolog

^{*} Vid. THEATRI Oxoniensis ENCENIA, sive Comitia Philologica, Julii 7. 1693, celebrata.

transferre, & inter priora fæcula quos celebremus fedulo investigare.

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Satis superque veteri Philosophiæ concessum est, quod STAGYRITE Laudibus Theatrum toties sonuit Sheldonianum, quod ille vel Alexandro fuo major in Scholarum Rostris tam diu impune triumphavit, & totum Mundum habuit Discipulum. Fæliciori tandem Ingenio succedit CAR-TESIUS, qui contra omnes omnium oppugnantium vires Veritatem pertinaciter afferuit, & novum hoc introduxit philosophandi Genus; fi vero Philosophiæ isti Novitatis Nomen tribuendum fit, quæ, quanquam jam primum innotuerit, vel Peripateticam Antiquitate superat, & ipsi Materiæ a quâ derivatur, existit coætanea. Illustris ille Vir, quem unum Galliæ invidemus, proinde omnia explicuit, ac si ipse totius Mundi olim suisset Architectus. Diffregit ille Vitreos istos Cælorum Orbes, quos Veterum infomnia

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infomnia compegere, ex Materiæ Catibulis ignotam eruit Formarum Turbam, & elementum Ignis penitus extinxit, imo totam tam dilucide depinxit Rerum universitatem ut nulla jam Qualitas relicta fit occulta. Inter Mundi Aristotelici Angustias & Mænia Chrystallina diutius coarctari dedignatur Philosophus, juvat undique Superiores Cœlorum Tractus explorare, novosque soles, & Mundos inter Sydera latentes detegere; juvat immensas hasce Ætheris plagas Orbibus erraticis passim interspersas, Terrasque per Viam lacteam undequaque disjacentes intueri, & Machinæ totius Molem rectius metiri, Machinæ jam tandem dignæ, ubi Philosophorum Animi expatientur, Deo dignæ Opifice.

Nec folum in Cœlis Orbes novos, fed fi in Tellurem despiciatur, diverfa Animantium Genera hodierna patefecit Philosophia, dum Perspicilli
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Ope Oculorum Acies intenditur, & obvios se produnt minutissimarum Rerum partus, dum curioso intuitu animatas conspicimus Materiæ Particulas, & Reptiles miramur Atomorum viventium acervos: Ufque adeo vel Oculi acriores fiunt Neotericorum Artibus, & Opus, quod unum ex omnibus optimum voluit Natura, emendatur & perficiatur. Non jam barbaras Peripateticorum voces & obscuriores Scholarum Terminos tanquam Oraculi Ambages inepte veneramur, fed ipfa Sensuum Dictamina confulimus, & Machinis nuper inventis Tormentum quoddam Naturæ admovemus quibus cogitur Arcana fua abditissimasque Vires Palam confiteri.

His adjuti Instrumentis etiam Ætherem, quem omnibus industit Naturæ Benignitas, nos potentiori Arte quoties libet Animalibus negamus, Pneumaticoque carceri inclusis commune

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mune Auræ Ætheriæ Confortium interdicimus: Ut juvat irritos pulmonum conatus intueri, Vitam exhaurire, & Spiritum ipsum ingenioso quodam Furto furripere! Ubi nihil adeo tutum est, adeo Animæ suæ tenax, quod non paulatim effrigescat, & nullo accepto Vulnere concidat Cadaver. Divinum hoc quidem Artis opus, & Autoresuo non indignum, qui Vitæ, Moribus, & Argumentorum Pondere Gentem nostram & novam tam eximie cohonestavit Philofophiam, qui hinc certe meruit ut Aeris sui Beneficio nunquam destitueretur, & qui cætera Animalia toties Vita spoliavit, suam nunquam exhalaret,

Non hisce quidem Auxiliis innixus, suam contexuit Philosophiam A-RISTOTELES, qui omnes ex seipso eruit Artium & Scientiarum Regulas, & nihil intactum nihil illibatum reliquit præter ipsam Veritatem:

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Si ideo in Euripum, quoniam illius naturam non satis habuit exploratam, sese præcipitem immerserit, eadem quidem Ratione adduci potuit, ut in ipso Philosophiæ suæ Limine Mortem sibi conscisceret, & optimo quidem jure dubitare liceat in quo Elemento præter cætera potius debuerit periisse.

Quin ubi inter Euripi Fluctus actum est de Aristotele, nova tandem succrevit Peripateticorum Progenies, vel Parente pejor, quæ Philosophiam tanta Verborum Caligine involutam posteris reliquit, ut hoc folum obstet, quo minus omnium Rifu & Dicteriis excipiatur, quoniam a paucissimis intelligitur. Inveniuntur autem qui inter has Commentariorum farcinas, quibus hæc Blateronum Soboles Mundum oneravit Operæ Pretium ducunt Ætatem terere, qui divinos hos Literarum Thefauros volvunt denuo, revolvuntque, nec lius

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nec unquam prodeunt, nec Studiis se unquam abripiunt, nisi ut ostendant quanto Labore opus est ut erudiamur desipere: Num quod enim potest Spectaculum pulchrius exhiberi, quam ut pugiles hujusmodi sagaces inter se digladiantes intueamur? Hic Propofitionibus & Syllogismis armatus illum fimiliter armatum aggreditur: Uterque Vervex indignatur, pendet, Avidus Victoriæ, quæ non tantilli est, utri accenseatur, uterque (quod unum potest) in alterum Barbarismos pro virili ejaculatur, irretiunt sese tandem ineptiis, & cum neuter videt quomodo se expediat, Receptui canitur, & confumtis utrinque Armis, utrinque visum est demum conticescere.

Huc usque, Academici, nec ultra progreditur Antiquorum Philosophia, ineptam ideo hanc Commentatorum Turbam. Si Bibliothecis & Catenis

in

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in Æternum damnemus alligandam, ubi Vermium & Tinearum fiant Pabula, & ab omni Lectorum inspectu liberi placide exolescant.

Joseph. Addison.



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AN

ORATION,

DEFENSE

OF THE

N E W Philosophy.



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ENTLEMEN of the University, How long shall we flavishly tread in the Steps of the Antients, and

be afraid of being wifer than our Ancestors? How long shall we religiously worship the Trislings of Antiquity, as some do old Wives Sto-

ries?

ries? It is indeed shameful, when we survey the great Ornament of the present Age, to transfer our Applauses to the Antients, and to take Pains to search into Ages past for Persons sit for Panegyrick.

The antient Philosophy has had more allowed than it could reasonably pretend to, how often has SHEL-DON's Theatre rung with Encomia on the Stagyrite, who, greater than his own Alexander, has long, un-opposed, triumphed in our School-Desks, and had the whole World for his Pupils. At length rose CARTESIUS, a happier Genius, who has bravely afferted the Truth against the united Force of all Oppofers, and has brought on the Stage a new Method of philosophizing. But shall we stigmatize with the Name of Novelty that Philosophy, which, tho' but lately revived, is more antient than the Peripatetick, and as old as the Matter from whence

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it is derived. A great Man indeed He was, and the only one we envy FRANCE. He folved the Difficulties of the Universe almost as well as if he had been its Architect. He destroyed those Orbs of Glass, which the Whims of Antiquity had fixed above, brought to light that Troop of Forms till then unknown, and has almost extinguished the Element of Fire, nay, he with fo much Clearness traced out the whole Mass of Matter, as to leave no occult Quality untouched. This Philosopher scorned to be any longer bounded within the Straights and Chrystalline Walls of an Aristotelick World; No, his Delight is to fearch the Regions above, to discover new Suns, and new Worlds, which lay hid amongst the Stars; his Satisfaction is to view that large Kingdom of Air amidst the unfixed Stars, and Lands that pass the milky Way, and more accurately measure this vast Machine, a Machine fit for Man-C 2

Mankind to philosophize on, and worthy of the Deity, that first framed it.

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Here we have not only new Heavens opened to us, but we look down on our Earth; this Philosophy affords us feveral Kinds of Animals; where, by the Help of Microscopes, our Eyes are so far affifted, that we may discern the Productions of the smallest Creatures, while we confider with a curious Eye the animated Particles of Matter, and behold with Aftonishment, the reptile Mountains of living Atoms. Thus are our Eyes become more penetrating by modern Helps, and even that Work which Nature boafts for her Master-Piece, is rendred more correct and finished. no longer pay a blind Veneration to that barbarous Peripatetick-Jingle, those obscure Scholastick Terms of Art, once held as Oracles, but confult the Dictates of our own Senses, and and

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and by late invented Engines force Nature her felf to discover plainly her most valued Secrets, her most hidden Recesses.

By the Help of Instruments like these, that Air, which a bountiful Nature has indulged us, we as often as we please by the Force of Art, abridge other Animals of, and keep them in our Pneumatick Pumps, from its common Benefit: What a Pleasure is it to see the fruitless Heavings of the Lights, to exhauft their Lives, and by a most artful Sort of Theft rob them of their Breath? From this nothing is fafe, nothing fo long lived, which gradually does not languish, and falldead without a Wound. A divine Piece of Art this, and worthy its Author*, who in the Conduct of his Life, and the Force of his Arguments, has fo nobly honoured

^{*} The Honourable Robert Boyle Esq;

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our Nation, and the new Philosophy, one who for this Reason too deserves never to want the Benefit of his own Air, or that he, who has so often deprived other Animals of their Life, should ever breathe out his own.

On no fuch Grounds as these has ARISTOTLE built his Philosophy, who from his own Brain furnished out all his Rules of Arts and Sciences, and lest nothing untouched on, nothing unregarded but Truth. If therefore he precipitated himself into the River Euripus, because he could not understand its Ebb and Flow, by the same Logick he might at his first Entrance on Philosophy have destroyed himself, and we may fairly doubt, in which of the Elements he ought to have perished.

After ARISTOTLE's Fate amidst the Waves of Euripus, a new Race of iy, es is fir of Peripateticks started up, even worse than their Founder, who handed their Philosophy to after Ages in so thick an Obscurity, that it has preserved it from the Satire and Ridicule of all Mankind, as understood by very few. Some there are to be found, who spend their Time amidst the Rubbish which these Commentators have filled the World with, and pore more than once on these godlike Treasures of Learning, and stick to them to no other Purpose, unless to shew the World the vast Pains they take to be deceived. Can there be am ore pleasant Sight than to fee these wise Champions wrangling with each other? The one, armed with Propositions and Syllogism, attacks his Antagonist in the same Armour: Both bell-weathers grow angry, and storms, fond of a Victory, which is worth but a Trifle, when obtained: Each, with all his Might darts out his Barbarisms at the other, they entangle themselves in their Follies, Follies, and as neither knows how to extricate himself, they sound to a Retreat, and when all the Ammunition is spent on both Sides, they think fit to keep Silence.

Thus far, Gentlemen, and no farther launches out the antient Philofophy: Let us therefore sentence for ever this Troop of Commentators, to be tied up in Chains and Libraries, Food only for Moths and Worms, and there let them quietly grow Old, free from the Sight of any Reader.

Joseph Addison.



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EXTRACTS

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A BOOK intituled,

JOHANNIS Confratris & Monachi
GLASTONIENSIS Chronica sive
Historia de Rebus GLASTONIENSIBUS
e Codice MS. Membraneo antiquo
descripsit ediditque Tho. HEARNIUS,
duobus voluminibus. Oxon, 1726.
8vo.

Pag. 649. The Editor giving a Catalogue of his Works, in mentioning Mr. Dodwell's Piece de Parma Equestri Woodwar-DIANA, Oxon. 1713. 800. adds thus,

"IRUM certe nemini videri de"bet, nonnullorum invidiam
"fibi ipsi [Dodwello] concitasse, qui sane
"incredibili odio prosequerentur. Verum
"hi impii fere erant, qualis equidem &

B "scriptor

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" scriptor ille nuperus fuit, Gualterus " Moyleus armiger, cujus opera posthuma " (nam auctor ipse ad plures abiit) omnes " boni procul a seipsis arcere debent, quippe " in quibus de auctoribus præstantissimis " optimisque plerisque, tam veteribus quam " recentibus, contumaciter arroganterque " scripserit, nequidem ipsis Sanctis Patribus " exceptis, de quibus hæc pro more fidenter " protulit [Vol. 11. Pag. 183.] As for the " modern Casuists, I shall only produce " Bishop SANDERSON, who had more " LOGICK and Judgment than all the " Fathers put together. - Sed pudet pigetq; " hunc authorem nominasse. Atque ut verum " fatear, ideo potiffimum piget, quod in ejus " operibus compareat Dodwelli Epistola, satis " prolixa linguaque vernacula concepta, (de " Dialogo, Luciano vulgo adscripto, titulus " PHILOPATRIS) misere tamen decurtata ac luxata, multisque mendis scatens gra-" vioribus, dignissima profecto, quæ vel " seorsim edatur, vel saltem in auctoris ip-" sius operibus simul collectis accurate di-" vulgetur. Hæc brevissime de Gualtero "Moyleo, viro leviter docto, qui (ex odio in Clerum Clerique amicos) Scriptores optimos virosque præstantissimos libere, rotqirol "

" pro modulo ingenii, insectatus est, cujus
" tamen vituperia ut omnes boni valde con" temnent, ita & encomia ab ejusmodi ca-

" lamo provenientia non est quod quis magni

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" faciat. Semest Can

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Pag. 651. " Jam si objicias, de re nostra " antiquaria anglo Britannica eximie dis-" feruisse Moyleum, summatim respondeo, " fastum, mea plane sententia, passim com-" parere, raro peritiam, rarius animi can-" dorem, rarissime (fatente etiam, ut vi-" detur, ipso Editore,) quod tantopere cre-" pat, acre judicium. Pueriliter, (ne dicam " semidocte) omnia de Inscriptione Batho-" nica. Alioqui (ut alia taceam) non prc-" nunciasset FABRICIENSIS (idem pro-" culdubio quod FABRICENSIS) Julii "Vitalis cognomen five agnomen fuisse; " FABRICE (quod idem plane est quod " FABRICE) vocem compendiariam effe " pro FABRICENSIUM; Collegium antiquitus " nunquam ædificium ipsum, quo vivebatur, " sed semper societatem five sodalitium deno-" tare, & ad initium Inscriptionum Sepul-" chralium Ethnicarum, D. M. five DIIS MANIBUS nunquam non effe sculptum. " Imo & pueriliter etiam (ne quid dicam de " objectione B 2

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"Objectione absurdissima contra Actorum
"Diurnorum Romanorum Fragmenta,
"quæ authentica esse viri longe maximi
"Stephanus Vinandus Pighius, Thomas
"Renesius Isaacus Vossius, Henricus noster
"(Dodwellus, aliique rectissime judicave"rant) de Clypco votivo Woodwardiano
"(de quo ea qua licuit brevitate & nos in
"Livio nostro egimus, locutus est.) Sed
"hoc de argumento audi, quæso, quod
"ipse doctissimus Woodwardus per literas
"ad me scripsit, Londini datas Junii 30.
"MDCCXXVI. Sic nimirum vir claris-

" fimus.

chicultons

You form a right judgment of Mr. Moyle's Works— As to my Clypeus Votivus, for such the best Antiquaries judge it to be, Mr. Moyle passes sentence upon it, without ever having seen it, from two very imperfect Sketches of Dr. Clarke and Drakensberg, and without having consulted Mr. Dodwell's excellent Book de Parma, &c. where he might have seen the Question of the Theatres fairly discussed in order to the ascertaining the true Antiquity of the Shield. That truly learned Man is far from carrying the Antiquity of it up to the time of the Sacking

par, acre indicium.

of Rome by the Gauls. So that Mr. Moyle in demolishing that Notion, only demolishes a meer fancy of his own. But that it was antient is agreed by the best Judges of all Nations, and the Baron Spanheim, and Mr. Abednego Sellers, two of the most eminently learned Men of the last Century, thought it so considerable, that they had both begun to write Dissertations on it, but were both prevented sinishing them by Death.

To Mr. CURLE. V of north

ought to be as much registred as Billiop

Stelling fleet's in the latter Pare of his Daye.

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Sept. 26. 1726.

Am obliged to you for communicating the foregoing Extracts out of Mr. Hearne's last Book, wherein he is pleased to pass some Censures on my Friend Mr. Moyle. I must allow that most learned Antiquary had just Grounds of Provocation from some unguarded Expressions which have been published in Mr. Moyle's Posthumous Works, and at the same time I declare I shall be very far from being instrumental in giving the least Interruption to the Labours of so excellent and indefatigable an Author as Mr. Hearne. The learned

World,

World, with respect to the ancient History of our own Country, owe so much to him, that all ought to join together to encourage and promote his great Application so usefully directed for the Information and Benefit of Posterity, and for the Preservation of such noble Monuments of Antiquity.

Were he to be engaged in any unnecessary Controversy, the Loss of his Time ought to be as much regretted as Bishop Stillingsleet's in the latter Part of his Days, when he was intangled in a verbose, extended Dispute with Mr. Lock E.

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ME HER RIVE'S laft Book, wherein he is

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Sept. 26. 1726.

- discourant four most humble Servant,

ANT. HAMMOND.

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Pottlemous Works, and arthe fame time I declare time I declare Ulhall be very far from being intermediental to giving the leaft Interruption to to Labours er forexcullent and indetarionale.

tion from form unguarded Expressions which have been published in Mr. Mr. Morris's

and Luthor as Mr. Heanne, The leated

To THOMAS SERGEANT, Efq;

SIR,

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I T appears, by your Behaviour, that you are as ungrateful as you were unworthy of the "Choice made of you, for selecting and preparing for the Press the Posthumous "Works of the late Mr. Moyle."

For, as Mr. Hammond, his sincere Friend, honourably observes, "It was looked upon "as a very injurious Behaviour, that when his Posthumous Works came from the Pross, those valuable Tracts of his, which were printed in his Life-Time and past his last "Hand, should be dropt, as it were, in Oblivion; as they must have been, had "they continued covered in those Volumes wherein they were, by himself, originally interspersed.

This must be either owing to your Ignorance of what Mr. Moy LE had written, or because the Bookseller made choice of for your Purpose had no Share in the Copies. But now that Justice is done to the Author's Memory which you did, what in you lay, to prevent. Thus after having attempted to suppress his Living Works, you now stand by an unconcerned Spectator, in seeing his Memory traduced on account of those Posthumous Pieces of which you are the Editor. But your Lucrative End is served, and that is sufficient, and sufficient indeed it has proved to acquire you this Title, That the Editor of Mr. Moyle's Posthumous Works has published Papers in the Subjects of which he is truly, what Mr. Philips says wrongfully of himself,

Nor Skill'd, nor Studious-

been, had

prevent.

and by inserting desective Pieces, has brought down the Reslections of the Learned upon the Memory of a Gentleman, which, by having been more just in the Execution of the Considence reposed in him upon this Occasion, was in his Power to have prevented.

But now that Julifer is done to the Author's Memory which you did, what in you lay, to

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As the Charge I have here brought against you consists of Facts, not one of which can you deny, so the only Atonement you can make for this ungenerous Treatment is Silence, if you would subscribe your self with me

PHILALETHES.

To Anthony Hammond, Esq;

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I Thank you for your obliging Letter, and shall always be proud of seconding your Sentiments, because they are generally founded on the solid Basis of Honour and Sincerity. And the I agree with you in the Character justly given of Mr. Hearne, as an Antiquarian, yet at the same time that I applaud his Diligence on the one hand, I cannot help censuring his Virulence on the other. But this Trick which the Priesthood have got of Anathematizing, is grown so stale, that it is now looked upon to have no more Force than the Authority they have for such a Denunciation.

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Let

10 An Apology for Mr. MOYLE.

Let us a little consider, Sir, the Antagonists Mr. Moyle has met with through the Management of Mr. SERGEANT. As to the Attacks of Messieurs Whiston and Woolston, relating to the Thundering Legion, their Guides are so very bad, that I dare fay their Followers will be very few; I fhall therefore content my felf with what Monsieur LE CLERC observes upon a particular Occasion. * " Mr. Addison " is of Opinion, fays he, that the Figure " of JUPITER PLUVIUS, fending " down Rain on the fainting Army of " MARCUS AURELIUS, and Thunderbolts " on his Enemies, is the greatest Confirmati-" on possible of the Story of the Thundering " Legion: This learned Man would ap-" parently mean to fay, that this Figure " is a Monument of the Shower which fell " on the Roman Army, and of the Thunder " which confounded the Germans; for as " to the Thundering Legion, the Learned " are agreed that it had that Denomination " long before this Circumstance; and that the Pricilhood Invegor of Am

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^{*} See Bibliotheque Choise, ARTIC. of Mr. Addison's Remarks on Italy. &c. This Extract of M. Le Clerc is translated by Mr. Theobald, pag. 23, 24. and printed by Mr. Curll.

"there is no Probability that it was intirely

" made up of Christians. See, HENRY de

" VALOIS upon Eusebius, Lib. 5. Cap. 5.

" and Father Pagi upon the Year CLXXIV.

Thus, with Monsieur Le Clerc, I leave this Thundering Legend. And, may it still continue to lead up the Van of Miracles in the Romish Church; for as Mr. Moyle well Remarks, as it took its Name from Paganism *, it is most proper that it should end in Popery.

I shall by and by incur the same Censure as Mr. Moyle has undergone; for I freely acknowledge, that I have the same Opinion of Archbishop Tillotson, that he had of Bishop Sanderson, That He had more Judgment than all the Fathers put together. And I believe the same Character might justly be given of Bishop Taylor, Bishop Pearson, Dr. Barrow, that truly great Man you have named, Bishop Stillingfleet, and several other of our English Divines.

Before I mention any part of Mr. HEARNE'S Charge, I shall give a Summary of Mr.

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^{*} See, his Posthum. Works, Vol. ad. p. 83.

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MOYLE'S Religious Principles in his own Words, viz. " If Men, fays he, would but " confider, that it is not only our Duty, but " our Interest to be Virtuous, one would " think this were no hard Task to perform: " viz. reforming the Manners of the Peo-" ple, and restoring them to their antient " Sobriety and Virtue. Among a thousand " Advantages that Christianity has, above " all other Religions, this is none of the " least, that it has united our Interest and " our Duty together. Would not a wife " Man be Chaste for the sake of Health, " Honest for the sake of Profit, Temperate " for the fake of Pleasure, and all Three " for the fake of Fame? For Vice was " never yet so triumphant as to be in greater " Reputation than Virtue. These Considera-" tions, together with the innumerable " Mischiefs and Inconveniences which at-" tend a vicious Course of Life, ought in " reason to reclaim Men from all unmanly " Excesses. One would think in a Christian " Nation, that Religion and Conscience, " our own Hopes and Fears, the Prospect of " eternal Happiness or endless Misery, should " be Considerations strong enough to lay an " effectual Restraint on the most violent " Lusts MOYERS

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Lusts and Appetites. — One of the greatest Obstacles, in my Opinion, to the Reformation of Manners, is, that too many Men place all Virtue and Religion in warmly adhering to the Interest of this or that particular Sect or Party: As if a fiery Zeal for the Church, or the Meeting-House, could atone for Lewd-ness and Debauchery; or as if vicious and immoral Men could be of any Christian Church or Community *.

Now Sir, tho' I should be as far from interrupting the indefatigable Labours of Mr. Hearne in his Historical Studies as any Man living; yet I think no Man ought to be indefatigable in Slander, and that the Unchristian Temper he has shewn ought to be reprehended. And it gives me no small Concern to find the grave Style of an Antiquarian changed to the foul-mouthed Language of the most abandoned Prostitute. Neither can I by any means agree, that whatever unguarded Expressions Mr. Moyle may have dropt, can be just Grounds of Provo-

^{*} See, his Charge to the Grand Jury at Lescard. Postby.
mous Works. Vol. 1st. pag. 152, 155, 156, and 158.

cation for such Scurrility, as I believe never before fell from the Pen of any Controvertift. But Mr. Moyle has himself hit the right Nail on the Head in the Passage above cited. Mr. Moyle was a professed Whig, and a hearty Well-wisher to the Interest of his Country. Mr. HEARNE is a professed Non-Juron, and a fiery Bigot to those of his own Principles. With him, Pope CLE-MENT the XI. and Mr. Dodwell were equally infallible, and, in the true meaning of the Word, I believe fo to. Mr. Moyle, as a WHIG, must be a Republican, a Contemner of all Religions, one who had a natural Antipathy to the Clergy and their Friends, a meer Ignoramus, and, in good Ecclesiastical Charity, gone to the Devil. I cannot help therefore asking you, Sir, whether you really think the Politions advanced by Mr. Moyle in his Lescand-Charge, or any part of his Conduct to which you were ever a Witness, could deserve such Treatment, especially from one who never knew him otherwise than by his Writings.

As to the Critical Dispute, I shall be as filent as I resolve to be about the Legendary one above mentioned. Yet I cannot help observing,

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ferving, that what Dr. Woodward fays, is very merrily dogmatical. For, he will have it that Mr. HEARNE forms a right Judgment of all Mr. Moyle's Works, - because the best Antiquaries have judged his Shield to be a Clypeus Votivus. And Mr. MOYLE is highly criminal, and passes Sentence upon it, without ever having feen it, otherwife than by two Draughts. Now I would only ask the learned Doctor one plain Question; If I see the Picture of a Horse am I to believe the living Animal it represents to be a BEAR? But indeed he descends a little, and fays, That the Baron Spanheim and Mr. Sellers intended to write Differtations upon it, and that some other Antiquarians really believed it to be an Antique; (anglice) the Back of an Old Sconce.

As to that Piece of Mr. Dodwell's which Mr. HEARNE complains is imperfectly printed, it is to be hoped he will oblige the learned World with a more correct Copy; tho' this Imputation does not lye against Mr. Moyle, but against the Person who transmitted that Piece to him. aled, falls wholly upon your felf. In the fact

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glace you will have it, that all who differe May

An APOLOGY for Mr. MOYLE.

May Mr. HEARNE hereafter retain a more Christian Temper. May his useful Studies meet with all the Success he can expect, and may the scurrilous Cavils, both of him and every other Writer, meet with that just Contempt which is due to fuch Performances. This is the hearty Wish of,

Sir,

Your most obliged, and most Obedient humble Servant.

Strand. O&. 11. 1726.

E. CURLL.

To Mr. HEARNE.

SIR.

Y next Address is to you, with a return of your Invective against Mr. MOYLE; which, as I shall prove it Groundless, falls wholly upon your self. In the first place you will have it, that all who diffent from May

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from Mr. Dodwell are a set of abandoned Wretches, and such indeed was Walter Moyle Esq; whose Posthumous Works all good Men ought to throw aside; for Reasons hereaster to be considered. As to Mr. Dodwell, I had above twenty Years intimate Correspondence with him, and always believed him to be a learned, and very pious Man. But at the same time all who knew him, will allow that Mr. Dryden's Character of a certain Peer, in Absalom and Achitophel, too much resembled Mr. Dodwell; for he truly was, what the Poet asserts,

Was every thing by starts, and nothing long. Was every thing by starts, and nothing long. The first Book I ever printed was the present of a Manuscript he made me, in Defence of his, now sufficiently exploded, Doctrine of the Divine Immortalizing Spirit transfused by Baptism *. And if you will undertake to vindicate every Notion he advanced, God speed the Plough. Secondly, you will have it, that Mr. Moyle treats with great Contumacy and Arrogance many of the best and most excellent Authors, as well an-

An Explication of a famous passage in the Dialogue of St. Justin Martyr with Tryphon, concerning the Immortality of Human Souls, &c. 8vo. printed in the Year 1708. price 2 s. 6 d.

vient as modern, (tho' you name none but your Doctifimus Woodwardus vir Clariffimus, of whom more in the sequel) and, you add, he does not spare even the Holy Fathers, of whom he considently afferts that Bishop Sanderson had more Judgment than all of them put together. And I am as consident that every Man of Judgment in Europe believes this Article of Mr. Moyle's CREED.

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Now fince your Breast is animated with so much Heat in behalf of these Venerabilia, the Fathers, I desire to know by what better Authority than a Popish Canonization, are they invested with the Epithet of Holy? If indeed, all the Libertinism of Touth be sufficient to confer that Title, and all the Impotence of Age be sufficient to confirm it, the Plea is good, and the Precedents produced may be St. Augustine, St. Origen and that notorious Saint, of Creed making Memory, St. Athanasius. Who in their Works may say of each other—

Quantum mutatus ab illo.

Therefore as to their Sacredness I think it may be fairly said to be extinct. Upon these Considerations indeed, you ought to be sorry and ashamed to mention Mr. Moyle as you have done.

Thirdly, With what Face, other than that of

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of an affuming Arrogance, can you fay that Mr. Moyle was but a Superficial Writer, after Dean PRIDEAUX, (with whom certainly you will have the Modesty to own you cannot stand in Competition,) has thanked him for the pains he had taken about his CONNECTION? And declares, that he should have been glad of the Affiftance of so LEARN-ED a Friend near him, to whom he might have communicated that HISTORY before it was printed *. You farther add, with an equal share of Confidence and Falshood, (as will appear from the Sentiments of learned Men) that, he was one, who on account of his Hatred to the Clergy, and their Friends, has boldly, according to the measure of his Understanding, (I heartily wish yours was either as deep or as honest) railed against the best Writers, and the most excellent Men. (But, latet Anguis in Herba, the Men you here hint at, are the professed Enemies of our Constitution both in Church and State, and as fuch only were opposed by Mr. MOYLE.) What you farther with the greatest Disingenuity infinuate against him, may be strictly applied to your own Temper, that, as all good Men must despise the Censure of so scurrilous an Antagonist, so they must, upon

Potth. Works. Vol. 2d. page 36.

the same Principles, have but a very slight Opinion of those Persons whose Encomiums

are drawn by your Pen.

Mr. Moyle's wayward Editor, you have indeed justly reprehended; but as to your Cavils concerning the Bath-Inscription, they are equally difingenuous. Does he not tell Dr. Musgrave, whom he allowed to be a fuperiour Judge, with all the becoming Modefty of a well bred Gentleman, that, he could pretend to no great Skill in these Matters; but since you ask my Opinion, (says he to the Doctor) I will give it with my usual Frankness, not doubting but you will receive it with your usual Candour *. This is corresponding like Men of Sense and Integrity.

As you began with Mr. Dodwell, I am forry to conclude, that you are guilty of the Charge he brings against his Opponents, in the Piece I printed for him abovementioned, pag. 143. It is my great Unhappiness, says he, that I have to do with Adver faries, who will not be confined to the Subjest of our principal Dispute, without deviating to personal Reflections, wherein the Reader is not any way concerned. This is the Bane of all Controversy, and I hope for the future you will avoid it.

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^{*} Posth. Works. Vol. 1st. pag. 169, 170.

Lastly, As to your Vir Clarissimus Wood-WARDUS Doctissimus, he most learnedly follows the Low-bell of your Scandal, and shields himself under your Sentiments of his Clypeus Votivus. But I would advise neither of you to be too fond of your own confined Speculations, and rest assured that there has already been more Thousands sold of Mr. Moyle's Works than ever there will be Hundreds either of your Monkish Chronicles or his Fossilarian Labours, including his late Fardle of. Self-conceit, prefixed to his Selfdefense (against the Objections of the learned CAMERARIUS) which was written by himself, tho' he has franked it under the Cover of his Translator Holloway. And to my other Wishes for your Welfare may you, during Life, reign unrivalled, Legendary-grubber to both Universities.

E. CURLL.

POSTSCRIPT.

HAT the Publick may be fully convinced how different the Sentiments of the truly Learned are from those Selfconceited Sciolists who have attacked Mr. Moyle's Writings, it will be sufficient to produce the Judgment given by Monsieur DE LA ROCHE * of The whole Works of WAL-

^{*} See, New Memoirs of Literature, for the Month of September 1726. Vol. 4. pag. 225 & feq.

TER MOYLE Efq; that were published by himself. To which is prefixed some Account of his Life and Writings by ANTHO-NY HAMMOND Esq; "Wit, good Sense " and Learning (fays this Lover of Letters) " are equally conspicuous in the Works of " the late Mr. MOYLE; and therefore it " was very proper to reprint those Pieces " that were published by the Author him-" felf, at several times; by which means, we " have now in three Volumes all the Works " of that Ingenious and Learned Gentleman. " - Mr. Moyle, being a very honest Man. " was always very zealous for the Liberty " of his Country; and that noble Character " appears in many parts of his Works. "When he came into Parliament he al-" ways acted a very honourable Part. -" He was a Person of an uncommon Be-" neficence and Humanity. A more ex-" tensive Charity, and a truer Love for " his Country, was scarce to be found " in any Man. - It appears that Mr. " MOYLE had a great Efteem for the Clere gy and was admirably well qualified for " Critical Enquiries.

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